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HELEN A. CLARKE

COMPILED BY

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THE STORY ABOUT GUNNEL.

BY PELLE MOLIN.

NOW it was Saga Gunnel's handsome son who was speaking,— and the gentleman's sudden impulse toward sympathy was to be accounted for.

"It is possible that I remind you of someone who was dear to you in your younger days— of some face with a loving look — of a soft voice— of hair fluffy and fair like mine."

The young man spoke slowly, and with a moderation that was assumed. Within him, meanwhile, Saga Gunnel was crying out her despair over the king of that eventful summer, the king who had deserted his queen, and more too! Within him the curiosity of his childhood's days and the vengeance of his youth were crying out. An event among the mountains, an event of summer suns and winter snows was tearing his heart, and laying him low with sorrow.

"Yes, mother was as fair as I am, her hair was fluffy and curly. She had my eyes, and I have her expression. You did not know her, sir? — Saga Gunnel, Gunnel Bjorklid?"

The older gentleman turned pale. He moved his lips as if to say something — but remained silent.

"But who knows," said the young man, "What by-ways and by-paths people may take? How can I know where a professor of mineralogy may have been in his day? We have remarkable minerals up our way."

He turned a pair of glittering blue eyes to the older man, but found no signs of response save a rigid face with eyelids that twitched nervously, and a scholarly hand gripping the railing hard.

The steamer passed up a beautiful river, between high banks. Lumber was floating down past them in serried yellow squadrons. The captain was sitting with some friends around a punch-bowl, and the laughter of the group seemed to fall in waves about them.

"My mother, yes, she been dead for a long time now. It was too heavy a burden for her to bear, and she fell under it. That was the only sorrow she — Gunnel Þjorklid — caused me, and it was bitter. I don't understand yet what caused her to cling to life. Sometimes I thought that it was I, her son, — but then again that it was not I, but something else that I don't know. I could never quite understand her, — or that which was behind, which nobody knew."

He kicked his birchbark-box further under the bench, and lifted his blue eyes to the other man.

"You come and tell me that you feel strangely drawn to *me*, whom you have never seen before. Her, oh, you would have loved her!"

The blue eyes did not let go of him. They saw, now, how the other shrank and how his expression hardened. Then the eyes passed over to an elegant travelling-bag with a silver plate, and a chaste monogram. The young man nodded to himself.

"Well, yes, something unfortunate happened to her one sunny summer day; and then another misfortune befell her. It was a child. It was I. Before that she had been like a gay fair human elf among the mountains, and had sung songs that were sunshine from morning till night, so that all glittered and glistened around her. I never heard her singing sunshine."

He paused and looked at the other; then his quiet thoughtful voice sounded on again.

“And I have him to thank for that — him whom I cursed as soon as I knew enough. I am sitting here telling you a story that does not interest you, and the passengers going back and forth here might think it strange that a youth from the mountain and a fine gentleman from Stockholm or Upsala have so much to talk about. These villages on both sides of the green shores are flitting by in the midsummer sun. Life can be so beautiful sometimes. But never can I forget that I have curses to pronounce daily against an unknown man. — I believe you are feeling cold in the midst of this hot summer day!

“Yes, I had tears shed over my cradle, and wonderful poetry, too. And love I had, — love above everything else. How she would kiss me, and whisper ‘my boy — my boy!’ — You cannot understand. If you had ever had a kiss from her, you would never have forgotten it. Yes, Gunnel Bjorklid could kiss. God knows who had taught her.”

The Professor threw a quick glance at the young man, and met a pair of cold malicious eyes.

“And there was always an odour of the woods about her, when I burrowed my little nose in her bosom — of the forests and strangeness, and something of a fair far-off which I understood and enjoyed, but which I never could call by any name.”

The other man sat stiff and silent.

“They have told me much about her, — those who knew her in her first youth. Strange people all of them, you may believe. There was much poetry composed in that distant vale, and people there lived two kinds of life. One was the daily work-life at home, around the grey houses. The other followed them into the forest, dwelt with them on the heights, and by the little water-mills, glinted about them on the grazing-lands among the horses, making them lose their way, enticed into the marshes by elves and fairies who shouted to them from the fir trees and evergreens, from the mountain-tops and along the valleys. Just think if you could understand that! Persons who lived that kind of life never crossed the Laps’ camping-grounds without feeling that something

strange was going to happen ; and never went across the grazing-lots, at night, without listening for the 'winter-hounds' that bark two barks at a time, — without shuddering when they heard the 'children of mystery,' who cry under the church floor. Such things sometimes made the stiffest old peasant-women go flying, so that their birch-bark-shoes whipped up against their uncombed neck-manes, along the path across the lea, down the village road, home to their houses. Such people live in the imagination, Mr. Professor.

"I can see my mountain-village distinctly; grey houses in a cluster, so as not to be so utterly lonely when winter stalks black over the land. One might easily take the glimmering windows to be the eyes of a pack of wolves. But in the light of a summer night they lie like a flock of goats waiting for the sun.

"You have of course, never heard of Gunnel and her stories. When she passed with her mind turned inward, and her saga look on her face, with her golden braid down her back, all the old women nodded their heads, and the old men warmed up, and the young men felt a burning longing of the heart. Of course you have never heard Gunnel telling her stories. God only knows where she took her colouring from. But one story would be violet, and melancholy, with dim figures moving about in the twilight. Another would be bluish-grey. That would be a story with the fog of the lake about it of a fall morning. The gulls usually cried in such a story. Again she would sit, light-haired and blue-eyed, drawing the listener with her into a story that was glittering gold in a shining sun. And in the midst of it all one could hear the cry of the cranes and the tinkling of cowbells from the little grove.

"She, Gunnel, who was so kind, one day put her little fingers around my throat, trying to choke me. Then she shrieked and called out the name of a man I had never heard before. No one may ever have had such a name. Yet I think — don't you? — that it must have been the name of somebody who had stayed far away from her—some one she wanted to call back to her again?"

He smiled when he saw the other one shuddering.

"Whatever one hears," he said in a low, crafty tone, as if he wanted to torture some one, "whatever one hears at such a moment, one can never forget. Don't you think so? When my most beloved on this earth loses her reason with grief, can I forget what she said when I felt her little iron hands on my throat? Yet I did forget. I was too young to understand that the day might come when I might have something to say to that gentleman. Don't you think, as I do, that it was the name of him who had run away from her—and from me?"

He laid his hand on the professor's shoulder, and said quietly: "I have longed sometimes to speak a calm man's sensible words to the stranger who caused her tears all those years. I wanted to see him — Gunnel's summer king — I, who was her saga-prince. What a man must he have been, on that sunny day, when he by right of youth and love took Gunnel's heart. I wanted to have him before me and speak to him, as I speak to you now, softly and quietly, and just as quietly and heartily to curse him. He should not hear the words, — should not notice any lack of courtesy, but, sooner or later, I hope he might have the benefit of my prayers."

"No, no — don't say that!" said the Professor, in a husky voice.

Gunnel's handsome son — the young poet, clasped his hands around his knee, and looked out into the sunshine.

"Aha!" he thought, "if you are the fellow I think you are, I shall put you on the rack, you old porcupine. If there is a soul in this lobster, he shall have a hot time of it to-day."

Then the Professor said: "Were not the crops small and life hard among the mountains? Didn't she ever hear from the man you speak of?"

"Money do you mean? Yes, she got a registered letter. To think that he sent her money! — was not that awful? Wasn't it — the devil? — the devil! The day she got that letter, she sank down on the steps, and her pretty round shoulders trembled and shook. I may say that *that* ended her summer saga.

“At first she went about feverishly arranging her house for winter. It was an off year that year. Over her acres the white gowned frost had risen from the marsh, and bitten the barley so that it died. For a few days she was tireless—but she murmured wherever she went: ‘Must not think of this—must not think of this! It overpasses my understanding what will become of me now.’ But after that she often crouched down, throwing her apron with the big stripes over her head, and trying *not* to think of that—not to think of that—not to think of that!

“The miserable strip of land by the dark running water saw that fall a woman in despair walking about, staring and listening. If the north wind had been blowing long, and if little flecks of white clouds went in a line from north to south, that became to her a path for the migrating birds—and she sent a greeting to the saga-king of June. Autumn had come to her, and it never left her—in spite of me—her son—to whom she gave life a few months later, with more pain of the soul than of the body. Still I am glad. I gave her some joy—She told me so—before the eyes closed in that head, that was silvery white before she reached her thirty-fifth year—her death year.

“How do you like my story, sir?

“Towards March the gulf-stream brings warmer winds. The forest turns black and the fir trees drip. On such a day she tied on her snow-shoes. She felt that her day of trial had come, and she could not wait for it quietly. It was a sorrow that passed all understanding.

“God knows the way of a wayward mind, but why—why did she go to the mountains, when she knew what was before her? What do you think she wanted? Did she want to live? The snow was sticky, and it was late in the day, when she reached the top of Tjala-Mountain. The wolves followed her. She was obliged to sit down there—to lie down—and there I was born—This is Gunnell’s story. It might happen that a human being passed that way once in three weeks. If it had not happened that day!—what then, sir? I don’t know to this hour if the Laplander who

came there had followed the wolves' tracks, or the tracks of the snow-shoes, but he came in time. He bathed me in the snow, put me inside of his coat — and ran down the mountain through Grauliden to Maktoberg. She came walking after, quiet, exhausted, and tearless towards night, a few hours later.

"How do you like that story? It was four miles to Maktoberg from that place in the snow. — Have you any comment to make upon that story? That is the story about Gunnel. — You have tears in your eyes. God in heaven! sir, if you had not had tears in your eyes, now!"

"There is not a particle of mercy in you," murmured the other.

"Had — hum — the stranger more mercy?"

The young poet, Gunnel's handsome son looked up, and gazed at the elegant looking man by his side.

"I wanted to cry out a curse in the face of somebody," he said.

"Didn't she ever speak about the summer, when the stranger was with her?"

The question came almost in a whisper.

"No, but other people spoke about it."

"And what did they say?"

"A great deal more than was true. At last I did not want to hear anything. She watched her cattle herself that summer, you know. The grazing grounds were far from the village. It was chiefly because she was so lonesome up there that — It was not a place to be alone in, for — you may smile, but there were fairies, and invisible cattle, and other things — worse than fairies — for they don't do any harm — unless for sport. There were strange noises in the kitchen at night, and peculiar beings hovering outside the house and in the grove, when at sundown she went on her bare feet across the velvety short-cropped grass plots, with the feed for the cattle. Song and saga came at night with the cows, when the sun glowed between the dark pines, and the sky was yellow, the finches sang and the owls hooted 'who.' To a mind like hers this was a world. One day something happened right in the broad sunshine. Gunnel had been sitting sleeping with her head on her

arm. She awoke and saw a host of fairies circling around her, demanding a wedding. A young man, one of the strange men of the forest wanted to marry her. She was seized upon for the adventure. In a bridal gown adorned with fairy silver and artfully wrought with fairy gold they dressed her, and with rings upon her hands, with broad brooches and ornaments, and around the waist a gliding snake. Gunnel sat as in a dream. She let them adorn her. The watch-dog howled with fright. The sun glittered and shone. The cranes called from the lake. The forest stood fragrant. The air trembled. It was glistening wedding weather. Jadwie's snowy top shone white like a spring cloud far away. And now it happened that he came, — the stranger in question."

"Yes," said the Professor in low tone, unconscious that he spoke. "Yes, it looked strange, but I did not see anything like fairies when I came, after having lost my way among the mountains—across the grazing lands,—to where she was."

"It is only a Sunday child who can see such things. And when you came — ?"

"When I came she ran towards me trembling and fair. She wore no silver nor gold, but tears were hanging on her eye-lashes, and sun-light in her heavy braid. I shall never forget it. The eyes were wonderfully turned inward — shimmering and moist — never in my whole life have I seen anything so blessedly beautiful. 'You are my saviour,' she said—smiling with her lighted-up face—and then came that—which I had not expected."

"I know what you did not expect. I know what it was. She fell on your neck, and hid her face. You did not know that such an enchantment takes hold of one so that one does not know what one is doing, and that any person who comes at such a time drives away the strange ones. It always happens, then, that the enchanted one clings to the one who comes to the rescue, dazed, glad, crushed."

"Yes," said the older man, "I lost my senses utterly when I felt the warm, throbbing girl in my arms."

The youth continued: "She was the fairest maiden in the

land. Who might not have lost his senses in her arms?—And thus it happened that she?”—

The Professor sighed. “Those days will never come back, and she will never come back again. I came to find her now—and I am too late.—I will go with you to the mountains, and you will come back with me. Are you not my son and hers?”

“No, I do not want to do that. Her years of weeping would always stand between you and me. I shall never forget that hour when she would have murdered me as she thought—and when she called that name in despair. I said I had forgotten the name.—No!—no one can forget what he hears at such a time as that. I knew it was the name of him whom I hated. Turn back here and let us part. I have not struggled alone all this time—now—when I know my own powers, to become my father’s son. My way leads to the mountain, and to my saga work. What Gunnel felt, when she went about without any peace in her home land, that I shall write about. I have sagas in my blood—Am I not Gunnel’s son? Illegitimate they call me. Legitimate, I say. I go to the mountains, and to the adventures there.”

He shouldered his birch-bark box and gave his hand to the old man.

“You need not explain anything. I do not want to know anything. It has pleased me that I have seen you. I understand now how Gunnel could forget everything, when she had you. And now, good-bye! You shall hear from me.”

He was like a young Viking, as he went up the road, deeply moved, with trembling lips, fair and stalwart.

The older man gazed long after him with the yearning look of a beggar.

Translated from the Swedish by Anna Cronhjelm Wallberg.

YUCATAN.

EVER at eve come dreams of Yucatan.
The sound of seas climbing the cavern'd cliff ;
Visions of ships that stand off from the shore,
Waiting the wind to fill the flapping sails ;
The unimaginable colors of the waves ;
The faintest fragrance from the inland fields ;
The moon's broad band of silver down the night —
A spectral ship floating from dark to dark ;
The touch of one warm hand — and then I wake
To dream again of far-off Yucatan.

I cannot tell why life is dull and drear,
Why all things great in other eyes, seem small,
Why joy has grown a word, and hope a snare,
Why strength is worse than weakness, love and hate
Faint echoes of another different day ;
The noise of life less than an infant's cry,
The jarrings of the nations less than naught ;
I only know that dreams of Yucatan —
Dim pictures of that lost and long'd for land —
Make age content with life, in love with death.

I seem an idler and a useless drone,
A makeshift of a man, a troublesome lout ;
A foe of no one, yet without a friend ;
A man that none would weep for, yet none curse ;
A shadow to be greeted morn and night ;
A listener to the little tales of men ;
A hater nor a lover of the world ;
A muttering mute along the ways of life ;
A stranger in a pleasant populous town ;
A dreamer of the days of Yucatan.

For sometimes in my dreams of Yucatan
I see great faces that have flown before,
I hear strong voices of the nations' youth,
I clasp the hand of love and know 'tis life.
And Yucatan becomes the land of dreams,
The home of comrades rich in thought and love ;
The city where the free are free indeed —
Free of their own worse selves and free of fear ;
Where wealth is only in the larger soul ;
Where virtue is not proud, but sees in vice
A lesser virtue destined for the best ;
Where want wrecks not the progress of the poor,
Nor surfeit numbs the senses of the rich ;
Where knowledge waits on wisdom, where wit
Comes in the wake of truth ; where strength of mind
No more than strength of limb shall rule as lord ;
Where comrades vow to comrades in the morn
And hold their vows unbroken in the eve,
Lie down at night secure in love and truth,
To dream in far-off happy Yucatan.

My wish is to set sail for Yucatan,
And leave this life of indolence and dole ;
Push out and struggle with the threatening seas ;
Put on all sail, nor look behind the helm
With retrospective grief, and homesick tears ;
Bear ever onward climbing up the wave,
Nor cease till sails are furl'd and anchor dropp'd
Safe in the port of lovely Yucatan.

William Mountain.

WITHOUT WORDS.

BY KARL TAVASTSTJERNA.



AT the height of the season, Baron von Fremden fell like a bomb into the little watering place where his wife was staying to restore her health. Without having forewarned her of his arrival, he walked into the salon one morning. He was a man of short stature, distinguished looking, delicately calm and refined. He observed the company absent-mindedly, from a pair of quiet grey eyes under oblique eyebrows, pointed upwards. In the lines between them was concentrated the noble melancholy of a sensitive soul, and about the mouth lurked an expression of satire. He walked straight up to his wife, but with an amiable courtesy, through the crowd of gentlemen who had gathered around her. Then he greeted her politely, asking about her health.

At his entrance the beautiful Baroness had looked up surprised and risen from her seat with the impulse to run and meet him, but there was something distant, well-nigh repellant in his manner, that kept her back. Her dark eyes a moment ago so brilliant, lost some of their brilliancy, and the silver straw in her hand tinkled plainly against her glass of Carlsbad-water.

She received him without surprise, without questions, nonchalantly introducing to him the gentlemen standing nearest, and taking his arm as naturally as if he had come especially to invite her to take it. With her sweetest smile and in her most enticing tone, she asked him to accompany her on her morning walk. A half hundred wondering eyes followed them. And there were half-perceptible twitches from many big moustaches nervously bitten. Only one pair of brown gipsy eyes followed them with an expression of real malice.

"Hum—jealousy! Why otherwise should the Baron have come

to surprise his wife? And perhaps with good reason!" The Baroness was the delight of the watering place. Of all the ladies she certainly was the most attractive, the most courted, the pleasantest, the most dangerous. It was known that she had been married before, that she had been divorced, and had, at last, a year ago, married Baron von Fremden, likely enough for the sake of the name, or perhaps because she loved him, for the Baron was not rich. She was one of those restless, gifted women, fond of admiration, and ambitious, to whom nothing was indifferent, a lady with refined taste, tact, and cold reasoning. It was said that she had captivated him in spite of himself. But those who knew the Baron well, said that it was a sensible union. He was an indolent, refined sceptic, who simply had fallen in love with his present wife and married her out of both sympathy and calculation. She, with her ambition, was just the kind of spur to arouse him from his inactivity and self-contradictions to a life of action and reality. It was uncomfortable, of course, but it was necessary, and out of all the hard means to spur activity, he selected the most agreeable.

When at the beginning of the season she came to the little watering place, she put life into it at once. She possessed great charm, and dared to make use of it. Her activity procured for her either devoted friends or bitter enemies; she would allow no one to be indifferent. She attacked her enemies constantly, and lived in continual warfare with them, until they either surrendered, or were left alone as impossible subjects for her coquetry or ambition. She had almost succeeded with most of the male element at the watering place; the female envy was not so easy to conquer.

Of course she caused bad blood, and made evil tongues wag. She was altogether too reckless in her coquetry, too challenging, subtle and skilful. Her flexibility was marvellous, and she had a psychical insight into people's weaknesses, which was glossed over with a varnish of the jolliest and most childlike playfulness. She was a woman of great inner resource and perennial charm. She always obtained what she wanted—triumphs for her vanity, attention for her beauty, envious malice from her rivals.

She now walked with her husband along the main road in the park, greeting acquaintances as she went and mentioning their names to her husband, who somewhat absentmindedly lifted his hat and listened to her. When they had gone farther into the park and met fewer people, words became fewer between them, and when they entered a lonely sidepath, they were perfectly silent.

It was not a painful silence, it was full of expectation, almost rapture. He had succeeded in getting his pace even with hers, and they walked briskly on, smilingly. His whole being was elastic and obeyed every uttering of the will with instantaneous precision. He enjoyed his own assurance, drank in the morning air in long draughts, and delayed purposely before coming to the real explanation of why he had come so suddenly.

His wife, somewhat curious, walked by his side, throwing now and then a side glance at him from under her dark eyelashes, and that glance was searchingly clever. What had he now again invented to surprise her with? A man devoured with jealousy does not look as he did. And yet, yet. No, it was hard quite to understand him. Once when she caught his eye she held it long in hers. First she asked, mutely, if he were displeased, and when she was sure that the case was not that, her look wore a touching expression of gratitude and childish devotion. The atmosphere of the moment and her husband's presence took strong hold of her, and her eyes shimmered with quiet happiness. She drew closer to him, and took care not to interrupt nature's mystical magnetic language with a thoughtless word.

On reaching a distant part of the park, they found a bench in a cleft of the rocks with birch trees standing guard around it. A streak of the lake glistened like dull silver in the morning light, between the foliage, and the wind brought them great armfuls of fragrance from rushes and seagrass. The Baron loosened his arm quietly and gently, stroked his own cheek with the inside of her hand, kissed it and smiled. But his voice trembled a little when he asked her to sit down. Then he continued calmly:

"My dear — I am here to beg you to grant me a prayer. It

is the prayer of a happy man, one that can not be asked in a letter, but must be asked by the whole person, selfconsciously and yet prayerfully. I have whispered that prayer to you before, but it has never been spoken aloud, for the hour had not come. Look at me — it does not mean a sacrifice! Do I beg, when I ask you together with me to guard our happiness in the future, as we have guarded it thus far? Do you understand me?" He stood bent towards her, and looked earnestly into her dark eyes. She bowed her head affirmatively, but absentmindedly — it was as if her thoughts were busy elsewhere. He continued quickly: "Listen to me instead of thinking of what has brought me here to remind you of our happiness. You will know it immediately. I understand that you want to please, and that you can please others than myself. You have a right to enjoy and use the gifts nature has lavished upon you. I myself am the first one to appreciate the attention paid to you, when that attention is worthy of you, when it resembles what I can give you. But I don't want to be jealous, do you hear? I don't want to be dragged down into the degrading condition that surrounds you with insinuating words and glances — and that you don't want either. I despise jealousy, for I know it so thoroughly. If you learn to love some one else as you have loved me — all right, then I resign, then I am not dragged down, for that love is worthy of you. But such a love you don't gain in a month or two, and it is this certainty, together with my confidence in your clear judgment, which gives me my calm and my cold blood. It is this certainty which caused me to smile, when I a week ago received this infamous anonymous letter from this watering-place, with promise of proof in black and white that you have deceived me, if I only would come here."

The beautiful Baroness hardly looked at the letter, which her husband held before her. It was either as if the infamy had not touched her, or as if she had known of it before. No surprise, no indignation, not a word.

She had retired within herself and followed slowly with big round eyes her husband's movements and the expression of his

face so mysteriously, so inaccessibly incommunicative, that she might have aroused jealousy in a stone. But her distinguished looking little husband crossed his sinewy arms across his chest, looking at her steadily, pressed his lips scornfully, crumbled the letter in his hand, and said with a voice that trembled with disdain :

"This is all that infamy has been able to effect between two such friends as we are ! And now you will grant my prayer, will you not ? For we have a happiness to guard, one so wonderfully great, that you dare not touch it yourself with a single word. We know how to love one another, we two."

He ceased, and while his eye rested in hers, it was filled slowly with tears, but not a single muscle moved in his face. She fumbled nervously with her hands, seized the bench on either side of her, and sat bent as if ready to spring, and drank in his beautiful glance, while her bosom was heaving stronger and stronger. When the first tear had worked its way and rolled down over his beard, she sprang up with a cat-like supple movement, threw herself on his neck, as devotedly as if she would have followed him unto death, and hiding her face in his moist beard, a suppressed cry of great joy escaped her.

" Ah ! "

He disengaged himself from her quietly, kissed her cheeks like a child's, took her arm and brought her slowly back through the park. She allowed herself to be led, singularly mild and resistless stopping sometimes, as if wanting to say something, but it never came over her lips. Not a word was said, until the house began to show between the tree trunks. Then he said with a changed voice, full of checked good humor :

"My great friend is not over talkative at our little meetings."

His great friend woke up, shook off the rendezvous mildness, gathering her senses and everyday expression of face, but said with a tremor in the voice, which she had not yet mastered :

"I cannot talk of love to you as to the others — you I want to love without words!"

Half an hour later a white handkerchief was wafted from a window on the train to another at the station. Baron von Fremden had gone immediately after the conversation with his wife.

When she turned to go home one of her greatest admirers said smiling to her :

"Oh, this jealousy!"

"Have you suffered so much during this hour, poor Captain Wedel?" she asked with an incomparable expression.

Translated from the Finnish by Anna Cronhjelm Wallberg.



LOIN DU BAL.

(Waltz Movement—Gillet.)

I.

THE sounds pierce through me with their marvellous passion,
Faint though they come to my lonesomeness here;
Why should I grieve in this lover-like fashion
Because her fancies wander and veer?
The moonlight touches the deep-shadowed garden,
Dreamily seen from the balcony's height,
And my inmost soul should supplicate pardon
For feeling aught painful in such a night.

II.

Hist! how the sounds arise and falter,
Swell and fade like emotions that change,
Hope that looks forward and fears to alter,
Fear that is hopeful and gladsome and strange;
Softly the music climbs up and pauses,

Lingers on summit of joy past all speech.
Strange—is it not?—that the deft phrase causes
Pain when it falls in my hearing's reach?

III.

The old, old, story! some men are chosen,
And some are left outside the gate
Where the landscape stretches, disleafed and frozen,
And mocks them abandoned and desolate.
She whirls in the dance's magical mazes
And yields herself to its purposeless charm,
Perchance gives ear to the meaningless phrases
That garb their folly in a vague alarm.

IV.

Luringly sweeps to my heart the cadence,
Nay, I could weep though the theme be bliss;
Does the stroke of fate admit of evadence?
Can hopelessness be more helpless than this?
Sweet with the subtle mystery of distance,
Pulsing the soul and the fervor of youth,
Drawing me on with seductive insistence,
Building a dream of devotion and truth.

V.

Magical music, that tears me in sunder,
Scorn me not broken by fate and by pain,
Raise not for me thy palace of wonder,
Leave me at peace from thy mocking disdain!
Outside thy garden I pause a brief season,
See through the roses thy joyance within,
Wander away and ask not the reason
Why my sharp struggle no further could win.

VI.

Even as to-night I left the gay revellers,
Found this door open forgotten of all,
And dream by mere chance of the anarchic rank-levellers
Who threaten this music with ruin and fall.
Nay, not so serious! Let me not think of them!
Why should my failure thrust me on dreams
Which like wine poisonous madden who drink of them,
Peopling the brain with the strangest of schemes.

VII.

Yet in the dark lurks the wide-grinning spectre,
Growing conspicuous as the ages pass,
Ready to spill the gay-perfumed nectar,
And to shiver this feasting as brittle glass.
No more of these fancies! bitter and cruel!
Let me not hasten to join with the wrath,
Or to make part in the swift-coming duel
Leaving once more wrecked lands in its path.

VIII.

Again that passage! how it yearns in its buoyance,
Thrills and ascends and surely attains!
Fitfully playing with its gay clasped joyance,
Certain past loss of its infinite gains!
Softly I hear all that full-brimmed gladness,
Striking my soul with a forefeel of doom,
Presage to me of lingering sadness,
Monotone grim of a lifelong gloom.

IX.

Why should she listen to what my heart harbors?
What should I bring to her life of light?
Let her hours fleet in vine-clad rose-arbors,
Know but swift changes of bright and more bright.

Hark to that slow-moving faint-growing murmur,
Whisper of love at its secret and mid,
Now for an instant hesitant, firmer,
Now in seclusion of ecstasy hid.

X.

All the pent feelings pour through me in surges ;
Back to your fastnesses deep in my heart,
I will strive hard till no last one emerges
From the drear dungeon's most echoless part.
Just for this once I know all your sweetness,
Let you flow forth to the music's faint thrill,
Flush with the passion's fiery completeness
Let the rich joyance my being upfill.

XI.

Round me descends the soft-lighted vision,
Grows to the actual, flatters and glows ;
We two are together in regions elysian,
Whom Time shall sever with all his snows.
Together ? Yea, and the splendor-winged summer
Flushes the land from mountain to sea,
Rose crowds on rose, each ardent new-comer
Glad of the glory to breathe and to be.

XII.

We are the might and the heart of the blisses
Thrilling through waters and sun-mastered air ;
Cloud speeding by wafts to cloud its swift kisses,
Everything sings of the noble and fair.
Lo ! I attain my crown of successes,
Led by her eyes from peak unto peak,
Scale fervor-footed Time's utmost recesses,
Seeing beyond what I knew not to seek.

XIII.

All I have failed in, her life-giving laughter
Changes to magical flower in my clasp,
Flower that has might on the here and hereafter,
Giving their utmost and soul to my grasp.
Am I awake? The music enlarges,
Glow in a soft and assuring farewell,
Sinks slowly at last, and dyingly charges
Hope not to loosen itself from the spell.

XIV.

Puerile folly! Here in the moonlight
I loiter and give vague fancy the rein,
Playing with dreams that the truth-showing moonlight
Will change at a stroke to mere shapes of disdain.
Into the ball-room! A moment I linger,
Then forth in the generous all-covering dark;
Love I will touch not with least tip of finger,
She will not know of my passing nor mark.

XV.

Further I seek not; fitful souled pleasure
Sings her last lure for me, thrills her last note;
Surely I know the sense of the measure
Which from her towers may falter or float;
Yea, the response has been made already,
Nor will I quarrel with what is decreed;
Outside of life with gaze fixed and steady
I wait and ponder what is living indeed.

Louis James Block.

THE ADVENTURES OF ERNEST ALEMBERT.

A FAIRY TALE BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there lived in a certain country a youth named Ernest Alembert. He came of an ancient and noble race; but one of his ancestors having been beheaded in consequence of a suspicion of high treason, the family since that time had gradually decayed, until at length the only remaining branch of it was this young man of whom I write.

His abode was a small cottage situated in the midst of a little garden, and overshadowed by the majestic ruins of his ancestral castle. The porch of his hut, adorned by the twisting clematis and jessamine, fronted the rising sun, and here in the cool summer mornings he would often sit and watch its broad orb slowly appearing above the blue distant mountains. The eminence on which his cottage was built formed one side of a wide valley, watered by a stream whose hoarse voice was softened into a gentle murmur ere it reached the summit of the hill. The opposing rocks which guarded the vale on the other side were covered by a wood of young ash and sycamore trees, whose branching foliage, clothing them in a robe of living green, hid their rugged aspect, save where some huge fragment all grey and moss-grown, jutted far over the valley, affording a fine contrast to the leafy, luxuriant branch which perhaps rested on the projection, and imparting an appearance of picturesque wildness and variety to the scene. The valley itself was sprinkled with tall, shady elms and poplars, that sheltered the soft verdant turf ornamented by cowslips, violets, daisies, golden cups, and a thousand other sweet flowers, which shed abroad their perfumes when the morning and evening summer dews, or the rains of spring, descend softly and silently on the earth. On the borders of the stream a few weeping willows stood dipping their long branches into the water, where

their graceful forms were clearly reflected. Through an opening in the vale this noisy river was observed gradually expanding and smoothing until at last it became a wide lake, in calm weather a glassy, unruffled mirror for all the clouds and stars of heaven to behold themselves in as they sailed through the spangled or dappled firmament. Beyond this lake arose high hills, at noonday almost indistinguishable from the blue sky, but at sunset glowing in the richest purple, like a sapphire barrier to the dim horizon.

One evening in autumn as Ernest sat by his blazing fire, and listened to the wind which roared past his dwelling, shaking the little casement till the leaves of the wild vine which curled round it fell rustling to the earth, he heard suddenly the latchet of his door raised. A man clothed in a dark mantle, with long hair, and a beard of raven blackness entered. At sight of this singular figure he started up, and the stranger immediately accosted him as follows :

“My name is Rufus Werner. Come from a great distance, and having been overtaken by darkness in the valley I looked about for some roof where I might pass the night. At length I espied a light streaming through this window. I made the best of my way to it and I now request shelter from you.”

Ernest, after gazing a moment at him, complied with his demand. He closed the door, and they both seated themselves by the fire. They sat thus for some time without interchanging a word, the stranger with his eyes intently fixed on the ascending flame, apparently quite inattentive to any other object ; and Ernest as intently viewing him, and revolving in his mind who he might be, the cause of his strange attire—his long beard—his unbroken taciturnity—not unmixed with a feeling of awe allied to fear at the presence of a being of whose nature he was totally ignorant, and who, for aught he knew, might be the harbinger of no good to his humble dwelling. Dim, dreamlike reminiscences passed slowly across his mind concerning tales of spirits who, in various shapes, had appeared to men shortly before their deaths, as if to prepare them for the ghostly society with which they would soon have to mingle.

At length, to relieve himself of these almost unsupportable thoughts, he ventured to accost his mysterious guest by inquiring whence he came.

"From a rich and fruitful land," replied the stranger, "where the trees bear without ceasing, the earth casts up flowers which sparkle like jewels, the sun shines forever, and the moon and the stars are not quenched even at noonday. Where the rocks lose themselves in the skies, and the tops of the mountains are invisible by reason of the firmament which rests upon them."

This answer uttered in a hollow and hoarse voice, convinced Ernest of the truth of his surmises; but a charm seemed to have been cast upon him which prevented him from being overcome by terror, and he replied as follows:

"If what you say is true, I should like exceedingly to follow you into your country instead of remaining here, where I am often chilled by frost and icy winds, and saddened by the absence of the cheering warmth of the sun."

"If thou wilt go, thou mayst," replied the stranger; and Ernest, under the influence of a secret fascination, consented.

"To-morrow, by daybreak we will set out," said his guest; and then, as the night was far advanced, they both retired to their straw couches, after partaking of a simple supper which Ernest had hastily provided.

CHAPTER II.

The rising dawn found Ernest and his unknown guide wending their way down the long valley. It was a chill, gloomy October morning. The sky was obscured by grey clouds, and the cold wind which whistled among the withered, yellow leaves of the wood that covered the rocks blew occasionally some mizzling drops of rain into the faces of the two travellers. The distant prospect of the lake and mountains was hidden by a veil of mist, and when the sun rose above them, his presence was only revealed by a whitish light gleaming through the thin watery atmosphere. The only sounds which fell on the ear were the howling of the blast in the caverned sides of the valley, and the melancholy mur-

muring of the stream as its waves beat against the rugged stones which obstructed its passage.

They proceeded along in a straight course till they came to the borders of the lake, where the guide stopped, saying, "We must now cross this water." Ernest gazed at him a moment, and then said :

"How can we? We have no boat, and I lack the power to swim for so long a time as it would require to cross this lake."

No sooner had he uttered these words than a light gale arose which ruffled and agitated the quiet surface of the lake. Presently a tiny skiff appeared gliding over the waves, and in a few minutes reached the bank whereon they stood. The stranger quickly sprang into the bark, and Ernest, though filled with terror at the conviction that he was now in the hands of a supernatural being, felt himself compelled by a strong impulse to follow whither he was led. No sooner were they seated than a large white sail unfurled seemingly of its own accord, and in a few moments they found themselves nearing the opposite shore, so lightly and swiftly this fairy vessel had borne them over the lake.

No sooner had they touched the bank with their feet than a huge billow like a mountain swept over the water. Immediately the swelling waves subsided, the rising foam vanished, and a great calm fell on the bosom of the lake. At the same moment Ernest felt his fear pass away, and it was succeeded by a feeling of courage against danger, mingled with a certain curiosity to see what was to come. After they had travelled a great distance they came to a wild moor that stretched to the verge of the horizon. This was perfectly level, save at one spot where tall black rocks were seen raising their heads towards the sky. About evening they reached these rocks, where they stopped and sat down to rest themselves. The scene was now grand and awful in the extreme. Around lay the dark desert heath, unenlivened by a single streak of verdure; its beautiful pink flowers were withered, and their fragrance had vanished. The mellow hum of the bee was no longer heard about them, for he had gathered his honey and was gone.

Above rose the tremendous precipices whose vast shadows blackened all that portion of the moor, and deepened the frown upon the unpropitious face of nature. At intervals from the summit of the rocks shrill screams, uttered by some bird of prey which had built its nest upon them, swept through the arch of heaven in which wild clouds were careering to and fro as if torn by a horrible tempest. The sun had long since sunk to rest, and the full moon, like a broad shield dyed with blood, now ascended the stormy sky. A mournful halo surrounded her, and through that warning veil she looked from her place in the firmament, her glorious light dimmed and obscured, till the earth only knew by a faint ruddy tint that her white-robed handmaiden beheld her. All the attendant train of stars shone solemnly among the clouds, and by their abated splendor acknowledged the presence of their peerless queen.

After having viewed this scene some time the stranger rose, and beckoned Ernest to follow him. This he did, until they came to a particular part of the rocks where was seen a profound cavern. This the stranger entered, and Ernest felt himself impelled to enter too. The track seemed to incline downwards, and as they went deeper and deeper they soon lost sight of the upper world, and not a ray of light appeared to illumine the thick darkness around them. At length a faint grey dawn became visible, and at the same instant a warm and gentle breeze stole past them which softened the cold, raw air of the cave. Anon they began to behold branches of trees waving above them, and saw that they trod upon a smooth and velvety turf. In a short time, by the aid of the increasing light, they perceived that they were in a deep gloomy forest, which, as they advanced, gradually thinned into a pleasant shady wood, becoming more beautiful as they passed on, until at last it assumed the appearance of a delightful grove. From this they soon emerged into an open and graceful country. A wide plain was stretched before them, covered with the most enchanting verdure. Graceful trees sprang out of the earth bearing delicious fruits of a perfect transparency; others

rose to a great height, casting down their branches laden with white blossoms, and dark flourishing leaves. Crystal fountains, that fell with a murmuring noise, were seen glittering through bowers of roses and tall lilies. The melody of a thousand birds was heard from groves of myrtle and laurel which bordered a river whose waters glided through the plain. Arching rocks of diamond and amethyst, up which plants of immortal verdure crept, sparkled in the light and lent variety to the lovely prospect. The plain was bounded by hills, some of which rose majestically to the heavens, covered with vines and pomegranates, while others only gently swelled upon the sight, and then sank into calm and peaceful valleys. Over all this scene hung an atmosphere of crystal clearness. Not one fleecy cloud sullied the radiant sky; nor one wreath of mist floated over the brows of the distant mountains. The whole land lay in stainless purity, arrayed in a robe of spiritual and unearthly light.

When Ernest emerged from the wood, this view, bursting at once upon his eyes, completely overpowered him. For a long time he stood speechless, gazing intently upon it. His mind seemed to be elevated and enlarged by the resplendency of his vision. All his senses were delighted; his hearing by the combination of sweet sounds which poured upon it, his sight by the harmonious blending of every color and scene; and his smell by the fragrant perfume of each flower which bloomed in these everlasting fields. At length, in ecstatic admiration, he hastened to thank his conductor for bringing him thither, but when he turned the stranger had gone. The forest through which he came had vanished also, and in its stead was a vast ocean whose extent seemed altogether boundless. Ernest, now more than ever filled with astonishment, remained for a while alternating between fear and wonder; then, rousing himself, he uttered the name of his guide aloud. But his voice was only answered by a faint echo. After this he walked a considerable distance into the country without meeting with one visible being either human or supernatural. In a few hours he had traversed the plain, and reached the acclivi-

ties that bordered it, and then entered a wide mountainous land totally different from that which he had left. He wandered among the rocks heedless whither he went until twilight fell, when he longed to return, but was entirely unable to detect the way. No signs appeared of the plain he had quitted, save that on the southern horizon a beautiful light lingered long after sunset, and occasionally, as the wind rose, faint melodious sounds were heard floating fitfully by.

After a while, when the night had closed in, Ernest came to the brow of a lofty precipice. Overcome with fatigue he cast himself upon the ground and began to gaze into the profound depth beneath him. As he lay a death-like stillness fell upon the earth. No voice was heard in that gloomy region, the air was untracked by any wing. No footstep crushed the desolate sands. Echo whispered not in the caverned rocks, and even the winds seemed to have held their breath. At length he perceived in the tremendous gulf a thick vapour slowly rising. It gradually expanded, until the chasm was filled with a dense cloud swaying too and fro as if moved by an invisible power. Then he heard a dull hollow noise like water roaring in subterraneous caves. By degrees the cloud rose and enlarged, sweeping round him till all things vanished from his sight, and he found himself encircled by its curling mist. Then he heard music, subdued and harmonious, resembling the soft breathings of flutes and dulcimers. This was suddenly broken by a flood of warlike melody rolling from golden trumpets and great harps of silver, which now suddenly gleamed upon him as the curtain of clouds rent and the whole scene was revealed. A pavement of sapphire sparkled, from which flashes of radiant purple light proceeded, mingling with the glory of an emerald dome that proudly arched a palace whose pillars were the purest diamond. Vases of agate and porphyry sent up wreaths of refined incense formed of the united fragrance of a thousand flowers. Beings of immortal beauty and splendor stood in shining ranks around a throne of ruby guarded by golden lions, and sounds so sweet and enchanting swelled on his ear, that Ernest, overwhelmed with the

too powerful magnificence, sank senseless on the bright pavement. When he recovered from his swoon he found himself no longer surrounded by the gorgeous splendor of the fairy palace, but reposing in a wood whose branches were just moved by a fresh moaning wind. The first sunbeams penetrating the green umbrage lighted up the dew drops which glistened on tender blades of grass, or trembled in the cups of the wild flowers which bordered a little woodland well. When Ernest opened his eyes he beheld standing close to him a man whom he presently recognized to be his guide. He started up, and the stranger addressed him as follows :

“I am a fairy. You have been, and still are, in the land of fairies. Some wonders you have seen ; many more you shall see if you choose to follow me still.”

Ernest consented. The fairy immediately stepped into the well, and he felt compelled to do the same. They sank gradually downwards. By degrees the waters changed into mists and vapors, the forms of clouds were dimly seen floating around. These increased until at length they were wholly enveloped in their folds. In a short time they seemed to land, and Ernest felt his feet resting on a solid substance. Suddenly the clouds were dissipated, and he found himself in a lovely and enchanting island encircled by a boundless expanse of water. The trees in the island were beautiful ; rose laurels and flowering myrtles, creeping pomegranates, clematis, and vines, with majestic cypresses and groves of young elms and poplars. The fairy led him to a natural bower of lofty trees whose thick branches mingling above formed a shady retreat from the sun, which now glowed in meridian splendor. This bower was on a green bank of the isle, embroidered with every kind of sweet and refreshing flower. The sky was perfectly free from clouds, but a milky haze softened the intense brilliancy of its blue, and gave a more unbroken calmness to the air. The lake lay in glassy smoothness. From its depths arose a sound of subdued music, a breath of harmony which just waved the blue water-lilies lying among their dark green leaves upon its surface. While Ernest reposed on the green turf and viewed this delightful

prospect, he saw a vision of beauty pass before him. First he heard the melody of a horn, which seemed to come from dim mountains that appeared to the east. It rose again, nearer, and a majestic stag of radiant whiteness, with branching and beaming golden horns, bounded suddenly into sight, pursued by a train of fairies mounted upon winged steeds, caparisoned so magnificently that rays of light shot from them, and the whole air was illumined with their glory. They flew across the lake swifter than wind. The water rose sparkling and foaming about them, agitated and roaring as if by a storm. When they had disappeared Ernest turned towards the fairy, who still continued with him, and expressed his admiration of the beautiful scene which had just vanished. The fairy replied that it was but a shadow compared with the things infinitely more grand and magnificent which were still reserved for him to behold. Ernest at these words replied that he felt extremely impatient for the time to come when he might see them. His conductor arose and commanded Alembert to follow. This he did, and they proceeded to enter a dark and thick wood which grew on the banks of the island. They journeyed here for several miles and at length emerged into an open glade of the forest, where was a rock formed like a small temple, on the summit of which, covered with grass and various kinds of flowers, grew several young poplars and other trees. This curious edifice the fairy entered alone. After remaining some time he reappeared, and approaching Ernest bade him look up. Alembert instantly complied, and as he did so, beheld a chariot which shone as the clouds that the sun glorifies at his setting, descending from the skies. It was drawn by two swans, larger than the fabulous roc, whose magnificent necks, arched like a rainbow, were surrounded by a bright halo reflected from the intense radiancy and whiteness of their plumage. Their expanded wings lightened the earth under them, and, as they drew nearer, their insufferable splendour so dazzled the senses of Ernest that he sank in a state of utter exhaustion to the ground.

His conductor then touched him with a small silver wand, and

immediately a strange stupor came over him, which in a few minutes rendered him perfectly insensible. When he awoke from this swoon he found himself in an exceedingly wide and lofty apartment, whose vast walls were formed of black marble. Its huge gloomy dome was illumined by pale lamps that glimmered like stars through a curtain of clouds. Only one window was visible, and that, of an immense size, and arched like those of an ancient Gothic cathedral, was veiled by ample black drapery. In the midst arose a colossal statue, whose lifted hands were clasped in strong supplication, and whose upraised eyes and fixed features betokened excessive anguish. It was rendered distinctly visible by the light of the tapers which burned around. As Ernest gazed on this mysterious room he felt a sensation of extreme awe, such as he had never before experienced. He knew that he was in a world of spirits. The scene before him appeared like a dim dream. Nothing was clear, for a visionary mist hovered over all things, that imparted a sense of impenetrable obscurity to his mental as well as his bodily eyesight.

After continuing for a while in this state, amidst the most profound silence, he heard the sweet soft tones of an Æolian harp stealing through the tall pillared arches. The subdued melody rose and filled the air with mournful music as the wind began to moan around the dome. By degrees these sounds sank to rest, and the deathly stillness returned with a more chilling and impressive power. It continued for a long period until its unbroken solemnity became supernatural and insupportable. Ernest struck the ground with his foot, but the blow produced no sound. He strove to speak, but his voice gave forth no utterance. At that instant a crashing peal of thunder burst. The wild air roared round the mighty building which shook and trembled to its centre. Then, as the wind arose, the music swelled again, mingling its majestic floods of sound with the thunder that now pealed unceasingly. The unearthly tones that rolled along the blast exceeded everything that any mortal had heard before, and Ernest was nigh overwhelmed by the awe which their weird majesty inspired.

Suddenly the fairy who had been his guide appeared, and approaching the window beckoned him to come near. Ernest obeyed, and on looking out his eyes were bewildered by the scene which presented itself to his view. Nothing was visible beneath but billowy clouds, black as midnight, rolling around a tower a thousand feet in height, on whose terrible summit he stood. Long he gazed intently on the wild vapours tossed to and fro like waves in a storm. At times they lay in dense gloom and darkness, then globes or flashes of fire illumined them with sudden light.

At length the thunder and wind ceased, the clouds slowly dispersed, and a growing brightness shone upon them. Beyond the horizon, through the dismal piles of mist fast passing away, a fair vision gleamed which filled Alembert with wonder and delight. A beautiful city appeared, whose lovely hues charmed the eyes with their mild attractive splendour. Its palaces, arches, pillars, and temples all smiled in their own gentle radiance, and a clear wide stream (transformed by the distance into a silver thread) which circled its crystal walls, was spanned by a bright rainbow, through whose arch it flowed into a broad expanse of green hills, woods, and valleys, enamelled by a thousand flowers that sent up their united fragrance so high that even the atmosphere around the summit of the lofty tower was faintly perfumed by it.

"That city," said the guide, "is the abode of our fairy king, whose palace you may see rising above those long groves near the southern gates."

Ernest looked in the direction indicated, but beheld only a star of light, for the palace was formed of certain materials too brilliant for any but the eyes of fairies to behold. He continued some time at the window, until the prospect beneath, as twilight shed her dim influence over it, began to fade. Slowly the stars looked forth one by one from the sky's deepening azure, and the full moon as she ascended the East gradually paled the bright orange-dye which glowed in the Western heavens. The murmur of the ærial city died away. Only at intervals was heard the voice of the Giant Harp breaking the stillness of eventide, and its wild, mournful

melody as it floated on the balmy breeze served but to enhance the calm, sacred and mysterious feeling of that peaceful hour.

"We must now depart," said the fairy, turning suddenly to Alembert, and at the same instant the latter found himself upon the very summit of the tower. His conductor, then, without warning, pushed him from the dizzy eminence into the void beneath.

Ernest gave a loud shriek of terror, but his fear was instantly dispelled by a delightful sensation which followed. He seemed to sink gently and slowly downwards, borne on a soft gale which now fanned his cheek, and guided by invisible beings who appeared to check the velocity of his fall, and to moderate his descent into a quiet and easy transition to the regions of the earth.

After a while he alighted in the fairy city, still attended by his conductor. They proceeded along a magnificent street, paved with the rarest gems, gorgeously sparkling in the moonlight until they arrived at a majestic palace of lapis lazuli whose golden gates rolled back at their approach, and admitted them to the wide hall floored with the purest alabaster, richly carved and figured, and lighted by silver lamps perfumed with the most costly odours.

Ernest was now grown weary, and the fairy led him into another apartment more beautiful than the first. Here was a splendid couch overhung by a canopy adorned with emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, whose excessive brilliancy illuminated all the room. On this couch Alembert flung himself joyfully down to rest. In a few moments a profound slumber closed his eyelids, and his sleep continued undisturbed until break of day, when he was awakened by the sweet singing of birds. He arose, and on looking forth from his casement beheld an immense garden filled with the sweetest flowers and with rare plants unknown among mortals. Long rows of lofty trees, bearing fruits that sparkled like precious stones, shaded green walks strewn with fallen blossoms. On their fresh verdant branches sat innumerable birds, clothed in rich and resplendent plumage, who filled the air with delightful and harmonious warbling.

Ernest was astonished at beholding no appearance of the city, but continued for some time listening to the enchanting music of the birds, enjoying the fragrant perfume of the blossoms, and the dark grandeur of the majestic trees that surrounded him. This contemplation was at length interrupted by his conductor, who now appeared in the apartment. Without speaking, his guide led him from the chamber, and when they reached the open air bade him by a sign to look around. Ernest obeyed, and in place of the palace he saw a high bower formed of trees whose flowers were more lovely than the finest roses, and sweeter than lilies or camellias. The prospect then suddenly changed, and a deep glen, embosomed in hills whose sides were wooded, and rock-strewn, took the place of the garden. A deep clear-watered river flowed past them. Ernest forced by an over-mastering spell, followed him. For a long time they sank slowly down, and nought was visible save the waves that swallowed them.

At length, leagues beneath, a new realm dawned upon Ernest's astonished sight. Their speed now accelerated, and soon they arrived at the abode of a fairy king. The palace was brilliant as a liquid diamond. A great fountain rushing upwards from the earth parted into a thousand arches and pillars, through whose transparent surfaces appeared a quantity of emeralds, rubies, and other gems which the fountain continually cast up. The palace roof was formed of the frozen spray that proceeded like a vapour from the living arches ever in motion. This, congealed into round lucid drops, assumed the appearance of a lofty dome, from which descended other pillars of a larger size that seemed to support it. Over the summit of the dome was suspended in the air a sun of insufferable brightness, and from within gleamed a hundred stars sparkling with supernatural splendour.

By reason of the translucent nature of the edifice the interior was perfectly visible, and Ernest saw the fairy king seated on a glittering and revolving throne. He was surrounded by attendants, one of whom held a diamond cup filled with the honey-dew of wild flowers. Others played sweetly upon silver harps and

lutes, or sang in more melodious tones than the nightingale or skylark.

It would be impossible to relate all the marvellous adventures that befel Alembert whilst he abode in the land of Faërie. He saw their midnight revels in many a wild glen, and witnessed how they feasted in the green wood beneath the solemn moon. He viewed their pleasures and their pageants, and learned the spells by which they drew the lonely traveller into their enchanted circlet. Often he watched their sports by the "beached margin of the sea," and saw the rolling billows rest calmly under the magic influence of their muttered incantations. He heard and felt the sweet witchery of their songs chanted at unearthly banquets, and when the sound swelled until it reached the starlit sky, the revolving worlds arrested their mighty courses and stood still in the charmed heavens to attend. But this life in time grew wearing and insupportable. He longed once more to dwell among human kind, to hear again the language of mortals, and to tread upon the old green grass-covered turf, under the shade of the earthly trees he loved so well. At length the fairies perceived that the yearning to return was filling the bosom of Alembert, and that his heart was straining with the desire for home. This desire they appreciated, for they knew well that no mortal born of mortal could for long endure the light and fleeting glories of the land of Fays. Thus it was that they determined to relinquish him, and to bestow upon him the crown of his hopes.

The following tells the manner in which they gave fulfillment to his wish.

CHAPTER III.

It was a fair and mild evening in the decline of summer, when all the elfin courts assembled within a dell, one of those privileged spots which the pinching frosts and snows of winter are unable to deprive of their everlasting green array. The soft velvet turf served them for seats, and the profusion of sweet flowers with which it was embroidered shed round a refreshing perfume. The

lily canopy was raised, and the glittering table was covered with crystal goblets brimming with nectareous dew. The song of a lark now hymning his vespers in the cloud-wrapped dome was all their music, and as its tones fell on the silent earth they diffused a holy calm on all. Before the festival began a fairy rose and advanced towards Alembert, who reposed on the ground a little apart. Approaching him, he presented him with a goblet, and bade him drink the contents. Ernest obeyed, and scarcely had he done so when a strange stupor seized him, which slowly overpowered all his senses. In a short time he sank into a profound slumber.

When he recovered from his stupor he found himself at the entrance to a wide green vale, bounded by high hills, whose sides were clothed with pleasant woods, which descended to their feet, and here and there advanced a considerable way into the valley. At intervals enormous rocks were scattered, whose rugged and moss-grown forms added a touch of romance to the delightful scene. Nor were there wanting pleasant groves, whose cool green shades offered welcome shelter to the toiling and travel-wearied pilgrim. It was sunset, and not one purple cloud was visible in all the radiant sky. The west swam in an ocean of golden light that bathed the heavens in glory, and poured its reflected splendour over half the world. Eastward a long line of sober red appeared, gradually growing softer and paler towards the point of sunrise. Above all was a clear bright silvery blue, deepening at the zenith, and faintly tinged with grey as it receded from the gorgeous west. Beneath this sky the earth glowed with tints whose warmth and mellow richness could not have been surpassed by the loveliest scenes in Italy. Hills, rocks, and trees shone invested in a lustrous halo of beauty. The vale flowed with light, and a hundred flowers stirred among their leaves as the sun shed its last beams over them. Long Ernest lingered, gazing entranced upon the sight. He knew that this was no delusive vision, and that no mystery hung upon its spell. As he stood a sound stole past him like the music of a harp. He trembled, fearing he was still held in the power of supernatural

beings. The sound swelled, and gathering in volume, swept solemnly down the wild glen, awakening low sweet echoes among the frowning rocks which specked the lovely woods in which it was embosomed.

Soon, however, Ernest's fear was dissipated, for he heard the music accompanied by a human voice. He moved forward a step or two, and then bent eagerly towards the spot whence the tones issued, striving to catch the burthen of the uttered tones. This at length he did, and this is the song that fell upon his ears : —

“ Proudly the sun has sunk to rest
Behind yon dim and distant hill ;
The busy noise of day has ceased,
A holy calm the air doth fill.

That softening haze which veils the light
Of sunset in the gorgeous sky,
Is dusk, grey harbinger of night,
Now gliding onward silently.

No sound rings through this solemn vale
Save murmurs of those tall dark trees,
Who raise eternally their wail
Bending beneath the twilight breeze.

And my harp peals the woods among
When vesper lifts its quiet eye,
Co-mingling with each night-bird's song,
That chants its vigils pensively.

And here I sit, until night's noon
Hath gemmed the heavens with many a star,
And sing beneath the wandering moon
Who comes, high journeying, from afar.

Oh ! sweet to me is that still hour,
When frowns the shades of night around,
Deepening the gloom of forest bower ;
Filling the air with awe profound.

I hush my harp, and hush my song,
 Low kneeling 'neath the lofty sky,
I hark the nightingale prolong
 Her strain of wond'rous melody.

Forth gushing like a mountain rill,
 So rich, so deep, so clear and free ;
She pours it forth o'er dale and hill,
 O'er rock and river, lake and tree,

Till morn comes, and with rosy hand,
 Unbars the golden gates of day ;
Then, as at touch of magic wand,
 The earth is clad in fair array.

Then from its couch the skylark springs ;
 The trembling drops of glittering dew
Are scattered, as with vigorous wings
 It mounts the glorious arch of blue."

Before the strains ceased the hues of sunset had begun to fade away, yet sufficient light remained for Ernest to perceive a man of an ancient and venerable aspect seated at the mouth of a deep cavern under the shade of an immense oak, whose massive limbs and dense foliage stood in dark relief against the sky. Every leaf and twig was dimly pencilled on the silvery blue, the outline of the trunk and larger branches alone being clearly visible. The stranger was clad in a long white robe and dark mantle which partly enveloped his person, and then, falling downwards, swept the ground in picturesque and magnificent folds. His robe was confined by a black girdle, down to which his snowy beard flowed in profusion, and formed a fine contrast to his mantle and belt. His right hand rested upon a harp, whose cords he now and then swept with his left, causing a few sweet transitory notes to issue therefrom, which rose and swelled in an uncertain cadence and then died away in the distance. As Ernest approached the harper raised his head, and demanded his name. When Alembert had

answered this question to the old man's satisfaction, he requested permission to seat himself beside him for a few minutes that he might rest. The old man instantly complied, and after a short pause asked him whence he came, and whither he went, and the reason of his being in so unfrequented and lonely a spot at such an unaccustomed hour. Ernest in reply related the whole of his adventures, and by the time he had completed their recital night had closed in, and the moon had risen. His host now arose and invited him to lodge for that night within his cave. Alembert gladly consented, and together they proceeded to enter. When they were seated at their frugal supper of fruits and herbs Ernest in his turn begged the old man to recount the circumstances of his own life. To this request he gave a ready assent, and proceeded to unfold the following story :

" You have told me that your latter years have been spent among fairies. I likewise abode for a time with supernatural beings, but theirs was a less gentle nature than those whom you have described. When yet very young I became imbued with the spirit of adventure, and determined to go out and seek my fortune in the world. The quarter of the globe which I fixed upon as the first scene of my wanderings was Asia, and accordingly I embarked myself on board a ship bound for Odessa. In a few days we set sail, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at that part of the Russian dominions. From thence I proceeded to Icherkash, where I halted a few days, and then went on to Good-Gard—a mountain in the Caucasus. Here I decided to venture upon crossing that stupendous range alone. Upon communicating my intentions to some of the natives, they solemnly warned me against such an enterprise, assuring me that many powerful Genii held their courts among the snows of Elborus and Kasibek. These words I disregarded, and as soon as extreme fatigue would permit me I began to ascend the Good-Gard road. With great difficulty, I proceeded along this road for several days, until I reached the towering Elborus. During the whole of my journey this mountain had been partly hidden from me by the minor hills

that surrounded it, but upon emerging from a gorge in the last of these a full view of its tremendous magnitude burst upon my sight. It was a fair and sunny afternoon in autumn when I first beheld the sublime vision. The mountain was separated from me only by a lovely green valley, through which a branch of the Aragua wound its silent course. Never shall I forget that inspiring scene. The mountain towered before me, the grandeur of its radiant summit majestically clearing the skies ; its yawning abysses, and clefts sufficiently wide to engulf a city ; and its immovable aspect firm as if its base were fixed beyond the seas. As I gazed suddenly the mountain trembled, the top rent asunder, and a huge, grim spirit rose from the horrible chasm thus produced. He raised his hand to heaven and uttered a cry which shook all Georgia. At this mystic appearance I sank to the ground insensible. When I recovered from my swoon I found myself in a vast cave, illuminated only by an opening at the top, through which one ray of light streamed in. On looking round I perceived an iron door fitted in the side of the cave. This, with much difficulty, I opened, and found beyond a narrow passage tending downwards. I entered, and continued for several hours to follow whither it led. At length I heard in the distance a dull noise like the roaring of the sea, and after a while found myself borne upon the bosom of a rushing wave. I was hurried through the waters without fear or injury, while strange and ghastly scenes saluted my wondering eyes. Anon I was walking at the bottom of the ocean. A thousand huge monsters lay there, glaring with fixed and solemn eyes through the tenebrous gloom. I saw the kraken with its hundred arms, the great whale, the sea bear, and others unknown to dwellers upon the earth. Voiceless they glided through the regions of eternal silence, and the black billows broke far above them in the midst of loneliness and solitude. Unutterable were the feelings with which I viewed the foundations of the everlasting hills, and beheld the trackless pathways of the unfathomed sea. Lustrous gems glittered on every side, groves of coral begirt each rock, myriads of pearls gleamed constantly around, and the love-

liest shells shone below me, to be crushed at each movement of my feet. Slowly I advanced until I espied a cavern, which opened before me. This I entered. Instantly a wave rose behind me and swept me swiftly down an abyss which led beneath the arches of a magnificent palace, larger and grander than any that can be boasted of in the lands which rise above the ocean's surface. There I saw, coiled in his own vast halls, that mystic snake known among ancient Scalds by the name of Jormandugar. He it is who holds the earth girdled by his toils. For many days I sojourned here, and beheld sights of which no mortal tongue can tell. After a season I returned to a cave in Elbor, whence I was taken by the spirit who had brought me thither. Since then I have wandered in many regions of the earth, mingled with the peoples of many lands, and seen the myriad wonders of the world. At length, compelled by age, I have retired to this valley, where I have now dwelt in happiness and peace for twenty years."

Here the old man ended his recital. Ernest thanked him for his narrative, adding that he likewise longed to spend the remainder of his days in that same lovely glen. The old man approved of his design, and for many years they two dwelt together in perfect harmony, tranquility, and peace.



A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

I.

STAR amid stars, and rapture of a song—
 Echoes of music o'er the midnight sky ;
Advent of Right, redress of human wrong—
 Hope crown'd by Peace, Goodwill to men brought nigh ;
This was the Glory seen and tidings heard—
This was the dawn of Love's Incarnate Word.
So sing we still the song the Angels sang,
 As dawns once more th' joyous Christmas time—
Songs that re-echoed o'er that Syrian clime

While Morning Stars their glad Hosanna's rang :
 Songs that pulsate with Love's eternal thrill,
 Bidding anew our troubled hearts be still;
 Songs that are touched with Joy at Morning's birth—
 Of Peace when starlight claims the weary earth.

II.

So may there come to thee and thine this day
 (Sweet with the memory of that first great lay)
 Songs that uplift and solace by the way ;
 Love that aye broadens as the years increase—
 Broadens as circles that from first faint ring
 (Caused by the pebble we too careless fling)
 Larger and larger form in eddying wave
 Till merged in seas that far-off islands lave ; —
 The sweet Content that tells of inward peace ;
 The Hope that in the Angel-song had birth
 (Flashed thro' the Glory to our toil-worn earth) ;
 The human Joy enwrought with smiles and tears ;
 The splendour of a Life no failure fears :
 The upward look that conquers passing years !

William G. Kingsland.

LONDON, England, December, 1899.



THE OBSESSION OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.



THE term *obsession* is to be taken in this discussion in its generic sense. However natural the suggestion in the case of Poe, the thought is not to be entertained that he was, as the popular tongue would phrase it, possessed of an evil spirit.

Like unto every thinking soul, Poe was in thralldom to a theory

of life and destiny. The conception mastered him; he did not possess it so much as he was possessed of it.

Since our mastering motives take root in our mastering conceptions, these motives, whether good or bad, are, in effect, spirits that reign in our members, and thus comes about our obsession.

The polarity of thought lay heavy almost as death upon Poe's soul. Night and day, heat and cold, wet and dry, plenum and vacuum, life and death: "The inevitable dualism that bisects nature" was to his mind the most undisguised fact; so naked, indeed, it was as to be almost cruel to his sensibilities. He yearned for the absolute, yet the relative was forever in evidence.

The old Sphinx in Emerson's poem gave the poet the parting reminder that he was a "clothed eternity" and that to his ceaseless quest and questioning he would have "Time" for a "false reply." When "the great mother" asked,—

"Who has drugged my boy's cup?
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned my child's head?"

Poe was not the poet to answer cheerfully

"Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me."

He was never Platonist and optimist enough to enjoy the resignation sung in that poem.

The first utterances of Poe are brimful of this ruling thought. The earliest edition of his poems came out in 1827, and has some stanzas entitled, from the first line, 'The Happiest Day, the Happiest Hour.'

His happiest day has been, is gone with the visions of his youth, of which visions one was "the brightest glance of pride and power." He concludes his retrospect in this way:—

"But were that hope of pride and power
Now offered with the pain,
Even *then* I felt,—that brightest hour
I would not live again.

“ For on its wing was dark alloy,
And, as it fluttered, fell
An essence, powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.”

It is logically paradoxical to say that one's superlatively happy moment has been and was yet fraught with so much pain as to bring it to abhorrence. It was, however, an essence that he *felt* that was powerful to destroy. It was a sort of subconscious intuition that this was a “counterfeit presentment” of the genuine article called happiness. This subconscious misgiving in the moment of (objective) conscious happiness is admirably wrought out in ‘The Bridal Ballad,’ where the bride has the ring upon her hand as a token that she is happy now, but when her lord breathed his vow, his words seemed to ring as a knell, and the voice seemed to be his who fell in battle, and yet who is happy now by her side at the altar.

In this same volume of 1827 is the first version of ‘Tamerlane,’ in which there is an episode—not in the later versions—which pictures that happiest moment, when he left his Ada asleep in her matted bower to win for her in the strife of nations a queenly crown. At that blissful moment when a silent gaze was all the farewell he took, there was engendered the essence of his undoing. ‘Tamerlane’ is a story exemplifying the dire disaster that takes its rise in the moment of rapturous happiness.

Compare with this Poe's final utterances on the subject found in ‘Eureka,’ of 1848. He calls ‘Eureka’ a Prose Poem; the theme of it is the cosmogony of our Universe. He states after enunciating his theme, this general proposition:

“In the original Unity of the First Thing lies the Secondary Cause of All Things, with the germ of their Inevitable Annihilation.”

With this proposition as his major premise he proceeds to determine the essence, the origin, the creation, the present condition, and the destiny, of the material and spiritual universe! The temerity of the undertaking makes one sensible of the dogmatism

in the conception and statement of his general proposition ; but being dogmatic is evidence of possession by a doctrine, or idea.

His possession, however, was not more complete in 1848 than in 1827. In the 'Tamerlane' of his youth we have the poetical presentation of his doctrine of polarity, in which poem he sings, also, the intuitive power of the lover, — who is Poe — in these words, —

" There is a power in the high spirit
To *know* the fate it will inherit " :

in the 'Eureka' of 1848 we have the analytical presentment of his doctrine. What he so forcefully felt as a factor in his early life, and which, in an applied form, characterizes his literary art, he discursively handled with reference to the wide range of things called the Universe.

Staring him, so to speak, out of countenance was the dual nature of phenomena, physical and psychical. That which was *apparent* was relative ; not one thing alone, but two things in every mental apprehension : night implies, to the mind, day ; heat, cold ; sunrise, sunset ; joy, sorrow ; Heaven, Hell. The relation was, to Poe, one of contradiction. Behind the apparent he sought with the mind's-eye that which was not relative, but that which was absolute.

He starts on his search by assuming that he intuitively knows that what God originally created was "that Matter which by dint of His volition, He first made from His Spirit, or from Nihility, *could* have been nothing but Matter in its utmost conceivable state of Simplicity."

Matter in its absolute simplicity he conceives to be "a particle — one particle — a particle of *one* kind — of *one* character — of *one* nature — of *one* size — of *one* form — a particle, therefore, 'without form and void' — a particle positively a particle at all points." Note the logical and rhetorical paradoxes required in order to talk about the Absolute with any degree of clearness.

While *oneness* is all that can be predicated of Matter as originally created, yet it is a principle abundantly sufficient to account

for the constitution, the existing phenomena, and the plainly inevitable annihilation, of at least the material Universe.

The bringing into being by Divine volition, of the primordial Particle is Poe's conception of the completed act of creation. This particle is the unrelated one thing out of which arises all phenomena and back to which everything tends and is destined to reach.

Out of this absolute Particle the constitution of the universe is framed by forcing the *One* into *Many*. This diffusion of Unity into diversity is effected by a Divine impulse. There results *action*, and therewith the polar *reaction*. The principle of contradiction thus becomes operative in shaping the Universe.

He argues that the diffusion which is best conceived as Radiation, is *determinate* and into limited space; otherwise, being *continuous* it would call for unlimited space, and not being discontinued there could be no reaction.

Reaction being equal to action, there is, after the act of diffusion ceases, a tendency among the divided particles to regain their normal Unity. This tendency which may be well called a *yearning*, is strong as the original Divine impulse that forced them into the diversity everywhere apparent. There is, however, among the diverse particles a sort of war, a struggle, that prevent the immediate collapse into the original One. The polar forces of *attraction* and *repulsion* strive together. "No other principles exist," he says, with emphasis.

The explanation is ingenious! He kept in mind Pascal's definition of the Universe, that it is "a sphere of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere," and therewith interpreted the Newtonian law of Gravity to consist. The vulgar version of the law seems to express a tendency to diffusion rather than to oneness, he, therefore, states the law in this phraseology as being more suggestive of its character: "Every atom, of every body, attracts every other atom, both of its own and of every other body, with a force which varies inversely as the squares of the distances between the attracting and attracted atom."

He would first impress the mind with the "complexity of rela-

tion involved in the fact that *each atom attracts every other atom.*" He says, at some length: "Had we discovered, simply, that each atom tends to some one point, a favorite with all, we should still have fallen upon a discovery which, in itself, would have sufficed to overwhelm the mind; but what is it that we are actually called on to comprehend? That each atom attracts—sympathizes with the most delicate movements of every other atom, and with each and with all at the same time, and forever, and according to a determinate law of which the complexity, even considered by itself solely, is utterly beyond the grasp of the imagination. If I propose to ascertain the influence of one mote in a sunbeam on its neighboring mote, I cannot accomplish my purpose without first counting and weighing all the atoms in the Universe, and defining the precise positions of all at one particular moment. If I venture to displace, by even the billionth part of an inch, the microscopical speck of dust which lies now on the point of my finger, what is the character of that act upon which I have adventured? I have done a deed which shakes the moon in her path, which causes the Sun to be no longer the Sun, and which alters forever the destiny of the multitudinous myriads of stars that roll and glow in the majestic presence of their Creator."

He calls these ideas soul-reveries rather than conclusions of the intellect, but they are ideas that must be entertained in any effort to grasp the significance of the principle of Attraction in its relation to a condition, to be imagined, out of which all observable phenomena have sprung.

Now, recur to Pascal's definition of the Universe and read this paragraph: "Does not so evident a brotherhood among the atoms point to a common parentage. Does not a sympathy so omniprevalent, so ineradicable, and so thoroughly irrespective, suggest a common paternity as its source? Does not one extreme impel the reason to the other? Does not the infinitude of division refer to the utterness of individuality? Does not the entireness of the complex hint at the perfection of the simple? It is *not* that the atoms, as we see them, are divided, or that they are complex in

relations—but that they are inconceivably divided and unutterably complex; it is the extremeness of the conditions to which I now allude, rather than to the conditions themselves. In a word, is it not because the atoms were, at some remote epoch of time, even *more than together*—is it not because originally, and therefore normally, they were One—that now, in all circumstances, at all points, in all directions, by all modes of approach, in all relations and through all conditions, they struggle *back* to this absolutely, this irrelatively, this unconditionally One?"

He explains, furthermore, that the atoms, which he supposes to have been radiated from a centre, do proceed at once rectilinearly back to the central point of their origin, but they do not do so with respect to the centre as such. "They all tend rectilinearly towards a centre, because of the sphericity with which they have been radiated into space. Each atom, forming one of a generally uniform globe of atoms, finds more atoms in the direction of the centre, of course, than in any other, and in that direction, therefore, is impelled—but is *not* thus impelled because the centre is the *point of origin*. It is not to any *point* that the atoms are allied. It is not any *locality*, either in the concrete or in the abstract, to which I suppose them bound. Nothing like *location* was conceived as their origin. Their source lies in the principle, Unity. This is their lost parent."

Poe thus makes his theory of Attraction square suggestively with the Newtonian law of Gravity. At the outset of the discussion he discarded the term "gravitation" for "Attraction," as he did "electricity" for "repulsion," but we can now see how Attraction means Gravitation.

But what of Repulsion? There could, of course, be no conception of *attraction* without the implied polar idea of *repulsion*. The atoms would immediately collapse into their original Unity upon the discontinuance of the diffusive impulse, did there not persist among them a separative power, the endeavor to overcome which is Attraction.

He considers this side of phenomena in the following language:

"For the effectual completion of the general design, we thus see the necessity for a repulsion of limited capacity, a separative *something* which, on withdrawal of the diffusive volition, shall at the same time allow the approach, and forbid the junction of the atoms; suffering them infinitely to approximate, while denying them positive contact; in a word, having the power — *up to certain epoch* of preventing their *coalition*, but no ability to interfere with their *coalescence* in any respect or degree. The repulsion, already considered as so peculiarly limited in other regards, must be understood, let me repeat, as having power to prevent absolute coalition, *only up to a certain epoch*. Unless we are to conceive that the appetite for Unity among the atoms is doomed to be satisfied *never*; unless we are to conceive that what had a beginning is to have no end — a conception which cannot *really* be entertained, however much we may talk or dream of entertaining it — we are forced to conclude that the repulsive influence imagined will, finally, under pressure of the Uni-tendency *collectively* applied, — but never, and in no degree *until*, on fulfilment of the Divine purposes, such collective application shall be naturally made, — yield to a force which, at that ultimate epoch, shall be the superior force precisely to the extent required, and thus permit the universal subsidence into the inevitable, because original and therefore normal, *One*."

Thus he discusses the design of Repulsion. The fact exists evident to our senses. Man knows no force nor means by which two atoms can be brought into contact, in other words the impenetrability of matter is admitted by philosophy and proved by experiment. But Poe refrains from investigating the nature of this principle because of an intuitive conviction that it is spiritual, and that it lies beyond the reach of our present understanding. He says, "I feel, in a word, that here the God has interposed, and here only, because here and here only the knot demanded the interposition of God."

He was aware that the Newtonian law of Gravity was coincident with Attraction only in a general way, it was applicable to a force

that impelled Matter to seek Matter. But a closer view revealed a force among the atoms forbidding their conjunction. One force was great enough to bring the atoms into proximity to one another, but there was another force just as powerful that stood sentinel at a certain point to say "thus far and no farther." The conclusion is that the nature of the two forces is contradictory. Attraction is peculiar to matter; atoms yearn, materially, for atoms; but Repulsion interposes to prevent the union, it, therefore, must be peculiar to Spirit.

We now have an understanding of Poe's conception of these two principles — "No other principles exists" — to which all phenomena are referable, it is, therefore, not necessary to follow him in his interpretation of the Nebular Hypothesis to make it agree with his doctrine. Here are, though, some conclusions, corollaries, and suggestions, that will throw light upon the enigmatic character of the man and poet.

It must be borne in mind that it is not the intention of this paper to discuss Poe's fallacies, logical and psychological, however patent or concealed they may be, but to get at the Notion that lorded it over him, and his analysis of it, and its reflex influence upon his life and literary labors.

The most obvious thing in his cosmogony is its Pantheism. The primordial Particle is first created by a Divine act, and then for a purpose it is diffused to constitute the Universe; the diffused atoms, despite the struggle back to the parent Particle, will remain separated till the Divine withdrawal of the force of Repulsion.

Take in connection with this the logical inference as to *right* and *wrong*. "The irrelative Particle as primarily created by the Will of God must have been in a condition of positive *normality*, or rightfulness — for wrongfulness implies relation. Right is positive; wrong is negative — is merely the negation of right; as cold is the negation of heat — darkness, of light."

We have here revealed the basal principle of the ethics of his Pantheism. Poe's career itself is a fine illustration of one of his

atoms, ever sick of present condition, struggling towards something less tangible and more unrelated. He was pessimistic in life and utterance. What else could the self-conscious atom in such a system be?

It is worth while to consider the special endowments of the individual who can offer a rational explanation of his origin, life, and destiny, deducible from the dual nature of phenomena as the only data. He is cognizant of the difficulty, for it is the irrelative God that must be posited as the, at least, provisional starting point. He would at the outset say with Baron de Bielfeld, "We know absolutely *nothing* of the nature or essence of God: in order to comprehend what He is, we should have to be God ourselves." Poe then would ask "if this our present ignorance of Deity is an ignorance to which the soul is everlastingly condemned?"

In developing his doctrine he speaks of the agency of matter in individualizing Spirit, and understands that particular masses of Matter through heterogeneity become sensitive to a degree involving *Thought*, thus becoming obviously self-conscious. (It may be added here by way of parenthesis that Poe says, "The finest quality of thought is its self-cognizance".) This end for which matter was created being fulfilled, it would be Matter no longer; it would sink "into material Nihilism from which alone we can conceive it to have been evoked, to have been *created*, by the volition of God", and so God will remain all in all.

Thinking, at this point, of the principle of Rhythm, which he calls the omniprevalent law of periodicity, he asks, "But are we here to pause?" Answer: "Not so. On the Universal agglomeration and dissolution we can readily conceive that a new and perhaps totally different series of conditions may ensue; another creation and radiation, returning into itself; another action and reaction of the Divine Will. Guiding our imaginations by that omniprevalent law of laws, the law of periodicity, are we not, indeed, more than justified in entertaining a belief—let us say, rather, in indulging a hope—that the processes we have here ventured to contemplate will be renewed forever, and forever, and

forever ; a novel Universe swelling into existence, and then subsiding into *nothingness*, at every throb of the Heart Divine ? ”

What is this Heart Divine ? Poe says emphatically : “ *It is our own.* ” Then he adds : “ Let not the merely seeming irreverence of this idea frighten our souls from that cool exercise of consciousness, from that deep tranquility of self-inspection, through which alone we can hope to attain the presence of this, the most sublime of truths, and look it leisurely in the face.”

With more detail he explains : “ No thinking being lives who, at some luminous point of his life of thought, has not felt himself lost amid the surges of futile efforts at understanding or believing that anything exists *greater than his own soul*. The utter impossibility of any one’s soul feeling itself inferior to another ; the intense, overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought ; these with the omniprevalent aspirations at perfection, are but the spiritual, coincident with the material, struggles towards the original Unity ; are, to my mind at least, a species of proof far surpassing what man terms demonstration, that no one soul *is* inferior to another ; that nothing is, or can be, superior to any one soul ; that each soul is, in part, its own God—its own Creator ; — in a word, that God—the material *and* spiritual God—*now* exists solely in the diffused Matter and Spirit of the Universe : and that the regathering of this diffused Matter and Spirit will be but the re-constitution of the *purely Spiritual* and Individual God.”

Such a view makes clear to Poe’s mind the riddles of existence ; makes Evil intelligible and tolerable.

But his thought reaches its climax with reference to the creatures who are “ conscious Intelligences.” They are conscious, first, of a proper identity ; and, second, of an identity with God. “ Of the two classes of consciousness, fancy that the former will grow weaker, the latter stronger, during the long succession of ages which must elapse before these myriads of individual Intelligences become blended — when the bright stars become blended—into One.”

Note this : “ Think that the sense of individual identity will

be gradually merged in the general consciousness; that Man, for example, ceasing imperceptibly to feel himself Man, will at length attain that awfully triumphant epoch when he shall recognize his existence as that of Jehovah."

The conclusion of the matter is that the conscious Intelligence, Man, can know God, because he can and will become God. What other conclusion could be drawn from the Pantheism of Poe's cosmogony?

This is but an analytical interpretation of a conviction that Poe felt and gave expression to in his earliest volume. The "ratio of heterogeneity" of the Matter in him clothed him with Godlike intuitive power.

We have already quoted from 'The Happiest Day,' and from 'Tamerlane' we may quote again:

"The passionate spirit which hath known,
And deeply felt the silent tone
Of its own self-supremacy, —

.
The soul which feels its innate right
The mystic empire and high power
Given by the energetic might
Of Genius, at its natal hour;
. . . knows . . .
There *is* a power in the high spirit
To know the fate it will inherit."

More to the purpose are some stanzas to the 'Reply of Nature to our Intelligence.' The first stanza runs thus: —

"In youth have I known one with whom the Earth,
In secret, communing held, as he with it,
In daylight, and in beauty from his birth;
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth
A passionate light — such for his spirit was fit —
And yet that spirit knew not in the hour
Of its own fervor, what had o'er it power."

Thinking on the sovereignty of this power and that its quickening spell is manifest in the contrast of the strange amid the common, the poet concludes, —

“ ’Tis a symbol and a token
Of what in other worlds shall be, and given
In beauty by our God to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven,
Drawn by their heart’s passion, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit, which hath striven,
Though not with Faith, with godliness — whose throne
With desperate energy ’t hath beaten down ;
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.”

The law of periodicity has its special significance in his system. As is suggested in the quotations on the forgoing topic, it means *transmigration*. He has a short paragraph to this effect :

“ We walk about, amid the destinies of our world-existence, encompassed by dim but ever present *Memories* of a destiny more vast — very distant in the bygone time, and infinitely awful.” Again: “ We live out a youth peculiarly haunted by such shadows ; yet never mistaking them for dreams. As *Memories* we *know* them. *During our youth* the distinction is too clear to deceive us even for a moment.”

This and more that he writes on this topic accords well with the doctrine of Wordsworth’s ‘Ode,’ but it is difficult to understand the poems of his first volume entitled ‘Dreams,’ ‘The Lake,’ ‘Spirits of the Dead,’ ‘A Dream Within a Dream,’ without attending to his doctrine of Immortality set forth discursively in ‘Eureka’ in connection with the mention of the law of periodicity. In not a few of his prose Tales the spring of interest is to be found in some (psychological) aspect of his theory of transmigration.

It is apart from the intention of this paper to consider how closely Poe tracked the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence, or to show from what other sources he drew his thought and inspiration. It is enough to know that certain thoughts possessed him with a grasp that shaped his career.

Another important deduction from his original proposition, suggested in his study of the Universe of the Stars, is the "absolute *reciprocity of adaptation*."

He finds in the density of the globes the measure in which their purposes are fulfilled. "As density proceeds—as the Divine intentions *are* accomplished—*as* less and still less remains *to be* accomplished—so, in the same ratio, should we expect to find an acceleration of *the End*; and thus the philosophical mind will easily comprehend that the Divine designs in constituting the stars advance *mathematically* to their fulfilment."

He is more explicit in this paragraph: "Not only is this Divine adaptation, however, mathematically accurate, but there is that about it which stamps it *as Divine*, in distinction from that which is merely the work of human constructiveness. I allude to the complete *mutuality* of adaptation. For example, in human constructions a particular cause has a particular effect; a particular intention brings to pass a particular object, but this is all; we see no reciprocity. The effect does not react upon the cause; the intention does not change relations with the object. In Divine constructions the object is either design or object as we chose to regard it—and we may take at any time a cause for an effect, or the converse—so that we can never absolutely decide which is which."

He illustrates the point by calling attention to the fact that the human frame in polar climates requires for combustion an abundance of highly azotized food, as train-oil. "Now, whether is oil at hand because imperatively demanded, or the only thing demanded because the only thing to be obtained? It is impossible to decide. There is an absolute *reciprocity of adaptation*."

This he recognizes as the ideal to be sought in literature. "The pleasure which we derive from any display of human ingenuity is in the ratio of *the approach* to this species of reciprocity. In the construction of plot, for example, in fictitious literature, we should aim at so arranging the incidents that we shall not be able to determine, of any one of them, whether it depends from any

one other or upholds it. In this sense, of course, *perfection* of plot is really, or practically unattainable — but only because it is a finite intelligence that constructs. The plots of God are perfect. The Universe is the plot of God."

Poe was not mistaken as to "the mystic empire and high power" innate to his soul; he had genius, and he wrought much in verse and prose that has the divine stamp of mutuality of adaptation.

His *ex post facto* analysis of 'The Raven' given in the essay 'The Philosophy of Composition,' shows the modus of securing the self-consistency that characterizes a piece of Art. An *effect* to be reproduced through some concrete form is suggested. This effect kept definitely and vividly before the mind is creative of its own adequate and therefore best form of expression. The effect so conceived is "the soul" of which "the body form doth take." This is the way in which every work of the creative imagination is produced, whether the artist be willing to confess it or not. It is the way in which the fundamental æsthetic principles, *unity, harmony, completeness*, are exemplified. A poem, or a piece of prose, produced after this manner of Genius, has within itself its own excuse for being. There is to be found self-consistency, or in those other words "reciprocity of adaptation."

Consider the effect, the mental state, wrought in you by the reading of 'The Raven.' What is it? In general you will say it is pleasurable. But, specifically, why pleasurable? Because of the adequacy of the form to the sentiment. You feel that the form is so exactly adapted to the sentiment, and that the sentiment could not find so precisely its proper expression in another form.

In several poems besides 'The Raven' and in many of his Tales the charm of the master holds you; the key to which charm is "the reciprocity of adaptation," The secret of this charm he discovered in the Great Creator's poem of the Universe, and therein youth felt his own "self-supremacy" and knew his own "high power," and strove "though not with Faith, with godliness."

Poe watched the Great Master work and caught "the trick of the tool's true play."

From this idea of self-consistency as the stamp Divine, Poe derives his definition of an absolute truth, namely, "A perfect consistency is an absolute truth." He ridicules the Aristotelian and Baconian "roads" to truth, and then speaks of "the majestic highway of the *Consistent*." He says: "Is it not wonderful that they should have failed to deduce from the works of God the vitally momentous consideration that *a perfect consistency can be nothing but an absolute truth?*"

We have heard it sung by Emerson that "Beauty is its own excuse for being." There is no reason for the existence of Beauty other than it is Beauty, but to our senses it must exist in some concrete form. This form, so far as there is any sense in speaking of Beauty apart from concreteness, is reciprocal in adaptation to Beauty. There is, therefore, within every true poem, or other piece of Art, the *why* and the *how* of its existence. Such a work can be said to be irrelative to everything except, remotely, to the artist that fashioned it. It is an example of absolute truth within the scope of the definition.

The poetic fervor with which Poe, at seventeen years of age, expressed himself as to the import of the polarity of thought, and as to his intuitive power to discern what lay behind the show of things, is matched by the logical discrimination, at the close of his career, with which he would enforce conviction for the truth of his conclusions.

He claims that it is not an hypothesis which we are required to admit in order to explain the principle at issue, but that it is a logical conclusion which we are invited to deny if we can; it is a conclusion so accurately logical that there is no escape for the mind, turn which way it may. It is logical suicide to doubt it. The same result confronts us, at the end of a long inductive journey through phenomena, or at the close of a deductive course from the most rigorously simple of all conceivable assumptions.

He took the deductive route aware fully that only deductions



from axioms are indisputable. We recall that he took as his starting point *absolute simplicity*. He argues that this is the most axiomatic of all beginnings, for every Science except Logic, is the Science of certain concrete relations ; as, Arithmetic, of number ; Geometry, of form ; Logic, however, is the science of Relation in the abstract—of absolute Relation—of Relation considered solely in itself.

Poe had what is called a living faith in his deductions. In the preface to 'Eureka' read these words : — "*What I here propound is true* : — therefore it cannot die ; or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the Life Everlasting."

The logical conviction in the end of his career tallies so well with the passion of his poetical faith in the beginning, that it seems eminently proper to claim that he was possessed. There seems to be not so much a growth in knowledge as such, as a growth in the clearness and distinctness of a knowledge that fully, but intuitively, possessed him from the start. He had much to say in his early verse of "mystery" and of a "spell" that bound him. He was possessed after the manner that every genius is possessed.

John Phelps Fruit.

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RUSKIN'S "PATHETIC FALLACY" AND KEATS'S TREATMENT OF NATURE.



WHEN I speak of Keats's treatment of nature, I do not mean by "nature" what Pope or Dante or Aristotle meant, but use the word always in its modern application to the external phenomena of nature, without reference to their causes ; in short, to what we see of sky, of stream, of hill and plain, of woods and flowers, and of animal and insect life.

A good many of John Keats's habits of mind and expression

group themselves naturally under well known heads. But there are in Keats's poems a large number of cases which do not come under any established classification. For example, although I found in 10,000 lines of Keats (all but the dramas) 188 personifications, I also found 357 cases where sentiency only was ascribed to insentient objects. My purpose in this paper is to show that we can and do ascribe sentiency to insentient objects without personifying, and that such cases are numerous enough to justify their separate classification.

A few illustrations will make plain what I mean by ascribing sentiency to insentient objects. When a poet calls the moon, Diana, or the sun, Phoebus, when he embodies the forces of nature in the persons of the old mythologies, or when he simply capitalizes the common nouns and addresses the moon as O Moon, or speaks of the Sun driving his chariot across the heavens, he clearly personifies them; he may, and often does, go on to ascribe to them the various actions and traits involved in the idea of personality.

But when we hear the wind blowing through the tree-tops or around the corner of the house, and seek for a word to express the manner of its blowing, and say the wind howls or shrieks or whistles or moans, do we not in the sound of the word we select simply try to imitate the kind of noise the wind makes? We use words that imply sentiency, but do we necessarily personify the wind?

Again, when we hear a brook running over the pebbles in the shallows, and try to phrase the manner of its running, we say it murmurs or gurgles or babbles. In this case also we are imitating the sound the brook makes. We think of the water as a brook babbling and not as a person babbling. If this same brook tumbles over the rocks in a cascade so small that the noise of the falling water is rather pretty than awful, the resemblance between the sound of such a cascade and that of musical laughter is so striking that it is hard to say whether "laughing water" or "rippling laughter" is the more natural simile. The water is not thought

of as a person laughing but as water making a laughing sound; and such laughter is thought of, not as water, surely, but as like water in respect of the sound made. In each case we have used an imitative word.

So far now we have expressed the sound of the wind and water in terms that imply sentiency, because these terms seem the most suggestively imitative of the sounds. In short, for the comparatively colorless, matter-of-fact phrases that we might use if we had regard only to denotation, we have substituted phrases commonly used to describe similar sounds and motions made by sentient things. We have noted resemblances, but have expressed them in metaphors instead of formal similes, and we have taken our metaphors from human experiences. But, although we have spoken of insentient winds and brooks in terms that imply sentiency, we have not thus far personified them. We think of shrieking winds and babbling brooks as winds and brooks and not as persons.

We may go a step beyond mere imitation of sounds, however, for we find that certain physical aspects of nature are like certain human moods and that these resemblances are expressed in human terms. For example, hard rock is often called stubborn, because its unyieldingness suggests the obstinacy and perverseness at the bottom of human immovability. But we think of the rock as stubborn rock and not as a stubborn person; in short, even if we grant that the idea of person is inseparably involved in such words as stubborn, modest, and proud, we lay the emphasis upon the trait, and not upon the personality. So, when we call violets modest we do so because their habit of growing in nooks and corners, and the fact that the flower hangs on a bent or drooping stalk, suggest the unobtrusiveness characteristic of meek and humble people. We think of them as modest flowers, however, and not as modest people, and in ascribing sentiency we lay the stress upon the trait.

We are so used to personifying nature that I fear we find it hard to realize that the cases I have quoted of ascription of sentiency are not after all examples of personification. An illustra-

tion, not from poetry but from burlesque, will, I think, make my point perfectly clear. An American comic writer, whose humor consists chiefly in his startling and unconventional use of adjectives, tells us that he once smoked "the ablest tobacco he could find." Surely there is not a trace of personification in this grotesqueness, and yet the man has applied to his tobacco a word commonly used of people; that is, he has ascribed sentiency to an insentient object without personifying it.

It is now clear, I hope, that it is quite possible to describe nature in terms of man without distinctly personifying nature; that it is possible in some cases to predicate sentiency only, and in others to lay the stress upon the trait and leave the idea of person unobtrusive.

If my position is valid, then, that form of anthropomorphism which consists in ascribing human characteristics to things not human, divides into two parts, that phase which is seen in Personification and Mythology, and that phase which ascribes sentiency to insentient objects. This second phase, which is really only a matter of rhetoric, of technique, may be used to express at least three different attitudes of mind. Let me again illustrate. (In order to avoid repetition later, I use Mr. Ruskin's examples.)

First, one from Kingsley's 'Sands of Dee':

"They rowed her across in the rolling foam —
The cruel crawling foam."

Here plainly the foam is thought of as foam crawling and as cruel foam, not as a cruel person. Next, one from Dr. Holmes:

"The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mold,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold."

The poet calls it spendthrift, says Professor J. M. Hart, because it puts all its resources into a cup of gold, instead of putting forth leaves. He calls it naked and shivering because the leafless stalk quivers in the wind. He has ascribed sentiency to it, but it is still a spendthrift crocus, a naked shivering crocus, not a person.

Once more, a few lines from one of Pope's Pastorals ('Summer,' lines 81-84):

"But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang, listening, in their fall."

Here too, it is plain that the stress is upon the trait. Even if we laugh at the passage, it is because we are amused at the thought of waterfalls hanging listening.

Now, as first said, although these three cases are alike in imputing to nature human traits rather than person, and are therefore examples of the same form of expression, we shall find that they are the products of radically different attitudes of mind. In the lines about the "cruel crawling foam," Kingsley, grieved at the girl's death, blamed the water, and called it cruel. The passage is, in short, a clear case of subjectivity. Similarly, when the poet Tennyson, in 'St. Agnes' Eve,' makes the nun speak of the shadows of the convent-towers "Still creeping with the creeping hours," while he surely does not personify shadows or hours, he does impute to insentient things sentiency, and picks the word that best expresses the nun's impatience at the slow passage of time. The speaker's mood determines the kind of resemblance noted.

The second illustration—about the crocus—is not subjective; the writer has only (with perhaps a more vivid imagination than the average) pointed out an analogy between nature and man, and his own mood has nothing to do with his perception of the analogy. We may not have noticed the similarity between the quivering leafless crocus stalk and a naked shivering person, or between the man who squanders his money and the crocus which puts all its resources into a yellow flower, but the moment these similarities are pointed out to us, we too, regardless of our mood, see their force. On the contrary, when Kingsley calls the foam cruel, we have come not so much upon a new and forcible analogy between the foam and man as to an understanding of the fact that Kingsley was emotionally excited; we know his mood.

The third illustration, the lines from Pope, ending: "And headlong streams hang, listening, in their fall," is surely, if I may use the words without imputing intent to Pope, a burlesque of the attitude shown in the second illustration. Plainly, Pope is not subjective, and plainly, too, he is not pointing out a striking analogy. He is merely using a form of expression for the sake of emphasis, without adequate reason, just as he sometimes used personification for emphasis alone. He is representing a lovesick swain who is trying to tell his Phyllis how sweet her voice is. It is emphatic expression without emphatic content.

We are now, I think, in a position to see why Mr. Ruskin's famous chapter on the Pathetic Fallacy is so suggestive and at the same time so confusing. If I understand him, he means to say that when one is affected by some emotion, such as joy or grief, the intellectual vision is distorted and colored by the emotions. The vision is therefore untrue, fallacious. We see easily then why he calls such vision a "fallacy," but what he means by "pathetic" is not so clear. Ordinarily, anything pathetic inspires sympathy, appeals to our tenderness; in an older sense it means "suffering." But Mr. Ruskin clearly does not mean either of these things. To him "pathetic" means simply, emotional, inspired by, or due to, emotion. As just said, Mr. Ruskin has cited as examples of his Pathetic Fallacy, the "cruel, crawling foam," the "spendthrift crocus," and the lines from Pope—"headlong streams hang listening." Will the term "Emotional Fallacy" include all of these examples?

We have shown that the passage about the crocus is not subjective, is therefore not dependent upon the speaker's mood, and so cannot be emotionally fallacious. The passage from Pope is also not subjective, and although emotionally false is so plainly an imitation of emotion that it is not likely to deceive. These two examples, then, clearly do not come under Mr. Ruskin's term. With regard to the third, if we remember that as a matter of fact nature is not responsive to human moods, we can see why Mr. Ruskin should call the "cruel foam" a case of fallacious vision. In other

words, he seems to think that subjective treatment of nature is "morbid."

We may, however, leave for another time the "morbidness" of subjective treatment of nature, for our immediate question is: Has Mr. Ruskin succeeded either in naming or in explaining the ascription of sentiency to insentient objects? That he has hit upon the phenomenon is plain. He has not, however, satisfactorily named it, for of the three attitudes of mind which it may express, two cannot fairly be called fallacies; and he has not explained it, for we are not agreed that subjective treatment of nature is necessarily "morbid."

Mr. E. A. Abbott, in his *Shakespearian Grammar*, has also hit upon the ascription of sentiency to insentient nature, but both his term and his explanation are, like Ruskin's, unsatisfactory. Under the caption 'Personal Metaphor' (Sec. 523), he says: "There is a universal desire among men that visible nature, e. g., mountains, winds, trees, rivers, and the like, should have a power of sympathizing with men. This desire begets a kind of poetical belief that such a sympathy actually exists. Further, the vocabulary expressing the variable moods of man is so much richer than that which expresses the changes of nature that the latter borrows from the former. Hence the *morn* is said to *laugh*, *mountains* to *frown*, *winds* to *whisper*, *rivulets* to *prattle*, *oaks* to *sigh*. Hence arises what may be called Personal Metaphor. *Definition*: A Personal Metaphor is a transference of personal relations to an impersonal object for the purpose of brief explanation."

The term Personal Metaphor is unsatisfactory because, if my contention holds, the idea of person is either unobtrusive or wholly absent. Ascription of sentiency is to be sure a metaphysical use of language, but the word Metaphor needs qualification.

Mr. Abbott's explanation, too, is only partly right. I do not think that ascription of sentiency is due to a desire for sympathy from nature, for that is practically the basis of subjectivity; but it is due rather to the fact that resemblances so easily attract attention, or, to phrase it differently, to the instinctive tendency to in-

interpret everything in terms of man. Mr. Abbott is right, however, in saying that "the vocabulary expressing the variable moods of man is so much richer than that which expresses the changes of nature that the latter borrows from the former."

Now that I have shown that there is ascription of sentiency to insentient nature, as distinct from personification, and that Ruskin, though he saw that there was such a thing, has failed satisfactorily to name or explain it, there remains to offer an explanation and a name, and to show that Keats at least uses the device often enough to justify its separate classification.

In explaining why we ascribe sentiency to insentient nature, we are not concerned with its use in the subjective treatment of nature, for that has already been explained. We need therefore consider its use only in such cases as Holmes's "spendthrift crocus" and Pope's "listening streams." As already said, it is perfectly natural to note resemblances between nature and man. Why do we so often describe nature in terms properly applied to human traits and actions? The answer clearly is that the vocabulary of human experiences is so much richer and fuller than that which expresses the changes of nature, that we borrow from the richer vocabulary for the sake of more vivid expression.

Keats, as we know, loved nature intensely, and in his efforts to phrase something of his feeling, something of the impression nature made upon him, he used the richest and most vivid vocabulary he could find, and interpreted nature in terms of man. Pope, as we know equally well, had no very deep love for nature, I may even venture to say that he had no love for nature; but it was the thing in Pope's time to say something of nature, so Pope wrote of nature as effectively as he knew how, using, like Keats, the vocabulary of human experiences. Technically, the result is beyond criticism, for Pope sometimes makes us wonder if there was not some feeling under his rhetoric. The important thing, however, is that Keats, seeking adequate expression, and Pope, seeking merely emphatic expression, both used the same form.

Ascription of sentiency to insentient nature is, then, a rhetor-

ical device, essentially a metaphor; is based on the fact that resemblances readily attract attention; and is used, like metaphor, for added vividness.

A friend has suggested that the ascription of sentiency may result "from an inner propulsion which is the expression of an intense love of nature, a feeling of oneness with her, and independent of any appreciation of rhetorical success."¹ The statement seems to apply to Keats exactly, but Wordsworth, who certainly loved nature intensely, does not often ascribe sentiency to insentient objects. Moreover, in spite of Professor Corson, the actor and his audience, the poet and his readers, go to show not only that power of expression is no true measure of appreciation, but that appreciation seeks expression in only the few in whom the desire for adequate expression must involve desire for rhetorical success.

A suitable word for this ascription of sentiency is still to seek. I am not satisfied with any, but out of quite a list I have reluctantly chosen "Vivification." *

As said at first, I found in 10,000 lines of Keats 357 cases of vivification. In order to understand the significance of this statement, let me briefly discuss Keats's general attitude toward nature.

Inasmuch as vivification is a phrase of anthropomorphism, let us first compare Keats and Pope in their use of Personification and Mythology. Of these two forms I find that Pope and Keats use about the same proportion. In about 10,000 lines Keats has 112

* The following words have been suggested, some seriously, some jocosely, by various friends: Animation has the disturbing connotation of liveliness. Humanisation and Emotionalisation are too limited in scope, and to humanise usually means to civilise. Besouling and Ensouling are un-English, and Vividification is both un-English and inexact. Sensitisation and Vitisiation savor too much of galvanics. Activity means hardly enough. Naturbeseelung is constantly used by Prof. Alfred Biese, but he seems to mean by it hardly more than Personification. Moreover, Beseelung is as objectionable as Besouling. Physempsychois is, it seems to me, putting the idea backward. Psychenthesi is precise enough, but "soul" seems to me to imply too much, for sentiency need not involve soul at all. Vivification has not the disturbing connotation of some of the other terms; is reasonably precise; and furnishes convenient verb-forms—vivify and vivified.

mythological characters and 142 instances of personification. Pope, in a little over 11,000 lines has 115 mythological characters mentioned 270 times; in addition he refers to his Muse 90 times and to nymphs 37 times. And yet one can hardly find two English poets so radically different in the impression they make upon even the casual reader. It is superfluous to say that the two men were of vitally different temperaments; but it may be worth while to point out the resulting differences in handling the same technical form.

Charles Kingsley was, so far as I know, the first to point out (in his Essay on Alexander Smith and Alexander Pope, first published in *Frazer's Magazine* for October, 1853) definitely the difference between the Greek use and the modern use of mythology. The Greeks connected the persons of their mythology directly with nature. Mythology was their way of expressing Nature's vitality, activity, and individuality. From the Renaissance, however, most writers connected the persons of classical mythology with man. So, Pope, for example, found his chief interest in man, and instead of incarnating nature, as the Greeks did, simply peopled nature with the creatures of mythology. To the Greeks, their mythological characters were nature; to Pope they were only human beings who acted their parts with nature for a background. Keats, however, used mythology as the Greeks did. The difference is now plain: Keats expressed nature in terms of mythology. Pope expressed man in terms of mythology.

Besides these uses of mythology and personification, there is also a personification which is used almost entirely for emphasis, a degenerate personification, indicated by capitals and occasionally by apostrophe. This use of personification for emphasis alone (a use found often in Pope) is instructive in showing how the expressions of instinctive (and therefore sincere) anthropomorphism may be adopted by the conscious rhetorician. For example, in 'Eloisa to Abelard' (ll., 39-40) Pope says:

"There stern Religion quench'd the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame."

In these lines the personification seems to do hardly more than call attention to the three ideas. Do we not, in precisely the same spirit and with the same desire for purely rhetorical emphasis, use capitals in writing about the conflict between Science and Religion?

In personifying nature, Keats, then, is less artificial and more sympathetic than Pope. This last statement seems only another way of saying that Pope, who belonged to the eighteenth century, did not particularly care for nature, and that Keats, who was of the nineteenth century, loved nature. But we get farther than the general statement. From the items just given, we see why Pope is pseudo-classic, and in what respect Keats is truly Greek. Pope is pseudo-classic because his lack of appreciation of nature makes his use of Greek myths essentially un-Greek. Keats is genuinely Greek in his identification of myth and nature (and in that only, for he is far from having Greek restraint — he is too exuberant). We see too, that two writers of radically different temperaments may use the same mode of expression (as we have already seen in the case of vivification), but they must and do use it with essentially different effects.

The fact that Keats, as compared with Pope, is less artificial in his treatment of nature is further shown by the fact that out of Keats's 188 personifications, only 19 are cases where the idea of person is implied in the use of certain objects; for example: a "hill o'erspread with chequer'd dress of flowers," or "night holds back her dark grey hood" ('Endymion,' i. 832). On the other hand, such lines as "Here Flora *paints* the *enamelled* ground" ('Windsor Forest,' 38) are characteristic of Pope.

We expect Keats to be unlike Pope, for Pope was a pseudo-classicist, Keats a Romanticist. But Keats in his attitude toward nature is distinctly unlike his fellow Romanticists. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley found in nature a spiritual significance. Byron read himself into nature. In Keats, there are faint traces of symbolism, and a few lapses into subjective treatment, as in the 'Ode to Melancholy.' Indeed, it would have been remarkable if a man so young and impressionable as Keats had shown no trace

of the influences and tendencies of his time, especially when they were voiced by such forceful men, but these tendencies found no frequent, no characteristic expression in Keats. In short, Keats's attitude toward nature was one of genuine, deep and unaffected love, and he tried only to show us how beautiful nature was to him.

Now that we have stated Keats's general attitude toward nature let us see what use he made of vivification. His Greek use of personification has already been spoken of. Of his 188 personifications, 108 personify insentient nature. His vivifications, 357 in number (287 of which are ascriptions of sentiency to insentient nature, and 70 ascriptions of sentiency to insentient objects), are almost twice as numerous as his personifications.

(Here the question naturally arises, How many cases are there which cannot be finally put in one list or the other? The 188 personifications I am sure are undoubted. Some of the 357 vivifications may, however, be questioned. But the longer I study the matter the fewer doubtful cases I find. Perhaps my personal equation constantly grows stronger, but still I feel tolerably sure that there are not enough doubtful cases materially to affect my conclusions.)

Inasmuch as vivifications are essentially metaphors, Keats's use of similes will be instructive. Omitting such mere comparisons as "a pain like this of mine" ('*Endymion*,' ii. 961), Keats uses in 10,000 lines 401 formal similes. Although in 47 cases he likens man to insentient nature, in only 41 cases does he liken insentient nature to man. Because similes are commonly used for clearness and metaphors for power, the fact that Keats in describing insentient nature uses vivification almost nine times as often as he does formal similes is practically conclusive proof that his chief aim was, as already said, vivid expression.

The strength of Keats's tendency to vivification can be further shown by a comparison with Coleridge. In the 1,302 lines of '*The Ancient Mariner*' and '*Christabel*,' I found only 22 possible vivifications. One-third of these are pretty clearly due to rhyme

or alliteration ; as for example, in "The sails did sigh like sedge" ('The Ancient Mariner,' 5, 7), the "sigh" seems clearly due to an effort at onomatopoeitic alliteration. In the 357 cases in Keats, only 10 can possibly be influenced by the demands of rhyme or alliteration. In short, Coleridge (in the two poems mentioned) uses vivification proportionately less than two-thirds as often as Keats, and one-third of his vivifications are perhaps due to rhyme or alliteration, while out of more than sixteen times as many cases in Keats only one-thirty-fifth can be so influenced.

As still further evidence of the strength of Keats's vivifying tendency, there is his use of that kind of synecdoche which gives to some part of the body, as the hand or eye, qualities which belong to the person himself. One example will serve: "Sappho's meek head." Keats uses this kind of synecdoche 70 times. There is also in Keats a sort of synecdoche which gives human attributes to one's actions, thoughts, feelings, belongings even. Examples are: "my daring steps"; "he, with eager guess"; "a listening fear in her regard"; "convulsed spur". Such cases occur in Keats 39 times.

We find in Keats then 109 cases which are not vivifications, but which are expressions of the same tendency to vivid expression through the application of the vocabulary of human affairs to things not human.

In this paper I have tried to show: That we do ascribe sentiency to insentient objects, and still keep the idea of person unobtrusive; that this ascription of sentiency to insentient objects, which I have called vivification, is a mode of expression, essentially a metaphor, and may be used to express very different attitudes of mind; that Keats, in his treatment of nature, used vivification oftener than he did any other device, and used it so often that we must take account of it in any detailed statement of his attitude toward nature.

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CLEWS TO EMERSON'S MYSTIC VERSE.

(SECOND PAPER.)

IN 1886 I discovered in a volume of the *Bibliotheca Indica* (Calcutta, 1852) the particular translation of the Katha Upanishad used by Emerson in writing his 'Brahma.' This poem saw the light in the first issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857. In Vol. XV. No. 41 of the *Bibliotheca* may be read:—

"If the slayer thinks I slay, if the slain thinks I am slain, then both of them do not know well. It [the soul] does not slay nor is it slain."

Emerson's stanza reads,—

"If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass, and turn again."

In other Upanishads — e. g., the Isa — in the same volume, you will find other sentiments expressed in 'Brahma,' and in almost the identical words. Dr. William T. Harris finds the source of 'Brahma' in the second chapter of the Bhagavadgita. This work is a dialogue between Krishna and the warrior Arjuna, which embodies, it is true, the doctrines of the Vedic Upanishads written two thousand years previous, and which virtually quotes the passage above given from the Katha Upanishad. But the English translation quoted by Dr. Harris contains few or no words used by Emerson in his poem. It reads: "He who believes that this spirit can kill, and he who thinks that it can be killed, both of these are wrong in judgment." Nor in any other citations does Dr. Harris show much, if any, closer identity between Emerson's poem and the Bhagavadgita selections than a general resemblance in thought. But listen to what the Calcutta translation says of Self: "It is far beyond what is far and near here." Emerson: "Far or forgot



to me is near." The Upanishad says: "If Brahma is known to be the nature of every thought, he is comprehended." Emerson: "I am the doubter and the doubt." The Upanishad says: "Sitting, it [the soul] goes afar; sleeping, it goes everywhere." Emerson (in the 'Song of Nature'):

"I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
In slumber I am strong."

Dr. Harris reminds us, in the volume published by the Concord School of Philosophy, that "the red slayer" is a member of the Kshatriyas, the warrior caste of India; that "the strong gods" of the poem are Indra, Agni, and Yama; and "the sacred seven" are the seven Maharshis, or highest saints.

Nothing could better show how mystified the practical New England business man was (and is) by the metaphysics of 'Brahma' than the incident told by Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol (in the *Critic*, 1888) to the effect that, when Emerson's publishers were about to issue his 'Selected Poems' in 1876, they asked him to omit 'Brahma,' because it had excited such ridicule! He firmly insisted that it must be retained, whatever else went by the board. To the Hindoo, or the reader of Hindoo scriptures, 'Brahma' is only an elementary primer of metaphysics.

Emerson's 'Sphix' was published first in the *Dial* in 1841. His winged Sphinx of course stands for Nature, and her prototype is not one of the Egyptian sphinxes (which were never winged and were merely symbolical creatures), but the riddle-propounding Sphinx, the winged lion with the face and intelligence of a woman, sent by Hera to ravage the territory of the Thebans. She exists in sculpture to this day, with her thick sensual lips ("The old Sphinx bit her thick lip," says Emerson). That he had in mind as the basis of his metaphor a sculptured form of the Theban Sphinx is shown in a line of the poem, — "And crouched no more in stone," — unless, indeed, we infer that he for a moment forgot, and confused the Theban Sphinx with the famous thick-lipped colossus near the Pyramid of Gizeh. But then this is an andro-

sphinx or male, while his is female. This cruel, mythical monster was wont, it will be remembered, to sit on a hill by the roadside in Theban territory, and as often as the Greeks failed in their attempts to answer her riddle she carried off one of their number and devoured him. The riddle "What animal is at once four-footed, two-footed, and three-footed and is weakest when it has most feet?" was answered by Œdipus, who replied that it was man, who creeps upon all fours when an infant and carries a cane when old. When her secret was discovered, the Sphinx flung herself headlong from the hill and perished. This story applies very well to Nature, who devours her children one by one,—only *her* riddle is forever unanswered. In the poem the drowsy old dame, who has nodded and nodded through the centuries, calls for some one to tell her secret. A poet takes up her challenge, and, setting the slug-horn to his lips, peals a jubilant reply,—that Love working at the centre of things and underneath all is the key. In the duel of wits between the Sphinx and the Poet we are scarcely left in doubt as to which is victorious, for the Sphinx sarcastically remarks that no one has yet told one of her meanings. ("Her secret is untold. Many and many an Œdipus arrives; he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! . . . no syllable can he shape on his lips," says Emerson, in 'Nature'.) Having thus delivered herself, she kicks up her heels, and departs with a grin of malicious humor on her face. As she goes, the poet turns his magic tube of Prince Ahmed and sees her metamorphosed into star, cloud, mountain, and wave. We are left to infer that, like her prototype, she gobbled the poet sooner or later. For she had reminded him that instead of answering the question-riddle with his reply of *Love at the centre* he was not competent to reply at all, since he was but a part of her (Nature) and so a part of the riddle-question or mystery itself. If he could only see and really know his physical eye, know that it only belonged to the phenomenal, or illusory, world, he would know that a solution obtained by means of its reports could not be of absolute value. She then

gives utterance to what is probably the profoundest expression of pure Kantian idealism ever made in poetry : —

“ So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply ;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity ;
Time is the false reply.”

The lines sum up all the philosophies : The maya of the Hindoos is here, the Berkeleyan idealism, the Fichtean egoism, and the Spencerian agnosticism. Because that fragment of the Infinite Soul is swathed about with maya, or nature, it cannot understand the Noumenon, the real. Only the Boundless, the Causeless, can comprehend itself ; the clothed, or embodied, fragments of it cannot do so. Except this bit of philosophical idealism and a statement of the polarity of atoms, there is really nothing obscure, even to a mere tyro in philosophy ; a Freshman can see through the tropes that announce that matter and spirit, the objective and the subjective, are one.

“ Ever the Rock of Ages melts
Into the mineral air,
To be the quarry whence to build
Thought and its mansions fair.”

Two or three stanzas of ‘The Sphinx’ were amended after the first publication. The line “Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphinx” was originally “Hemlock and vitriol for the Sphinx,” her muddy eyes to clear. This was a little too rough on the poor old cummer. The words substituted are all carefully chosen, and are names of tonic or stimulating preparations. In the last verse-group but one, for the lines

“ She melted into purple cloud,
She silvered in the moon,”

one is astonished and amused to read in the form the verse has in the Dial the following : —

“ She hopped into the baby’s eyes,
She hopped into the moon ” !

This was one of those quaint caprices and audacious half sportive *jeux d'esprit* with which Emerson as lecturer and poet was wont to startle people. But it had a bathetic effect, and he removed it. The line "To insight profounder" at first read "Profounder, profounder."

At the close of the second part of 'Merlin' are some wonderful lines, which years ago I tried to interpret. I now see that my interpretation was wrong. The lines are these :—

"Subtle rhymes with ruin rife
Murmur in the house of life,
Sung by the Sisters as they spin;
In perfect time and measure they
Build and unbuild our echoing clay,
As the two twilights of the day
Fold us music-drunken in."

The "house of life" is not the world, or nature, as I hastily concluded, but man's body. Compare this stanza from W. R. Alger's 'Specimens of Oriental Poetry':—

"A pilgrim through eternity
In countless births have I been born,
And toiled the Architect to see
Who builds my soul's live house in scorn."

In the first part of 'Merlin,' Emerson had drawn a picture of the kingly bard who does not give his time chiefly to the petty counting of feet and the jingling of rhymes; "he shall aye climb for his rhyme." In the second part he shows how, nevertheless, rhyme runs through nature: everything is paired, leaf with leaf, hand with hand, thought with thought, and,

"Perfect-paired as eagle's wings,
Justice is the rhyme of things."

Then, finally, he adds that, even in our bodies, the waste and repair of the tissues, the building and unbuilding of the clay by the *Parcæ*, or Fates, goes on in a kind of measure and rhyme, a music so rhythmic that you fancy you hear the "echoing" of the

atoms as they dance, "Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder." In the preceding portion of Part II he has already passed in review the macrocosm and shown the universality of rhyme. Then he closes by looking into the microcosm — man — and finds the same music there. As in Prospero's island, earth and air and our very bodies are full of music, and "the two twilights of the day," dawn and dusk, "Fold us music-drunken in."

If any one, by the way, wonder why Merlin is chosen as the type of a poet by Emerson, he must remember that Merlin (or Myrdhinn) figures both as the enchanter of the Arthurian romances and as a Welsh bard. Mr. Emerson's son tells us that his father read the existing fragments of old Myrdhinn and enjoyed them.

I am almost ashamed to say that, until my friend William Rounseville Alger called my attention to Emerson's 'Nun's Aspiration' I had wholly missed the marvellous Uranian imagery, the subtle mysticism, of the latter half of that poem, owing, I suppose, to the extreme and deceptive simplicity of the diction and the condensation of thought. Mr. Alger showed me in MS. three or four quarto pages of an attempted interpretation by a well-known speculative philosopher which I thought a mere darkening of counsel. The Nun, tired of the conditioned life, apostrophizes Time, saluting him as she passes out at the close of mortal life into infinite space, —

"Which mocks thy æons to embrace ;
 Æons which tardily unfold
 Realm beyond realm, — extent untold ;
 No early morn, no evening late, —
 Realms self-upheld, disdaining Fate,
 Whose shining sons, too great for fame,
 Never heard thy weary name ;
 Nor lives the tragic bard to say
 How drear the part I held in one,
 How lame the other limped away."

What a marvellous attempt is this to picture Eternity! The pied wings of Time droop wearily as they beat the infinite void of

space and never reach its bounds. The only obscurity is in the last two lines, where the second person is dropped,—as if the lines were an after thought, almost. But the idea is clear to me. The last line refers to time, the next to the last to space; that is all.

There are some cryptic thoughts in Emerson's lines on Experience which emerge from their obscurity when we pass into them certain Röntgen rays from the prose essay to which they were originally prefixed. In my own well-worn pocket edition of the poems I have written over these Delphic verses the key-words, "Mind is King."

"The lords of life, the lords of life,—
I saw them pass,
In their own guise,
Like and unlike,
Portly and grim,—
Use and Surprise,
Surface and Dream,
Succession swift and Spectral Wrong,
Temperament without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Omnipresent without name;—
Some to see, some to be guessed,
They marched from east to west:
Little man, least of all,
Among the legs of his guardians tall,
Walked about with puzzled look;
Him by the hand dear Nature took,
Dearest Nature, strong and kind,
Whispered, 'Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou; these are thy race!'"

Emerson, from his tripod, gives us here a kind of masque to shadow forth the underlying thought of his knotty and incoherent essay with the same title,—that mind, the soul, is the only real existence, the world of experience only phantasmagorial, illusory;

as we look at it through the colored lenses of our moods, we paint it with our own hues ; Nature likes to mystify us ; we walk as in a dream, souls never getting into actual contact with their objects. At the close of the essay he sums up as follows : " Illusion, Temperament, Succession, Reality, Subjectiveness, — these are the threads on the loom of time, these are the lords of life." But, although these grave-faced giants lord it over little man, yet by virtue of his soul-identity with the All-soul, and speaking in its name, he can proudly claim to be their creator. Wrong is called " spectral " in the poem because, in Emerson's opinion, evil is only apparent, eventuates in good. " Temperament " is tongueless ; it cannot describe itself in words or be described ; it colors your life and makes you what you are, gives you your individuality ; you inherit it and it gives the fatal limit to your powers. But as in the essay he escapes at the close into moral freedom through the door of the will opening into the Infinite Will, so in the poem he closes with the thought that the Soul may be deemed to be the master even of Temperament, since Temperament is its creature. The idea in the phrase " The inventor of the game Omnipresent without name " is rather obscure, but not unintelligible. The game is, I suppose, the game of life, the game of ghosts, or rather of the one Ghost in multitudinous forms, — the omnipresent Will executing itself in time and space. Tennyson cries, " Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game ? " Emerson sees and says that we and that which moves us are one organically connected power. In this very essay on Experience he affirms, " I would allow the most to the will of man, but I have set my heart on honesty in this chapter, and I can see nothing at last, in success or failure, than more or less of vital force supplied from the Eternal." But at any rate the inventor and the game are nameless. The living Universe, in its *Deraneira*-robe of flame, whirls on and on through immensity, the atoms of its body bright a maze of flashing wheels and orbs, " boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the whole," self-moving, and on the surface of its cooled atom-globes now masquerading for a million years for sport

in fantastic sauroids and ferns, and now flinging its essence into the brain of a Shakespeare or a Plato and weaving on silent loom a bunch of lilies or a sunset sky. But what the end, the motive of it all is (and there seems to be one), we know not at all. We call it the game of life. Yet that explains nothing.

The dread "Inventor" of the game is classed by Emerson with the other lords of life, or related to them, in this way, I think: The word "Subjectiveness," in the essay-summary quoted above, seems plainly to tally the word "inventor" in the poem. By subjectivity, in the essay, he means first the seeing things, not as they are in themselves, but as they seem when filtered through our moods. Then he personifies this subjectiveness as one of the lords of life, and in the poem sinks the plummet still deeper, and, identifying the subjective in man with the All-soul and with "Reality," speaks of it as the inventor of the game of life. Considered as a mere terrestrial entity, may this Osiris upstaring in all eyes, this soul, this "Ideal journeying always with us," be regarded as coördinate with the other lords of life,—Use and Surprise, Surface and Dream? Or rather is it not regarded as the "founder" and master of these? Emerson certainly seems in the last line of his verses to coördinate it with the rest. His veiled phantom, the Inventor, appears in the procession with the other powers of nature, and seems in truth to be the Absolute Soul in masque, the Soul in one of its demiurgic manifestations. If so, then the soul of man by virtue of its vital psychic union with *the whole* of the Absolute Soul is lord of this dread Inventor also, as well as of the other powers of life. (Compare the close of the mystic oracle in 'Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love,' beginning "Higher far into the pure realm.")

In making his guardians tall move from east to west, Emerson hints, I suppose, at the fact that the march of intellect has steadily been from Orient to Occident. It is only in our own day that the great trek has ended, and we now stand, with hand over eyes, gazing far over the blue Pacific to the ancestral home whence ages ago we set out.

William Sloane Kennedy.

MODERN IMPERIALISM AS SHOWN IN BROWNING'S
PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON III.

'PRINCE HOHENSTIEL SCHWANGAU' might be called a study from life of the increasing difficulties of an Imperialistic policy.

Viewed in this light it might answer a purpose as a warning, based on facts, to a certain nation dear to our hearts now hankering * after Napoleonic sway over Asian markets; urging such a policy, moreover, upon humane pretexts, not dissimilar to those urged by Prince Hohenstiel, and in a way tending to create more Napoleons of finance, than ever before "saved Society."

How startling is the complexity of a professedly democratic Imperialism! Not merely one leader is indulging the dream of dominating and developing rudimentary peoples—for their good, of course—but a whole nation is about to become Emperor in severalty and do unto others what it thinks should be done unto them.

It is, perhaps, in all such cases, a policy not so altogether disadvantageous for the time being to the recipients who either passively or coercedly undergo its effects, as it is insidiously deteriorating to the benefitters. If a mode of sovereignty hurts its beneficiaries ultimately or in certain respects, they often can and do get over it; but it has a way of bearing hard on the benefactors. For example, it would be very much easier to show that Napoleonic Imperialism accomplished much that was temporarily good for the mass of the French People despite hardships to individual protesters, and despite the disaster in which it finally involved France, than it would be to show that it had no deteriorating influence upon the spiritual, mental, physical, and economic well-being of the Napoleons themselves.

The incontestable thing about Imperialism, as hitherto seen historically, is that the situation grows by its own weight harder

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and harder upon the Emperor, till it finally bowls over the degenerate ruler and everybody connected with him in a way, he, at any rate, seldom recovers from.

When Napoleon the Great followed this plausible social policy, he called it his "Star!" When his nephew, Napoleon the little, as Victor Hugo dubbed him, followed in the same line, — with some interesting modifications to suit the later date, — he spoke of it as his 'Fate!' Now, that our own republic, with still more interesting modifications is imitating, — as closely as it may, at this late time of day, — their spectacular, incidentally profitable pseudo-philanthropy, our Napoleon the least instinctively echoes the old cry and calls it our "Destiny!" Pretty words! It is to be hoped that they are not all ultimately significant of decreasing splendor, increasing recklessness.

The historic exigencies inducing and in a way justifying the course Louis Napoleon called his "fate," are not, of course, exhaustively presented in Browning's poem of 'Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau'; but they are represented illustratively. We see them as they look to Napoleon himself, and in the second part of the poem, as he supposes they look to two opposite classes of historians. These historic exigencies are not meant to be prominent elements in the picture. They are intentionally woven into the background and colored so as to relate them with the central portrait and bring it out in an artistic way. The poet means that the faded immobile face, the tranced heavy-lidded eyes of the man himself shall peer forth effectively from this historic tapestry. Is this tapestried background to the casual glance a little dull and dim, perplexed in pattern? Perchance it is in this quite like old hangings the wind sways on some deserted palace-wall, or a haunting sombre-hued canvas, whose veiled aliveness, once you strike its artistic secret, seizes you and gives you that instant thrill of sympathetic comprehension with another life and other days than yours, which no amount of painstaking poring over exact records can supply, because such external details of facts and acts are not in histories so internalized, so linked to their enacter.

First of all, then, let us discern the man and his professed motives, from his own point of view, since the poet thus begins his portrayal. Thence we may pass, as he does, although but cursorily in so brief a space, to the second part of the poem, where the poet makes use of history in order to repicture Louis Napoleon's career in relation to public opinion and social results.

Behold! The "once-redoubted sphinx" is to betray himself. The occasion,—What? He tells us. When night is drawing on, the sands increasing, and desert whispers are shaping themselves into forebodings. Wherefore, lest when the end come, and the usual outcry "Charlatan!" "Imposter!" salute his downfall, the emperor-sphinx "jealous for his riddle's proper rede," will give the key. The time then, you notice, is the last weak year before Sedan, and on the eve of taking up the line of action culminating in that crushing ignominy, while he is feeling, yet not acknowledging, that he is at the parting of the ways and is powerless to do aught but take the wrong road. This being the moment it is a tell-tale time. From the depths of his apprehensive brooding he turns backward to days of exile to find a similar comfort in the ominous future, and conjures up, behind the misty spirals of his cigar smoke, a pleasing shape of sociability and human comfort. He hears, in his mind's ear, a sympathetic bud-mouth lisp—"I wish I knew you!" insist "You are hardly gray!" and hark! he hears her *vow* that she "likes his nose!" and always prefers "a man of sixty."

This is Browning's way of making us feel the loneliness, the secretly emotional nature of the half-sick, weary Emperor nursing his desolateness in the Tuilleries. The hint may remind us how the re-actionary party, inspired by the Empress-mother, tacitly pushed aside the Emperor at this period of his career, as a mooning impossible palterer, decrying his better but feeble instincts towards forestalling doom by constitutional reforms, and selfishly making use of him to further the desires of the clerical element in French politics, and to precipitate the Franco-Prussian war.

Such a pose of the portrait has its difficulties. Napoleon III. in a deep gray reverie ruminating his past career and seeming to

be confiding his real story to a Laïs whom he begs to imagine him as still a Prince in the Residenz, as if he were in exile talking over palmy days with her, while he yet, is, actually, in the Tuilleries and Laïs is, actually, not there at all. Such a pose as this hopelessly bewilders those old school Browning commentators, Dr. Berdoe, for one, who have never found out that Browning is more poet than preacher, ever dramatist and never dogmatist. In a word, it is a pose of the sitter for his portrait which to the prosaic or the merely academic onlooker may seem as vaguely shapeless as a Rodin's Balzac; while to those who catch the meaning of the light which the very posture throws into the crevices of character, it is as full of sympathy and censure suggestively commingled.

Is the pose not thoroughly natural after all? — So true, indeed to the negligence of nature that the significance of it as art is over-looked, as Mr. Partridge, in 'Tom Jones,' over-looked the merit in Garrick's Hamlet, deceived by the perfection of its art, because as he complained, that little man was "really afraid of the ghost. He's no actor." How many of us, for example, have never indulged ourselves in an inward conversation with some shadowy creature of our fancy's or our memory's devising, wherein we delighted ourselves with our own well-aimed apologies, and all those smooth-turned phrases that we might have said but never did, hugging ourselves into warmth after some dimly resented turn of the world's cold shoulder toward us? Precisely this is the pose in which Browning has chosen to catch the Emperor's likeness. From all that the impassive ruler says of himself now, while the air grows bluer and bluer around him, till all his cigars are gone and the French clock strikes — one — two — three — four — five, we are shown the very mould in which his mind had cast itself, the habitual moodiness and withdrawal of himself, the half sensitive, half lethargic, pretense of being imperturbable, the reverential idealism, half-practical, half sentimental, by which he felt his way along the stream of time, not by strong continuous steering, like his uncle's, but by opportune alternations of adroit direction here and there, and almost as wise drifting between times.

This somewhat shallow subtlety, — which yet frequently in his early days had the carrying force of an intuitional perception of his only feasible policy, — is interpreted by Browning as having its source in a definite conception of his law of life, his mission in the world, and the means necessary to fulfill it.

Whether Browning examined the five handsome tomes of the works of Napoleon III., so beautifully printed for the Emperor by Henri Plon in Paris, before making his Prince Hohenstiel reveal himself in this three-fold way, as to his law of life, his mission, and his means to fulfill it, there is no direct way of knowing. But let me say, that I do feel confident that decided warrant for such a conclusion may be gained from these volumes. Browning goes as naturally to the original documents as most of lazy mankind does to the nearest history on the lowest shelf, and he is uncommon canny about accepting at their face value the lives and accounts patched up at third and fourth hand of any historic character he means to re-create. He has a way of divining the bias in the opinions of the Half-Romes and the Other Half-Romes and the Tertium Quids of history and biography, he sets his creative fancy at work over original sources and reconstructs the whole afresh from the inside out. For this reason the as yet almost unexplored historical value of Browning's creative work is very great, enough in itself to justify the existence of many Browning societies and the persistence of much Browning study — if there were no other reason for them. A poet who is an interpreter of the historic evolution of human life has staying value. If he did not in this case, familiarize himself with Louis Napoleon's own theories as given in his early pamphlets, his contributions while a prisoner at Ham to the Pas-de-Calais newspaper, his proclamations and speeches throughout his political career, and blending these with many a personal impression of him, such as he must frequently have had during his visits in Paris — if Browning did not do this, I say then, the correspondences between this poem and these works are too miraculous for the nineteenth century.

See now ! Browning's Prince begins to tell the spectral "bud-mouth " behind his smoke-mists the law by which he lived.

" Let's see :

Ay, we must take one instant of my life
Spent sitting by your side in this neat room :
Watch well the way I use it, and don't laugh !
Here's paper on the table, pen and ink :
Give me the soiled bit — not the pretty rose !
See ! having sat an hour, I'm rested now,
Therefore want work : and spy no better work
For eye and hand and mind that guides them both,
During this instant, than to draw my pen
From blot One — thus — up, up to blot Two — thus —
Which I at last reach, thus, and here's my line
Five inches long and tolerably straight :
Better to draw than leave undrawn, I think,
Fitter to do than let alone, I hold,
Though better, fitter, by but one degree.

Thus folks begin with Euclid, — finish, how?
Trying to square the circle ! — at any rate,
Solving abstruser problems than this first
'How find the nearest way 'twixt point and point.'
Deal but with moral mathematics so —
Master one merest moment's work of mine,
Even this practising with pen and ink, —
Demonstrate why I rather plied the quill
Than left the space a blank, — you gain a fact,
And God knows what a fact's worth ! So proceed
By inference from just this moral fact
— I don't say to that plaguy quadrature
'What the whole man meant, whom you wish you knew,'
But, what meant certain things he did of old,
Which puzzled Europe, — why, you'll find them plain,
This way, not otherwise : I guarantee,
Understand one, you comprehend the rest."

What are these two blots but a pictorial parable giving at a



stroke the gist of one of the most important of Louis Napoleon's early pamphlets on the policy of the first Napoleon, 'Des Idées Napoleoniennes'? What he really did in that pamphlet was simply to draw the line of connection, five inches long and tolerably straight between *la principe d' autorité*, the principle of authority, in other words the Empire of my uncle, and *l' organization Démocratique*, government by universal suffrage. That is to say, he recognized the will of the people as the source of Bonapartist authority, or to adapt one of his own effective phrases in the proclamation of 1851 the "only sovereign" he consents to "recognize in France is the people." In his own account to his mother of the unsuccessful Strasbourg attempt that sent him to America he gives the dialogue between the commanding general and himself thus:—

"'What would you have done if you had been successful?'

'I would have given France the Empire.'

'You would have overturned the government?'

'I would have submitted the Empire to the vote of the people.'"

What he wanted to do theoretically in his pamphlets, and vainly in the two abortive little buds of revolutions at Strasbourg and Boulogne, he held on to and followed out later, after the many setbacks and vicissitudes the world knows; and as to what meant those certain things he did of old which puzzled Europe—why, you'll find them plain merely in the expansion of this metaphor of the two blots he found ready to his hand and attempted to connect.

In many a speech he indicates as clearly what his abhorrence of making a third blot meant—

"Why, just now,

With nothing else to do within my reach,

Did I prefer making two blots one line

To making yet another separate

Third blot? . . .

It meant, I like to use the thing I find,

Rather than strive at unfound novelty:

I make the best of the old, nor try for new."

In correspondence with this, therefore, in his message of 1849

to the Legislative Assembly of the Republic, he said (*Cœuvres*, tome III., p. 79) :

“My course is definite and shall consist on the one side in boldly taking the initiative in ameliorations . . . and on the other side, in repressing with severity . . . disorderly and anarchical schemes. I will not cradle the people in illusions and utopias.”

In his letter of 1849 to Prince Napoleon-Jérôme he raps his radical cousin's knuckles very sharply to give him distinctly to understand that he will maintain nothing but the most moderate policy. The casual references Browning makes his Prince introduce to Proudhon, Fourier, and Comte serve to remind us not only of the deep-reaching ideas that were mooted at this time in France, but also that the second Emperor carried out his programme against such ideas by depriving Fourier's friend, Comte, of his professorship at the Paris Polytechnic School, and by imprisoning Proudhon twice for uttering those criticisms upon property which the world has not yet done discussing.

Browning makes his French Imperialist justify his policy as follows :

“Such will to act, such choice of action's way,
Constitute—when at work on the great scale,
Driven to their farthest natural consequence
By all the help from all the means—my own
Particular faculty of serving God,
Instinct for putting power to exercise
Upon some wish and want o' the time, I prove
Possible to mankind as best I may.
This constitutes my mission,—grant the phrase,—
Namely, to rule men—men within my reach,
To order, influence and dispose them so
As render solid and stabilify
Mankind in particles, the light and loose,
For their good and my pleasure in the act.
Such good accomplished proves twice good to me—
Good for its own sake, as the just and right,
And, in the effecting also, good again
To me its agent, tasked as suits my taste.”



The very phrases can be matched repeatedly in the papers and addresses that came from Louis Napoleon's hand. In the proclamation of 1851, for example, he asks the people to give him the means of fulfilling the great "mission" he undertakes. Again, in 1852, he closes his message to the Corps Législatif by declaring that he sees in his new elevation "only a larger duty imposed by the people, only a more exalted mission confided by Providence" (III., p. 351). Later, in 1855, when thanking the Senate for its felicitations on his lucky escape from the Orsini bomb, he maintains that "there are lives which are but instruments of the decrees of Providence and that until he shall have accomplished his mission, he will be in no danger." For every such illustrative instance as I shall have space to cite there are thrice as many that could be cited.

The reverential attitude of Browning's Prince, finds its counterpart, again, in Louis Napoleon's modification of his religionism by a merely materialistic shrewdness. Under the mask of piety he set his face toward ruling men for "their good" and his "pleasure in the act." He takes it for granted that their good will be accomplished in that especial way which "proves twice good" for himself, and so he justifies his conception of himself as necessary to the working out of God's intentions.

Is this, by the way, not precisely the same sort of lieutenantcy to the Deity in which Cecil Rhodes is said to put his faith, confident that he accurately represents God's purpose in working for the paramountcy of the British Empire?

This naïve identification of his empire with God's will peers out in several of Louis Napoleon's expressions, already quoted. Here, in 1852, is a succinct statement: After maintaining (II., p. 340) that Religion is the basis of all society and government having any "sense of its destiny," he declares that in "Religion consists his own strength and guidance in the path he treads." Again he puts it thus in a speech in 1851 to the French exhibitors in London: "This government will know how to fulfill its mission, for it has the right which comes from the people and the force which

comes from God." Browning's Prince seems to be justified in speaking of his "*reasonable* piety," as one of the three points to keep in mind in judging him.

Having such a conception, then, of his rule of life and of his mission, the class of statesmen to which he belongs and the means he had to take in the fulfilment of his mission are obvious enough. The sort of service he is able to render society, as Browning makes him acknowledge, is not that of the originator, the creative genius in statesmanship who initiates a new historic epoch, but that of the man of the moment, who utilizes extant conditions and helps to carry on half finished social work. The one fact in Louis Napoleon's background of life being emulation of Napoleon the Great, and the second, as incontrovertibly present in the social atmosphere of Europe in the seething middle of the nineteenth century, being the uprising people, the course of political achievement adopted by a man capable only of carrying "incompleteness on a stage" must be to attempt a fusion of the two pre-established facts, attaining an autocratic rule through democratic means, and permitting no rash radical measures to create a third strange fact to complicate the simple aim of making use of what already is. Therefore the means he had to take was to restrain extremists and idealists, although of these he was one himself once when he was only an aspiring voice of liberty in Italy in 1831, a young hot-head, who had then no material interests to consider. Now, times have changed. His policy therefore is to befriend in merely material ways the retarded masses of the people, while he debars them — for their good — from progress in merely spiritual ways, toward ideas of greater political liberty.

The equable sustainment and unification of all parts of the body politic upon a conservative plane of life was his one political doctrine and aim. A simple policy in theory, but in practice as hard a job as an Emperor ever had, and as perilous, since he must hold a foot on two inherently opposite tendencies and hold steady what never stays still. The position of strain required to hold the balance might be understood as passiveness by those who



did not see against what obstacles the pose was maintained. So the energy of the Laocoön might seem somnolency to those from whom the coils of the serpent were hidden.

This necessarily temporary task commended itself in France for an astonishing length of time. It was the opportunity if not the need of the hour met with just that pleasing dash of the picturesque in it which the souvenirs of the first empire and the artistic ceremonials of the second well supplied. France has as characteristically striven for social equality as England for individual liberty, each nation being prone to put the emphasis on that facet of the whole idea of democratic progress which most appeals to it. The position of moderator between what Louis Napoleon, in his address of 1851 already quoted, called *les idées démogogiques* of the minority, threatening to take France on faster than she was ready to go, on the one side, and *les hallucinations monarchiques* (p. 269) of the old regimists on the other, threatening to take her back into impossible ruts — this position of moderator, or preserver of social equality was the secret of his temporary success. While Browning makes his Prince show how the means he alternately employed in the pursuit of his policy of nipping radicals and dreamers in the bud on the one side, and of falling far short of satisfying the ardor of those eager for progress, while yet he did look out, on the other side, in his Public Works and Crédit Foncier Schemes for the “men with the wives and women with the babes who wanted bread and nothing else,” — the self apologist takes us with him in his general claim that he served society by sustaining it at a trying time for Europe and in an orderly manner for twenty years.

What the Prince aspired to be, whether he was all of it or not, may comfort us and him. Browning said of his poem in a letter to a friend that it was just what he imagined the man might if he pleased say for himself. But how if we compare the general apology with the recorded particulars?

This, Browning makes his Prince do, half in satire of two opposite ways of viewing his policy. Both of these ways, however, he

makes the Prince resent as not the ineffective truth but pure blame, — history, that is to say, falsehood.

Bear with me if I venture to disagree slightly here, as to the second part of the poem, with an earlier writer on Browning who considers that this "history" proceeds from a single historian of the Thiers and Victor Hugo type, practical wisdom or sagacity speaking in the course of this version to suggest everything which Louis Napoleon "has really done, while he unwisely obeys the dictates of ideal virtue and does everything which he did not" (Orr's 'Browning Hand-book,' p. 166). But I am at a loss to imagine a single historian of the Thiers and Victor Hugo type. It would be a monstrosity. A Lodge and a Hoar would combine as well. Neither do I find that Louis Napoleon's recorded acts continuously agree with the suggestions of "Sagacity," and continuously disagree with the account which represents "the dictates of ideal virtue." I find, on the contrary, that those acts, while not in entire accord with either point of view, seem to justify both but in part and in a varying degree. Nor can I reconcile the statement that Sagacity's account is the real truth with the Prince's declaration that the rest is to be "pure blame," not the ineffective truth but falsehood. Is the poet's view of the Prince identical with this account and meant to be "pure blame"? Neither "pure blame" nor pure apology, I think. And to put faith literally and without reserve in either the ideal or the sagacious interpretation of history given in the second part of the poem is to miss the poet's irony, I think, both as to Louis Napoleon and his history—to enjoy nothing of the subtlety and insight with which the poet excuses to accuse him.

A fitter explanation may be that this second part of the poem where autobiography stops and history begins is the joint work of two distinct types of historian who carry on the apology in dialogue fashion. The Prince ostensibly drops his own personality here and assumes the manner alternately of an idealistic partisan and a judicial conservative both bent on explaining him. This web of words is, as he says, Thiers-and-Victor-Hugo-exercise—a fencing

match with truth, full of feints and passes, wherefrom it may appear that truth itself, though glanced at here and there by either fencer, is the mark attained by neither. The real Hugo, the pronounced enemy of Louis Napoleon, it need scarcely be said, is, of course, not meant, but any such enthusiast — like Hugo in being an ardent idealist, and unlike him in befriending the Emperor, much as Mrs. Browning did. Of her I am always reminded when I read what he is made to say. Such a historian would dress out the hero's acts in finer colors than they might bear, particularly as the years advanced and the difficulties thickened of combining sincerity with policy. Then the discrepancies between such an account of the Emperor and what he actually did would increasingly appear, and from the standpoint of such idealism these discrepancies would increasingly accuse him. Sagacity's account, on the other hand, representing the standpoint of the Thiers type of historian, while not strictly in accord with the actuality, would increasingly correspond with it in proportion as it diverged from the idealistic standpoint. Yet, as Browning himself put it in a private letter: "At his worst I prefer him to Thiers's best." Neither, then, are without a bias, these opposite views being both as misleading about the Prince, as a history of Charles I. by a Royalist and by a Roundhead of the time. Yet, just as we now may get a wider view by reading both sides and trusting neither, so we may in this case. The Prince, however, is savage over both sides, exposing his critics with the air of saying — "See! the bosh that gets into books."

Upon the historic exemplifications of the Prince's policy when put in practice — upon the extension of the suffrage *versus* the coup d' état and the repression of the commune; the first war for Italian liberty *versus* the second war for the Pope; the marriage outside the reigning families *versus* the decree making his child heir of the Empire; the peace policy *versus* the Franco-Prussian war, which the poem represents him as on the eve of launching by means of a letter to his cousin-Duke, — upon all these inconsistent illustrative details I cannot dwell. Instead I must be content, at

present, with this general indication of the manner in which the poet makes use of them to picture Louis Napoleon's career with relation to public opinion and social results. Not precisely exact facts (if there are such things) are employed, but the mobile play of the human mind about them, through fancied historical judgments upon them. And from all this artistic yet well-informed and intentional inexactness, he arranges somehow, by such poetic legerdemain as he used so signally in the many faceted story of 'The Ring and the Book,' that a humanized and relative rather than an absolute truth shall emerge.

To sum up: Browning's portraiture of the third Napoleon consists, then, in giving us the bodily image of the man as a lonely, nerveless ruler dreaming of past actions and forestalling future bad opinion while standing on the brink of a great disaster, hesitating over the letter that portends Sédan when he ought to be vigorously re-shaping a fresh policy to meet threatening and complicated needs. And Browning's criticism of Louis Napoleon's acts, in the second part of the poem, is as graphic and undidactic as his portraiture of the man. In explaining what his policy was he has made him imply its inherent and increasing difficulties, and, consequently, its temporary worth and necessary collapse. The self-destroying self-indulgence of the Bonapartist ambition ever slumbering at the heart of its humanitarian and religious enthusiasms, growing more and more powerful within him, was more and more disqualifying him from keeping the requisite equable balance between two essentially opposed principles — the principles of authority and of democratic progress. The intrigues of his reactionary court and the spirit of the time pulled against each other, yet united to make it harder continually for him to maintain neutrality between them, even if he personally, also, were not ageing and weakening in the force required to contend with the exigencies of his own policy.

Evidently Louis Bonaparte was not an ordinary emperor. The high aims which attracted him he almost succeeded in persuading himself that he desired beyond any merely personal gratification.



Weakness instead of wickedness, a half unconscious seed of insincerity, instead of a cynical hypocrisy, a failure in energy of aspiration rather than a lack of aspiration itself best characterize him. So says Browning. Not explicitly, be it understood, as I have here deduced it from his work, but implicitly, dramatically, picturesquely. Despite all the Prince's admirable defence of himself, his errors of policy and conduct appear through the life-like image of them left in the mind's eye by way of comment on the gap between his high pretensions and his actual performance.

From the statesman's point of view a socially immoral course is largely one that is anachronistic, unsuited to current conditions or unfitted to develop along the line of latent tendencies.

The third Napoleon's earlier acts were frequently makeshifts, but makeshifts shrewdly well adapted to current conditions. His acts later grew more and more discordant with tendencies at first but latent, and in spite of the reprisals he undertook in the shape of constitutional reforms.

Solely upon the adaptation of a policy to the circumstances which must govern it, not only at its initiation but during its continuous enactment will its political virtue depend. And Browning has attested in his portrayal of Louis Napoleon his acute criticism of imperialistic leadership as a policy, not only at the ripe moment, but also at the decadent moment, when all one can see of flying opportunity is her heels.

It is just this criticism of Louis Napoleon's imperialism as an inherently impossible role to be sustained for any length of time that makes this portrait of him and his policy seem applicable to the contemporaneous policy of imperialism. That, too, has its plausible uses of the moment with reference to undeveloped peoples and to greater oppressions than its own rule is argued to be, just as in France it had, with reference to the needy masses of the people, and the threatened encroachments of the more repressive old régime. But these uses are now, as those were then necessarily temporary and too exclusively material. Imperialism, by which is now meant the assumption of control over other

peoples assumed to be incompetent to control themselves — imperialism, even more now than then, is weighted with the necessity of being combined with democratic aspirations — with the ever mobile and expansive impulse not only for popular progress and equitable opportunities but for personal responsibility and experiment, as the requisite basis for mental and spiritual advance.

Some less rigid policy, suited to present needs and also capable of a long future must therefore be evolved, or else, the gross forms of capitalistic self-seeking slumbering at the heart of our humanitarian professions will over-weight all else, and, once more revealing how impossible becomes the task of equable balance between two opposite tendencies, plunge the reckless benefactor-nations immediately into moral and physical degeneration, and, ultimately into economic and political disaster.

Charlotte Porter.



IBSEN'S 'MASTERBUILDER' IN NEW YORK.

INDEPENDENT theatre enterprises are determined, it seems, to capture New York, in spite of the continued unfriendliness of the press, and the indifference of the general theatre-going public. It is a hopeful sign for the drama that in the face of much out-spoken hostility the venture is repeated year after year. But why this hostility? one asks. —Because of the plays selected? New York managers, on the whole—and they influence the press—really have no right to throw stones. How many of the plays they present will live twenty years hence? And how many of their playwrights mark an epoch in dramatic literature? They have their brief biographies in 'Who's Who'; as for more enduring fame, well,—*qui vivra verra*.

The performance of Ibsen's 'Masterbuilder' (the third in the John Blair Course of Modern Plays, given at the Carnegie Lyceum

on January 17) was, to characterize it by a pet expression of the heroine, Hilda Wangel, "terribly thrilling." With but the simplest means, without spectacular splendor of any kind, with a few ordinary people taken from the ordinary walks of life, a tragedy has been wrought that holds the attention breathless from the first querulous wail of the wronged old draughtsman to the last wild cry of Hilda Wangel. Herein, it seems to me, the greatness of Ibsen's art lies,—to take commonplace people and turn them into tragic personages whose fate touches us as deeply as that of "counsellors and kings." And it touches us because we see these people as they are; we recognize them to be brothers who live and think and sin and suffer as we do; who struggle with the same problems that are vexing us. We are brought face to face with their souls; we learn to know the inmost hidden springs of their being. For once the veils and masks of conventional life are torn aside, and we behold the real Man. That is why a great many people don't like Ibsen: they are afraid of the real; they would a little rather not know things as they are; they remain content with a surface acquaintance of life; they choose to loiter by the unruffled expanse of the waters, oblivious of the dark caverns and abysses where the torrents of being boil and foam in eternal night. It is so much more comfortable not to think, and go to the theatre to be amused. But Ibsen does not condescend to amuse; he compels you to think. And now immediately some one asks, "Well, what is the meaning of the 'Masterbuilder'?" Now really, that is another story, too long for a brief notice of the play.

It is, perhaps, the most complex of Ibsen's prose plays, feeling its way along the most hidden and tortuous mazes of the inner life, venturing across the borders of the subconscious, glancing at the yet uncharted regions of double personality, reaching out toward the mystic and mysterious, the moonlit dreamlands of Psyche. It is something more than personal magnetism whereby the Master-builder compels men and events to further his plans. And is Hilda Wangel a real being? She comes in fresh and exhilarating, like a dew-laden morning breeze from the mountains, an expres-

sion of the burgeoning life that Solness dreads. With a touch of the modern woman she is yet too elusive for "human nature's daily food." She seems the impersonation of the subconsciousness of Solness, his good and evil genius at the same time. Fascinating and charming as she is, she leaves the question as to her reality unanswered. And what does it matter, after all? Is music any the less an art because it cannot be reduced to words? And would not the mysteries of the inner life be vulgarized by being translated, even if they could be, into the common terms of everyday speech? It is the poet's prerogative to speak in symbols, and Ibsen is not the less a poet because he clothes his thoughts in the plain homespun of ordinary speech.

Mr. John Blair, it is said, has retired from the venture; and it is said, also, that we are to have two more plays by other European dramatists.

A word as to the performance. Mr. William H. Pascoe decidedly turned the play into a study of incipient insanity. Miss Florence Kahn was an ideal Hilda Wangel. The other characters, not very prominent in the printed version, had been reduced to insignificance by the "new acting version." Probably the Independent Theatre Company considered two hours and a half of Ibsen enough for the nerves of a New York audience. On no other ground is it conceivable how a play by Ibsen, whom even his dearest enemies never accuse of ignorance of stage-craft, could be in need of a "new acting version." *Helena Knorr.*



SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.'

ACT I. *FULVIA versus CLEOPATRA.*

Topic for Paper, Classwork or Private Study.—*Fulvia versus Cleopatra.*

Hints:—Tell the Story of Act I. showing how Fulvia's efforts against Cleopatra's hold on Antony originate the incidents presented. Notice how often Cleopatra speaks of Fulvia; also, how

Fulvia's "garboils," as Antony calls the wars stirred up by her, and then her death, constitute the starting-point of the dramatic action. Antony's going to Rome, and his marriage there with Octavia are the events that flow out of this and occasion the closer connection with Cæsar, on the one hand, and with Cleopatra on the other. She becomes more intent on securing Antony because of the threatened separation, and so the pull between the two makes the conflict and the tragedy of the play.

Points: — 1. The meaning of *reneges* (pronounced in two syllables). Compare the use of this word in Whist for refusing to follow suit. 2. What is meant by the "triple pillar?" 3. To what does Charmian refer—sc. 2—"A child to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage"? Is this an allusion to a current event or is it an anachronism? 4. The Nile and its importance to Egypt. 5. Isis and the Religion of Egypt. 6. Sextus Pompeius as the inadequate representative of the old Republican spirit of Rome. (See Roman History.) 7. "The courser's hair" which "hath yet but life." To what common superstition does this refer? 8. Of what sort was the "ink and paper" of Cleopatra's day?

Query for Discussion.—Why is Cleopatra apprehensive? Is she right in calling Antony's attitude at this time "excellent dissembling"? Is he not yet wholly hers?

ACT II. OCTAVIA *versus* CLEOPATRA.

Topic for Paper.—Octavia *versus* Cleopatra.

Hints: — Is Octavia like Fulvia an active factor in precipitating the action, or is she merely a tool in the hands of Cæsar? Note how the influence of Cleopatra makes itself felt throughout the act. In sc. 1 Pompey hopes Cleopatra will keep Antony in Egypt. In sc. 2 (although her name is mentioned but once), she is in the minds of all present. If it had not been for her, Cæsar and Antony would have had no quarrel to make up.

Is Cæsar really sorry that Antony is under Cleopatra's influence or is he manœuvring to make capital for himself out of it? Note the opinion of Enobarbus anent the sealing of the friendship

between Antony and Cæsar, by the marriage with Octavia ; also, how Mæcenas, Cæsar's friend, leads on Enobarbus to talk of Cleopatra, until in an innocent way he says, " Now, Antony must leave her utterly," and gets just the assurance he wants from Enobarbus.

In sc. 3 Antony, while pretending to Octavia, has his thoughts bent on Cleopatra. Do you think that the Soothsayer read Antony's mind, or had he been instructed by Cleopatra to influence Antony to return to her ?

Sc. 4 seems to be introduced merely as a curtain between scs. 3 and 5. Or what do you think about this ?

Note in sc. 5 Cleopatra's rage and chagrin at the news of the marriage, and how unconscious she is at the time that she is the centre round which not only Antony's but the whole civilized world's destiny revolves.

In scs. 6 and 7 the quarrel with Pompey is disposed of and the feast on Pompey's galley takes place, but that Cleopatra is in their minds is proved by the way the talk keeps drifting towards Egypt. Enobarbus, too, declares to Menas that Antony will return to her.

Points : — 1. Why is Cleopatra called " Egypt's widow " ? 2. Where was the Cydnus ? 3. " Tended her in the eyes, and made her bends adornings."—What does this mean ? (For explanation see notes, Rolfe's edition.) 4. " Julius Cæsar who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted."—To what does this refer ? 5. " Pyramids."—The singular " Pyrami " was used in Shakespeare's day, yet it is perhaps used here to show that Lepidus was getting drunk. 6. " Go on wheels."—Explain this. (See Rolfe.) 7. " Egyptian Bacchanals " : What was the origin of Bacchanalian Revels ?

Query for Discussion.—Did Cæsar make friends with Antony to bring about his alliance with Octavia from interested or disinterested motives ?

ACT III. CLEOPATRA'S SUPREMACY.

Topic for Paper.—Cleopatra's Supremacy and its Consequences.

Hints: — Of what use is sc. 1 in advancing the action? Note in sc. 2 how Cæsar anticipates the result of his sister's marriage. Was he really fond of her?

How long historically was it that Antony remained with Octavia? How does the play correspond with that? Does it give an effect of a short time?

What impression of Cleopatra's character do you get from sc. 3 with the messenger? (See also former messenger scene.) In sc. 4 during Antony's talk with Octavia are there any signs that he was meaning to hie him to his "Egyptian dish again"? Why does Enobarbus say, "'T will be naught," in sc. 5.

Is Cæsar's concern that Octavia should come with ceremony a sign of his respect for her, or a sign of his aristocratic notions? Or is it merely hypocritical? What do you think is the secret of Cleopatra's charm for Antony? (See 'Comradeship of Cleopatra and Antony,' *Poet-lore*, Vol. IV., p. 217, April, 1892.) Why do you think Cleopatra fled? Was it fright?

Points: — 1. Which of the incidents narrated in this act are historical? 2. Discuss the meaning of obsolete words and customs throughout the play. 3. Explain difficult and elliptical passages, e. g., "Grates me; the sum," (I. 1. 19.) and others like this throughout the play.

Queries for Discussion: — Was Cleopatra to blame for Antony's flight? Does she justify herself when she says she "little thought he would have followed"?

ACT IV. ANTONY AT BAY.

Topic. — Antony at Bay.

Hints: — Compare scs. 1 and 2 of this act for the light they throw on the character of Antony and Cæsar. Are they of any other use than to reveal character? What events are there in them?

The strain of fate in the play: The significance in this respect of Shakespeare's unimportant scenes; e. g. Charmian's fortune, the sooth-sayer's warning, and sc. 3 of this act. Why

does Shakespeare make Antony use such extravagant language? (See scs. 5, 4, 7, etc.)

Is the Antony of this play a direct development of the Antony of 'Julius Cæsar'? And what evidence is there from both plays that a critical moment was likely to spur Antony's abilities? Is Antony's constancy to Cleopatra his best point or his worst? Account for the fine dramatic effect of his sudden — "Fall not a tear I say," etc. (III. 4) and "I come, my Queen; stay for me," etc. Is there a marked development in the quality of the love of both Antony and Cleopatra? Furnivall says that Antony's seeming "impulse towards good in the marriage with Octavia lasts but for a time," etc. As his only impulse in making the match was policy could it fairly be called an impulse towards good?

Points: — 1. Can anything excuse the mixed metaphors of sc. 12. "The hearts that spaniel'd me at heels," etc. 2. Explain the allusions later in the same scene: "The shirt of Nessus," and "More mad than Telamon," sc. 13, 3. What, does "token pestilence" mean in scene 4?

Query for Discussion. — Was Antony's moral error his marriage with Octavia instead of fealty to Cleopatra?

ACT V. CLEOPATRA'S CHOICE.

Topic. — Cleopatra's Choice.

Hints: — Is it love for Antony which causes Cleopatra to decide on death? Is it her distaste to being carried in Cæsar's triumph at Rome?

Has Shakespeare drawn his Cleopatra as more or less lovable than Plutarch's? Is the charm which Cleopatra exerts upon all who come in contact with her in the play borne out by her actions as Shakespeare has represented them? How does Shakespeare contrive to convince us that she was fascinating?

Is Antony's suspicion of her treachery quite uncalled for? What evidence is there that Shakespeare meant to show her hesitating between a lower course and a courageous path to loyalty and death? What can be said to explain or excuse the

last trick she plays on Antony?—that of her alleged death. Note the devotion of her attendants, her effect on Dolabella, etc., as evidence of her queenliness of nature as well as of manner.

How old was the Cleopatra of history? How old was Shakespeare's Cleopatra? Are her words that she was "wrinkled deep in time" to be taken literally? What do you think of the saying: "Her death like her love, her jealousy, her life is notoriously studied, calculated, prepared, planned; even death made an enjoyment—painlessly the asp sucks"? Or is the converse of this true? Her death, her love, her jealousy, and her life, though full of simulation, had a core of genuine nobility. Much of her insincerity was assumed, so long as Antony was alive, to suit her woman's purposes, but she was never in doubt herself as to her own love for Antony, nor, when the time came, of her course with Cæsar, and as for the asp it was her best means of death and loyalty to Antony.

Points:—1. What was the "monument"? (See 'Plutarch's Lives.') 2. The tombs of Egypt and Egyptian modes of burial. Who built the pyramids? Give the different theories held as to their use. 3. (Sc. 2.) "His voice was propertied as all the tunèd spheres." This refers to the "music of the spheres." (See also 'Merchant of Venice' v. 1, 60.) What are some of the ideas concerning it? (See article on 'The Music of the Spheres' in *Music Review*, November '93.) 4. (Sc. 2) "And I shall see some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness." Who acted the women's parts in Shakespeare's day? Does this allusion suit as well for the Roman stage? Did Shakespeare, however, only mean a "local hit"?

Query for Discussion.—Did Cleopatra love Antony or her power over him?

VI. CHARACTER STUDIES.

Topic.—The Triumvirs Contrasted.

Hints:—LEPIDUS: his weakness and lack of intelligence and conceit illustrated. Show how his speeches are dictated by fear of the other two triumvirs?

ANTONY: his democratic tendencies. Collect all traces of these

throughout the play. Notice his friendship for Pompey, the representative of the republican party.

Why is Ventidius introduced in the play? Notice that Plutarch speaks of him as the only "mean man" (i. e. not of high family) in command, and that he was put there through favor of Antony. See, also, (I. 1) "We'll wander thro' the street and note the quality of the people;" (I. 4) "to sit and keep the tippling with a stave," etc., etc. Are Antony's democratic tendencies founded on principle or easy-going habits? Cæsar said Antony was "the abstract of all faults that all men follow." Can dependence be put upon Cæsar's opinion of him? Contrast his final opinion of him at the end of the play. Compare with the opinions of Cleopatra and Enobarbus. Which shows the finer spirit in the making up of the quarrel, Cæsar or Antony? Examples of his personal prowess and generosity? Is it estimable or despicable in Antony that he was a loyal lover at all costs?

CÆSAR: his coolness and domineering qualities as opposed to Antony's warmth and companionable traits. His disgust at the Banquet, his wariness and always alert cunning. Collect instances throughout the play. (I. 4) "Every hour shalt thou have report," (III. 6) "I have eyes upon him." "'Tis done already and the messenger gone," and so on. From whom proceed the active events of the play, Antony or Cæsar?

Queries for Discussion. — Did Cæsar overthrow Antony, because of superior valor, strategy, or through the Imperialistic idea he represented for which the Roman world was ripe? (See *Poet-love*, Vol. I. p. 71, in February '90, article on Antony and Octavius.)

VII. ARTISTRY.

Topic. — The Dramatic Significance of Enobarbus.

Hints: — Prof. Corson says Enobarbus is as good as a chorus, the whole situation of things and their successive stages can be read in his speeches. Prove this by selection showing his keen-sightedness and his dramatic usefulness. (See, also, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' *Poet-love*, Vol. II. p. 129, March, '90.) Is it politic for

him as a friend of Antony's to talk as freely as he does to Mæce-nas, Agrippa, and Menas? Did Enobarbus do well or ill in deserting Antony's falling fortunes? If well, why was he so unhappy over it? Is he here also not merely an individual, but a dramatic exponent of the evil crisis in Antony's fortunes?

Topic. — The Workmanship of the Play.

Hints: — Show how Shakespeare has developed from mere hints in Plutarch whole passages and scenes in the play; e. g., the meeting between Cæsar and Antony in Act II.; the feast on Pompey's galley; the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra as given by Enobarbus to Agrippa, etc. Show how Shakespeare's additional touches impart an imaginative glow to the whole picture.

Do these alterations from Plutarch throw light on the characters to advance the action or to enhance the poetry? Find as many examples as possible of these two kinds of expansion, the dramatic and the poetic. What parts of Plutarch has Shakespeare left out and what is the effect?

What links of literary connection are there between 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Antony and Cleopatra'? Were they written consecutively? Dowden says, in his 'Shakespeare Primer,' that while the events of Roman history closely connect the two plays "yet Shakespeare allowed a number of years to pass before he seems to have thought of his second Roman play"; and this, he thinks, may mean that "the historical connection was now a connection too external and material to carry him on from subject to subject as it had sufficed to do while he was engaged upon his series of English Historical Plays . . . Dramas now written upon subjects taken from history become not chronicles but tragedies. The moral interest was supreme." The spiritual material dealt with by Shakespeare's imagination in 'Julius Cæsar' lay wide apart from that which forms the centre of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Are the mixed metaphors of scs. 12 and 13, and the condensed and elliptical passages in this play signs of carelessness of workmanship?

Query for Discussion. — Does the devotion to character development in the play dwarf its historical interest?

BROWNING'S FOLK POEMS:**A STUDY PROGRAMME.***[Concluded from End-Year Number.]*

III. *Topic for Paper, Classwork, or Private Study.*—The Folk-lore of these Poems.

Of all these poems the only one that is purely imaginary is 'The Boy and the Angel.' For suggestions as to the sources of the others, see Notes to *Camberwell Browning* as given above. Observe the differences in the nature of the stories. Some tell only of possible events, others have imaginative elements in them.

Of the imaginative stories is there any more probable than another? What are the imaginative elements in each of the stories and what is their source? In 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' the imaginative element is, of course, the effect of the piper's music on the rats and then upon the children. What stories in mythology does this remind you of, and what is the explanation of such stories? See 'Hymn to Hermes,' translated by Shelley, also Mercury, Arion, Orpheus, in Gayley's 'Classic Myths in English Literature.' These are myths of the wind as a musician; Hermes, or the wind, is also the leader of souls to Hades after death. There are also many traces in folk-stories of a belief in the idea that the soul escaped from the body in the form of some little animal, a mouse or a bird. The story of the 'Pied Piper' combines all these mythical elements in a setting of reality. In the story of 'Gold Hair,' it seems so improbable that the girl should be able to hide the gold coins in her hair that this story may be said to have an imaginative element in it, also. In 'The Cardinal and the Dog' the big black dog might be explained as a subjective hallucination due to a diseased state of the mind, but in a superstitious age such appearances of a disordered brain were considered veritable visions from the other world. In this case the dog was an emissary of the Devil come to claim his own, as mentioned in



the Notes in the *Camberwell Browning*. (See Fiske, 'Myths and Myth-makers' and Cox, 'Mythology of the Aryan Nation,' for further information upon these mythical dogs.)

Or it might be explained simply as a story invented by the Protestants, through their superstitious horror over his illness and death, to cast discredit upon this Cardinal, who was especially their enemy. Which do you think the most likely?

In 'Ponte dell' Angelo' the imaginative element is prominent and evidently belongs to the order of legend called explanatory, that is, it was probably invented to account for the figure of the Guardian angel.

The poet has not worked up the subject-matter in any of these poems, but has simply put into verse the stories as he found them.

Queries for Discussion. — Which do you find the most entertaining of these stories, — those with or those without imaginative elements? Are there qualities in 'The Boy and the Angel,' Browning's own invention, that place it above all the other poems? What should you say they were?

IV. *Topic for Paper, Classwork, or Private Study.* — The Inner Meaning.

Hints: — The simplicity belonging to the story and way of telling it in this series of poetic tales belongs also to the meaning. 'Muckle-Mouth Meg' cannot be said to have any deeper design than to be lively and amusing. The moral lesson brought out in the last stanza of 'The Pied Piper' is so hackneyed a maxim that it is put jokingly, the forced rhyme assisting, to let the reader see that the poet is laughingly in earnest while he points the moral and holds up a warning finger over the mischief befalling the man who refuses to pay the piper.

Which of the other poems are entirely humorous in their aim and implications? What should you say was the moral of 'The Pope and the Net'? That humility was a useless virtue except for the lower clergy? Or is the poem susceptible of a less jocular moral turn? The virtues of another sort of a prelate are illustrated in 'The Bean Feast.' This Pope professed humility even

after he became Pope, and when it was not only of no advantage to himself but was of advantage to others. Yet, although the popular story of this good Pope is told in a more earnest way, so that the lovable and benevolent qualities of the kindly man arouse a glow of genuine esteem for him which is, in itself, essentially moral, it may be noticed that the canny Pope who made humility useful to himself instead of to others, is written about in a similar broad and tolerant vein, as if the human characteristics of each Pope, despite the fact that one was morally superior to the other, were almost equally enjoyable to the poet, and made so, also, by his treatment of the two stories, to the reader. Do the two stories enhance each other, when their inner bearing with respect to these two contrasting characters is brought out? It is not unusual for Browning to hang his portraits in this way, putting two different types side by side, as companion pieces.

Why is the 'Ponte dell' Angelo' story the most naive of all these folk-stories in its moral implication? Notice that the unethical conduct of the lawyer in fleecing all his clients is counterbalanced by his prayers to the Madonna, so that the story leaves it to be supposed that God's fit punishment may be delayed repeatedly and finally remitted altogether through due observance of church ceremonies. What do you think about the morality of this?

'Gold Hair' has perhaps a quizzical quality. It is ironical, but half in earnest, meaning something a little different from what is expressly said. It is written with a kind of teasing enjoyment, on the poet's part, of a pious anecdote of a simple-minded Catholic family. So perhaps is 'The Cardinal and the Dog,' written with a similar relish for Protestant simple-mindedness in the credulity over the apparition sent to scourge the enormous wickedness of the Cardinal, whose crime it was to be on the other side in the great church controversy and its most staunch and able friend. But how do you guess this? The poem is written entirely from the credulous standpoint, and the last line is in accord with this too, and yet it suggests that the story is a partisan one. In the case of 'Gold Hair' a more skeptical point of view is insinuated

—the point of view of the hearers of the legend in an “after-time” (see lines 56–60), when the “mouth might twitch with a dubious smile.” This quizzical quality underlying the narration of the story is not without a sober twist at the end (lines 136–150), which leaves one in doubt again whether or not a more serious moral is intended? What are you inclined to think about this? Is the poet really of the opinion that the heart is desperately wicked, or is he even here only pretending to be serious? If so, what is his meaning here? Is he really more amused than shocked over the miserliness of the girl, and disposed to sympathize with her attachment to the things of earth? And what does his professed edification amount to then? Does he assent to the doctrine of original sin, while meaning something a little different — that the human heart is necessarily human, and full of earthly longings and is likely to be unnatural or perhaps hypocritical if it assumes to care only for heaven?

Which of the remaining poems of this series are perfectly serious in their moral implication? Is the sportiveness which has been noticed due in all cases to the introduction somewhere in the poem of the poet’s or some other point of view than that of the original story-teller? Which stories are told the most simply and directly?

‘The Boy and the Angel,’ which is evidently deeper and richer in its inner meaning than any of the other poems, is told with absolute simplicity and without any of the doubleness belonging to most of the others; yet it is to be noticed that the most pointed of its couplets is given, in parenthesis, as a comment of the narrator’s; and it happens that this was a later addition to the poem, first appearing in 1863. It is interesting, too, to learn that various other little touches that have deepened its significance were added, after its first appearance in *Hood’s Magazine* in 1845, upon its inclusion, later in the same year, in the Bells and Pomegranates Series, with other poems which we know were revised and sometimes changed in accordance with the criticism of Elizabeth Barrett, who read the proofs. There is a passing

mention in a letter of hers to Browning (August 30, 1845, see "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett," vol. i. p. 180), which leads to the inference that she thought the inner meaning of this poem was open to objection on the score of its portrayal of the angel Gabriel. Later (p. 261), she says "'Theocrite' overtakes that wish of mine which ran on so fast." The main alterations made in the second version were: the addition of lines 55-58, 63 and 64, 67 and 68, 71 and 72, and the final couplet, and the omission after line 74 of the following couplet:

"Be again the boy all curled;
I will finish with the world."

There were a few other slighter alterations which served to make the verse more regular without affecting the inner significance of the poem, but these cited seem designed either to make the story clearer, by detailing how the change was brought about, as in lines 55 to 58, 63 and 64, or to render it more unmistakable that the moral lesson implied is not the hopeless superiority of the angelic over the human, but rather the inimitable excellence of the human, which uplifts it and sets it side by side with the angelic. Theocrite's "little human praise" had a quality so distinctly its own that Gabriel's best efforts to rival it were ineffectual. It was then in reality not at all inferior or to be disdained; and the emphasis is laid not on the point that it was useless or presumptuous for Theocrite to wish to praise God the "great way" as Pope, but rather on the point that not even angelic power can displace the human. The omission of the couplet quoted tends to redeem the archangel from any assumption of superiority or charge of officiousness, and the couplet finally added puts boy and angel on the same level as twin spirits in God's praise, the human and the angelic not seeking to outrival but to supplement one another, — "They sought God, side by side."

Queries for Discussion. — Do you think these alterations are improvements? Do they justify themselves by preventing the poem from being mistaken as leading merely to the hackneyed moral that every one must stay in the place to which he was born?



Is the spirit of the poem aristocratic in the sense that it shows that all cannot be equal; or is it democratic, in the sense that it shows that place or rank is unimportant and that different personalities because each is of unique value are equal and never to be superseded by any other? Mr. George Willis Cooke says of this poem: "The lesson is the same as that of 'Pippa Passes,' 'All service ranks the same with God,' and therefore we are not to seek to escape from the tasks assigned to us." Do you agree with this? But does not the poem intimate, on the contrary, that in this case, at any rate, all service did not rank the same with God, since he missed in Gabriel's praise a quality that only Theocrite's had? and does it follow, if it be accepted that the moral is essentially the same, that therefore "we are not to seek to escape from the tasks assigned us"? Or do you think that Elizabeth Barrett's quarrel with the original version of the poem may really have been that its inner significance might be misinterpreted in this way? Do the alterations tend to make clear what the poet's design really amounts to? And do you think that this design is to illustrate the value and significance to God of each and every human individuality? But, in that case, why was not Theocrite's praise of God when he was Pope as graceful as when he was a boy at his workbench? Or is this merely because his office as Pope was not his own, but thrust on him by the angel, so that the drift of the poem remains the same, without emphasis upon the question of rank, but only upon the question of individual worth?

The interpretation of 'Gold Hair' suggested in the "Hints" on that poem is that the naïveté of the guide-book story amused the poet, while he detected in it, despite its simplicity, a wise kernel of perpetual truth, the truth belonging to a keen observation of human foibles. So, in re-telling the legend he gives it a whimsical cast, but half accepts its old-time pious reflection upon the weaknesses of mortality, yet not without managing to convey another more modern and more tolerant way of regarding such weaknesses, as frailties so natural to the flesh that sin and blame scarcely belong to them, so much as suspicion does to all the pre-

tences of humanity to be saintly. Are you inclined to think this the right interpretation or not? Will any other interpretation account as well for the humor of the poem? Why not? Does it agree, in a way characteristic of Browning, with the view of the human presented in 'The Boy and the Angel,' as having a distinct quality of its own through differing from the heavenly which it must in vain strive to rival? But do you think it morally good for man that he should accept such a view of human nature? Would it be better for him to take the old pious view and be deceived, if it be deception, and to think that he may become perfect, for fear lest he cease to attempt to improve? Or, do you think it best for a human being to be clear-sighted enough to recognize his merely human limitations and yet to struggle to attain the utmost possible degree of development?

V. *Topic for Paper, Classwork, or Private Study.*—The Art of the Poems.

Hints:—The art-form in 'The Boy and the Angel' is very simple. The lines have four stresses, and each stanza has two lines rhymed. There is some variation in the distribution of the stresses. Sometimes the first syllable in the line is accented, when the line is seven syllables in length, and sometimes the second syllable is accented. There are a few places where each syllable is accented without any unaccented syllable between, for example in line 2, where "Praise" and "God" both have an accent, and in line 19, where every syllable is accented. Is there any other line in the poem where "Praise God" is differently accented? The language all through this poem is exceedingly simple. The comparison in line 25, "Like a rainbow's birth" is the only one in the poem is it not? Is there not a certain charm in this very simple language exactly suited to the subject?

In 'The Twins' the rhyme and rhythm scheme is also very simple, the lines having three stresses and the first and third, second and fourth lines rhyming. Notice if there are any variations in the distribution of the short lines.

In 'The Pied Piper' the lines usually have four stresses, but

the unaccented syllables are distributed very irregularly. Point out all the lines you find with a different number of accents. Point out the two-syllabled rhymes ending in short syllables, weak endings as they are called. Is there any regularity about the distribution of the rhymes? About the length of the stanzas? Are the shorter lines introduced at stated places? The effect of all this variation of form is to make the poem bright and rapid in movement.

'Gold Hair' has lines with four stresses sometimes preceded by one, sometimes by two unaccented syllables. The very first stanza, however, begins with an accented syllable followed by a pause. Are there any other examples of this in the poem? There are also some lines beginning with an accented syllable and followed by a short syllable. The last line in each stanza, however, the fifth, has only three stresses.

Is the fifth stanza of this poem the most poetical on account of its comparison between the sunset sky and the death of Gold-Hair? Are there any other examples of poetical figures in the poem?

In 'The Cardinal and the Dog' the lines have seven stresses, the accented syllable being preceded by an unaccented one. In some cases the accent falls on syllables that seem short, while a syllable that seems long is unaccented; for example in the first line "the" is accented, and the word next to it, "high," is unaccented. Do you find any other examples of this? Do you object to the roughness of this sort of accenting, or does it remind you of the early English ballad form, and so give a quaintness to the poem in keeping with the subject. Point out those lines which end with a short unaccented syllable. Notice that the stanzas are of different lengths. Also that the rhyme scheme is different for each stanza.

In 'Ponte dell' Angelo' all the lines except the last have four stresses and that has three. Point out all the variations you observe in the distribution of the short syllables. What is the rhyme scheme? Are there any poetical figures in the poem?

The lines in 'The Bean Feast' have six stresses with a short syllable preceding the accented syllable, with some variations. For example, line 1 begins with an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one. Almost every line has also an extra short syllable, often the accented syllable in the middle of the line, and sometimes two extra short syllables. Point out all such places and notice how the regularity of this irregularity adds to the rhythmical effect of the poem. The rhyme scheme is simple. Are there any bad rhymes in the poem? Is the rhythm of the 'Pope and the Net' similar to that of 'The Bean Feast.' Point out any differences you may observe, also the difference in the length of the stanza and the rhymes. In 'Muckle-Mouth Meg' the lines alternate between three and four stresses, preceded sometimes by two and sometimes by one unaccented syllable. There are two rhymes to each stanza, alternating lines rhyming together. Sometimes the rhymes are double, in which case the line ends with an extra short syllable. Is there any regularity in the distribution of the double and single rhymes? From the study of the distribution of stresses and unaccented syllables in these poems in how many different kinds of metre are they? Does the poet use alliteration much in any of them? What allusions are there (see Notes, *Camberwell Browning*), and what sort of relation do they bear to the subject matter?

Queries for Discussion. — Upon what do these poems depend chiefly for their poetical effect, rhythm and rhyme, poetic ornamentation, the imaginative quality of the subject-matter, their humor or the terse dramatic way in which they are told? Is there any one of the group that you like better than all the rest, if so why? Or do you like each one for its own special qualities?

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

THE POETRY OF LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS SERIES. I.

WITH the passing of the elder group of American poets,—a group not large in numbers, but distinguished not only on account of the consummate character of their art as art, but because of the fact that each member of it contributed some genuine and individual stone to the foundation of a truly indigenous literature,—there has come upon the scene a mighty host of singers who chant their lays from the Pacific to the Great Lakes and from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. No nook seems to be without its song bird, which may be heard twittering among the sylvan dells of Cripple Creek, pouring forth its soul from the airy “flats” of New York City, or sighing its passion in the leafy by-ways of Canada. The general public does not seem to be aware of the fact that we are a poetical nation. A few special readers perhaps, begin to feel a dawning consciousness that we are becoming possessed of an extensive poetical literature, but only the reviewer or the editor knows the full extent of our heights and depths, and more especially, of our levels of poetry, and lofty levels be it said in all seriousness. In fact the general level is so high that one must hearken intently to hear the individual notes that soar above the ever swelling chorus of song, and marshal us the way we are going to a great future.

Among the poets of this younger generation Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is conspicuous. Her voice has sounded with clarion clearness from the first, and upon her work the seal was at once set of rare individuality; not that she has emphasized any new and peculiarly American phase of romance, philosophy, ethics or politics, such as we see reflected in the pioneers Longfellow, Lowell, Whitman, and Emerson, nor has she invented a new poetic form to reflect the American largeness of spirit. As a certain poet questions and answers about the lady of his soul, so we are led to exclaim, “What is she? her human self,—no lower

word will serve." One may think of her as bearing the same sort of relation to our seething times as did Crestien de Troyes to the writers of the turbulent days of mediæval chivalry. She, like him, is the pure and beauteous blossom of whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report in days upon which much evil has fallen. Belief in the final triumph of the good and the beautiful is often brought home with greater force by a personality that seems far removed from the knowledge or thought of evil, than by one who is too aware of it, and is constantly sharpening against it the weapons of war. A rose blooming in a weed-grown garden is more convincing than the spade whose province it is to root out the noxious weeds.

Mrs. Moulton's first book of poems was published in 1878, in America as 'Poems by L. C. M.' and in England with the happy title 'Swallow Flights.' Its immediate recognition by English critics must have been gratifying to its author, and is certainly gratifying to America, for the English critic has not always appreciated the best America has had to offer any more than he has been able to appreciate his own best. It seems almost like a fairy-tale to pick up the reviews of the day and see the rusty, crusty Christophers melted into a glow of enthusiastic appreciation at the advent of this new and sweet voice from across the seas.

The qualities that make the volume notable are a rich humanness of feeling, a charm of fancy, and that absolute inevitableness of expression which is the hall-mark of genius and distinguishes the artist from the artisan. Her words sing themselves out in a rhythmical flow as if poetry were her natural medium of expression. Never is one tripped up by the slightest jar in the rhythm, such as is often met with in the best of poets through the straining of the quantity, for say what you will about accent being the only element of English verse, any one with a sensitive ear must be conscious that the harmony of a line depends upon some other rhythmical element than mere accent. Whatsoever that element is, Mrs. Moulton has caught its secret, and the result is that all her

verse possesses a wonderful melodiousness. Take one of the simplest of the poems in her first volume and see what witching fancy and music are twined about this commonplace adorable little weed.

"How shall a little weed grow,
That has no sun?
Rains fall and north winds blow, —
What shall be done?

Out come some little pale leaves
At the spring's call,
But the harsh north winds blow,
And sad rains fall.

Wouldst try to keep it warm,
With fickle breath?
He must, who would give life,
Be Lord of death.

Some day you forget the weed, —
Man's thoughts are brief,
And your coldness steals like frost
Through each pale leaf.

Till the weed shrinks back to die
On kinder sod:
Shall a life which found no sun
In death find God?"

The poems in this volume often strike a plaintive note. The aspect of the universe that seems most to appeal to her is the evanescent quality of beauty. Her temperament is not of the sort that shouts out a song of triumph in the face of sorrow and defeat with the lusty optimism of a Browning, nor, on the other hand does she complain of unkind Fates; rather is her spirit pervaded by a sort of Greek melancholy, a mood perfectly natural to the passionate lover of the beauteous forms of nature and of human life. Death seems often to end for her in the grave or if her imagination pierces beyond the grave it sees little but the shadowy ghosts of a spirit world. Indeed is it not given alone to the philosopher

to view the flight of beauty through the universe, and to bury the uncontrollable melancholy that springs up in his heart in the saving thought that forms of beauty though evanescent are the changing symbols of the eternal spirit of beauty, the ephemeral counters that tell of eternal wealth? In her later work we see more of the spirit of the philosopher, but at this time her genius was under the complete control of emotion.

The climax of the minor mode is reached perhaps in 'A Life's Loss' which has a desperate inescapability from grief reminding one—though the situation is very different—of the mood of Tennyson's Mariana in the moated grange. How the last words of this woman who has belied her own soul haunt one with their hopeless despair.

“Talk not of love, — you have come too late!
You cannot dispel my heart's eclipse, —
Where your image should be the dead is shrined,
And no voice cries from the death-cold lips,
Though my soul moans on.

Some summer day I shall wander down
Where the waters flow by the ruined mill, —
Where the shadows come, and the shadows go,
There at the foot of the windy hill,
And the stream moans on.

You will find me there, 'neath the whispering wave,
Colder and stiller than ever before, —
The dreams I dreamed and the hopes I hoped
Will be hushed to silence for evermore
Though the stream moan on.”

Though this melancholy note impresses itself upon one in this volume, there is not by any means one long unmodulated minor. Sunshine plays about the shadows and now and then shines forth in unequivocal brightness in such lovely pieces as 'Midsummer in New England' or 'Beauty for Ashes' and the fine sonnet 'The New Day.'

Philip Bourke Marston with a poet's insight most truly weighed the worth of this first venture of a young poet when he wrote in the *London Academy* :

"The distinguishing qualities of these poems are extreme directness and concentration of utterance, unvarying harmony between thought and expression, and a happy freedom from that costly elaboration of style so much in vogue at present, through which lyrical spontaneity cannot penetrate. Yet, while thus free from elaboration, Mrs. Moulton's style displays rare felicity of epithet. Two poems, entitled respectively, 'Morning Glory' and 'Out in the Snow,' are, for instance, brilliant specimens of word-painting. The first, a description of summer sunrise, has in it the very breath and voice of dawn, the strength and freshness of glad awakening life ; the second, which paints a winter morning, has all the keenness, yet all the exhilaration and glory of frosty air and of sunlight upon snow.

"These examples, with others equally healthy in tone and vigorous in execution, show that when Mrs. Moulton writes sadly, her sadness is not of necessity, is neither sentimental nor artificial, but only the natural outcome of a nature equally sensitive to pleasure and to pain, and endowed with unusual capacities for enjoying or suffering. Nor is her melancholy merely that of self-reference. As a rule, it has its source in sympathy with man in general, and takes tender note of the perplexities and sufferings which belong to his condition."

It was not until 1899 that Mrs. Moulton's second volume of poems was issued. It received the same warm welcome as her first one both at home and in England. It has all the qualities of the first volume with added strength and thought, rhythms just as musical but more varied, preserving their spontaneity even in the somewhat formal metres of the French rondels, rondeaux, triolets, etc., and reaching in the sonnets a concentrated power and richness of emotion that has placed Mrs. Moulton unquestionably on a par with the finest sonnet writers of all time. It seems quite remarkable that her success in the sonnet-form should have been

so assured from the first, for her early impulse was away from the sonnet as not being sufficiently free for spontaneous lyrical expression, but her poet-friend, Mr. Marston, suggested that the sonnet would be the form best suited to clothe her passionate thought. She tried it, and found it a perfectly simple matter to write a sonnet, and since then her experience has been, that those themes which especially move her fall naturally into the sonnet form, thinking themselves in it, as it were. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that her sonnets impress one with their absolute mastery of form.

The minor key is quite prominent in this volume and perhaps a little depressing to those who find life on the whole more full of joy than of sorrow. The group of sonnets called 'The Second Wife Speaks' have, I think, received the highest praise, the poet Whittier being greatly enamoured of them and one reviewer saying of them, — "These five poems, taken as a whole, form the high-water mark of Mrs. Moulton's present achievement, and is one of which no poet need feel ashamed, either as regards the conception of the theme embodied in the quintette, or in its working out." I confess that while recognizing the artistic finish of this group of sonnets I have never especially liked the theme nor its treatment. The second wife seems to me at once too selfish and too humble, and somewhat lacking in delicacy of feeling when she ruminates upon how matters will stand when they meet the first wife in heaven. This poor wife had evidently forgotten the answer Jesus gave to the Sadducees that in Heaven "they neither marry nor are given in marriage." Of course, it is natural that we should carry our problems of life into the future, but is it not wise, if we do so, to try and give some solution which does not smack too much of our own earthiness? Serious and beautiful in their appeal to one's deepest feelings are the sonnets collected under the heading 'The Still Hour.' These wholly content my spirit.

Early in the present season Mrs. Moulton published her third volume of poems called 'At the Winds' Will' * and once more we

* *At the Wind's Will: Lyrics and Sonnets*, by Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1900. \$1.25.

are ensnared in the silken meshes of her lovely fancies, or inspired by her aspiration. One hardly knows what to call attention to as being supreme where every poem has some perfume peculiarly its own. We linger long, for example, at the exquisite little romance 'The Secret of Arcady,' with its haunting suggestions of a mystical land toward which we all are fain to wend our way, and which many of us, in our dreams at least, have reached. And when at last we turn the page, we stop again but with a different sensation. 'At Night's High Noon' makes us creep in every nerve where 'The Secret of Arcady' makes us remember all the exquisite moments we have ever known or dreamed of. It is a powerful bit of mood painting with a directness of language that perfectly depicts the speaker's tense, nervous horror.

"Under the heavy sod she lies —
I saw them close her beautiful eyes —
She lies so still, and she lies so deep,
That all of them think she is fast asleep.

I, only, know at the night's high noon
She comes from the grave they made too soon :
I see the light of her cold, bright eyes,
As I see the stars in the wintry skies.

The scornful gleam of an old surprise
Is still alive in those wonderful eyes —
And the mocking lips are ripe and red,
Smiling, still, at the words I said.

She mocks me now, as she mocked me then : —
'Dead is dead,' say the world of men —
But I know when the stars of midnight rise
She shines on me with her cold, bright eyes."

With a taste for the weird and tragical induced by this poem one naturally fastens next upon 'Dead Men's Holiday,' a spirited rendering of the thought that the real triumph of a battle comes to the dead.

"Theirs the true triumph, for the fight was done
And with low laughter called they each to each
We are at rest, where foemen cannot reach,
And better this than fighting in the sun!"

Yet while we are feeling the thrill of this poem, we are 'ware in our subconsciousness that we have passed over flowers by the way-side worthy of our best devoirs like the dainty lyrics 'The Voice of Spring,' 'The Birds and I,' full of light and joyousness and the mystery of nature's delights. So we might linger on every page, sure of winsome fancies or tragic emotions, with here and there the old minor strain that speaks of the grief of passionate hearts that mourn.

The crowning achievement, however, of the volume is the sonnets. Of the first sequence it is hard to point to any one sonnet as being above the others, yet every person will doubtless have his favorites among them, and mine are 'Though We Were Dust' and 'Were But My Spirit Loosed Upon the Air.' The consciousness of the cosmic and the human are wondrously blended in these two and in fitting harmony with the theme, the language takes on a grandeur and at the same time a simplicity that suggests to the mind infinite spaces and worlds far removed. Other sonnets, equally fine, follow, any one of which would be a jewel to furnish forth a casket royally, and the book closes with a handful of charming translations from the German and French. For range, imaginative vision and force this volume surpasses all that Mrs. Moulton has done while it lacks none of the musical flow and deep passionateness which from the first put Mrs. Moulton's work in a niche apart.

In the presence of great beauty of any kind, one usually feels that praise is almost impertinent, but I cannot, in this case,—however effective it might be for a lover,—express my admiration by a long "summer's day's silence." I would have all know that here is a poet who has without question taken her seat among the immortals, for in the whole galaxy of contemporary English poets there is scarcely another whose work is so uniformly perfect in its own realm.

While we are wreathing laurel around our poet's brow as a priestess of Apollo, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that her pen has been busy in other fields than those of poetry.

The children, however, do not forget her 'Bed Time Stories,' if we may judge by the dogs-eared appearance her juvenile books present in the Public Library. Not long ago, the writer straying through the children's reading room, herself forgot time and space dipping into these clever and entertaining stories, with just enough ideality and just enough pathos to take them straight to the hearts of the young-folk.

Mrs. Moulton's success began when she herself was hardly more than a child with her very first book, in spite of its having the unsatisfactory title of 'This, That, and The Other.' The public was interested in the youth of the writer and could not resist the publisher's enticing placard which suggested that they should "buy 'This, That, and The Other' and see what a young girl could do," and twenty thousand copies were sold in a short time. A novel, 'Juno Clifford,' published anonymously by Appleton was her second and a volume of stories, mostly from *Harper's Magazine* and published by Harpers, was her third book. The title of this was the rather peculiar one of 'My Third Book.' This and her first book are the only instances in which the titles chosen have been unhappy. With all the others the titles are especially taking. After these came 'Bed Time Stories' in 1873, published by Roberts Brothers in Boston, and these were so much admired that a second volume was called for with the same title and was published in 1874. This year also saw the publication of a volume of stories for "grown-ups," entitled 'Some Women's Hearts.'

Her other volumes since that time have been, in 1880, 'New Bed Time Stories'; in 1881, a volume of travel sketches called 'Random Rambles'; in 1883, another book for children, 'Twilight Stories'; in 1887, a volume of chats on social topics, 'Ourselves and Our Neighbors'; in 1889, a volume of stories, 'Miss Eyre from Boston and Others'; in 1890, some more children's tales, entitled 'Stories Told at Twilight'; in 1898, another book of travels,

'*Lazy Tours in Spain and other Lazy Tours*'; and also a volume of children's verse '*In Childhood's Country*.' Besides these, she has edited three or four volumes of Philip Bourke Marston's poems and one of O'Shaughnessy's poems. Add to this frequent reviewing, especially for the *New York Tribune* and *The Boston Herald*, and one may gain some idea of the busy literary life our poet has led and continues to lead. And with it all she is ever gracious and willing to help with her criticism and advice those who are yet on the lower rounds of the ladder to poetic fame.

In a way, this brilliant woman forms a literary link between Boston and London, for she has spent several months of every year in London almost continuously since 1876, and has thus been a centre of literary life in both cities. All the great names in literature and art of the last of the century figure in the list of her friendships, and many a pleasant anecdote she tells of her relations with one or another of them. The story of her meeting with Robert Browning has been told but it is too good not to be repeated:—

"When I first came to London, Lord Houghton introduced me to many whose books I had read and loved long before I went there. It was at his house that I first met Mr. Browning. Shortly after I came into the room, Lord Houghton, whose voice was very low, brought a gentleman up to me whose name I failed to hear. My fellow-guest had a pleasant face, and was dressed in grey; he sat down beside me, and talked in a lively way on everyday topics until Lord Houghton came to take me into table. Opposite us sat Miss Milnes, now Lady Fitzgerald, between two gentlemen, one of whom was the man in grey. Presently Lord Houghton asked me if I thought Browning looked like his pictures. 'Browning?' I asked, 'Where is he?' 'Why, there, sitting beside my daughter,' he replied. But as there were two gentlemen sitting beside Miss Milnes, I sat during the remainder of the breakfast with a divided mind, wondering which of these two men was Browning. After going back to the drawing-room my friend in grey again came and sat beside me, so I plucked up courage and said, 'I understand Mr.



Browning is here; will you kindly tell me which he is?' He looked half puzzled, half amused, for a moment; then he called out to someone standing near, 'Look here, Mrs. Moulton wants to know which of us is Browning. *C'est moi !*' he added with a gay gesture and this is how my acquaintance with the author of 'Pippa Passes' began."

One of the quaint regrets of Mrs. Moulton's life is that she was once foolish enough to refuse the gift of a Paris doll from the distinguished French poet Mallarmé. This is how she told the story recently to a group of friends in her own inimitable manner.

THE MALLARMÉ DOLL.

"During my first visit abroad, I passed the winter of '77-'78 in Paris, and — as I had a letter of introduction to M. Stéphane Mallarmé — we became close friends. Besides being 'Poet of Poets,' and High Priest of the Symbolists, Mallarmé was professor of English, in a French university. His English was French English, to be sure — but it answered the French purpose.

"He always spoke to me of myself in the third person. I saw a great deal of both him and his wife. I used to dine in the rue de Rome on his famous Tuesdays, and see the adoring throng of neophytes who came in after dinner. And often he and Madame Mallarmé would ramble with me about the fascinating streets of Paris. It was during these walks that I first made the acquaintance of the genuine French dolls — the wonderful creations who can bow and courtesy, and say 'papa' and 'mamma,' and are so much better than human that they always do the thing you desire, and never the thing you dislike.

"Whenever we came to a window where one of these lovely creations awaited us, I used to insist on stopping to pay my respects to her, until I fear the Mallarmés grew to believe that the dolls were the most alluring objects for me in all Paris.

"At last the winter came to an end. I was to cross the channel — and, full of kindly regrets, Monsieur Mallarmé came to see me.

"‘We have wished,’ he said, ‘Madame and I, to make her a gift of farewell, and we have thought to give her a doll — she has so liked the dolls of Paris. Will she come with us, and choose it, on the morrow?’

"Is everybody a fool sometimes, I wonder? At any rate I was one, just then. Instead of thinking what a treasure for the future would be a doll presented to me by the leader of the Symbolists, a foolish fear came over me that to confess to its ownership would be to own myself childish — to make myself ridiculous — and like the idiot I just then was, I said ‘Oh no, please. They would laugh at me — those who saw it. Please let it be something else.’

"And the poet went away sadly, and returned next day with a Japanese cabinet — a beautiful cabinet — for his ‘gift of good-bye.’ I have the cabinet still, but — I want my doll."

One hopes that Mrs. Moulton may be writing her autobiography, for few people have had such opportunities as she has for meeting the interesting people of the time, and few are endowed with so keen a power of observation mingled with a gentle humor that makes a reminiscence glow with life.

Thus we see behind all this literary activity a lovable and loving human soul that like a guardian spirit now leads little children by the hand to where mid laughter and tears they may learn something of the great lessons of life, now opens up the founts of her wisdom for men and women; then suddenly translated into an ideal realm reveals her passionate soul to the initiate in her beautiful art.

H. A. C.

PHILLIPS'S 'PAOLO AND FRANCESCA' AND SWIN-
BURNE'S 'ROSAMUND.'

"'PAOLO AND FRANCESCA' is another triumph for this new poet—Mr. Stephen Phillips—it seems, as far as the market is concerned. The seventh thousand, already, they say."

"As far as the critics are concerned, too. They are greeting it with gushes of rapture. The waters of Marah purl sweetly even in what George Eliot used to call *The Saturday Reviler*, and from other London reservoirs of acumen the waters pent up, not to say stagnant, from awaiting the new British poet whom it may be becoming to praise, flow out with a copious gurgling."

"Indeed! Well, I notice that our American taps are turned on full head throughout our whole network of publishers' reviewing."

"Oh! You cynics, you two! Much knowledge of reviewing has made you cold. Why do you grudge a few adjectives to a bit of pure poetry with real 'go' in it, when all the world is lavishing attentions, as usual, on the twenty-fourth thousand of the latest fleeting romantico-historicalish novel? This poem is glorious. I don't see how he ever did it. Out of that passing stanza or two of Dante to unfold all this new-old life!

' This child

Hither all dewy from her convent fetched'—

her

' only care to attend the holy bell

To sing and to embroider curiously,'

while she 'as through a glass' did 'view the windy world'—this child, Francesca, who sets loose the fate of the piece with the dread of 'her first ecstasy,' is wondrously conceived. Ah! *You* think so, too, I see. You have read it?

"Yes, yes; that good grim piteousness of Dante is woven out with most delicate smooth touches into a strangely fascinating and fatal piece of tenderness, although it suits well neither Dante's

time nor ours, but both with a happy inconsistency. Of course, I knew the book might possibly be good even if the critics did praise it in full chorus. Its poetic diction has caught me up willingly; and yet—I am not quite ready to sing the usual tune."

"And I, who have not read it, am perfectly reconciled to take its quality for granted. A mere 'pome'? And it has gone into its seventh edition, Hout mon! We shall be up to date and blow a favorable wind toward the eighth in the very next *Day's Doings*. You enthusiast, you mistake *me*, if you suppose *me* cold to signs of the market like that, we two are perfectly agreed. But, *you*, Monsieur Discriminator, I warn you that it's bad policy for a writer not to be ready to fall in with all the popular airs. Now, why can't you be ready to hum the usual tune?"

"Yes, tell us. We two, in the name of Enthusiasm and the Market, would like to know why we like it, and why we write it up, and where we should be discriminated against. If you like it as poetry, do you mean you don't like it as drama?"

"Not as well. I find it very interesting, but not great, as drama: You see it is all a foregone conclusion from the start. There is nothing but fate in it, no room for movement, no counterplay that you can be deceived in for two minutes, no character development that has a ghost of a chance to lift itself by a glory of the will into a new beauty of being if not into a new channel of doing. It is too much of a case of *la légende oblige* for a modern drama. The maker of the play is as bound as his own Paolo."

"But that's just the same as the Greek Drama isn't it? And that's legitimate, surely. The plot was all settled beforehand, then, by Homer, as Phillips's by Dante."

"Of course; and that is partly what I mean. That is why I think it is not as satisfying or promising considered as original modern drama as it is as poetry. It is too near high noon in a stirring day of activity and human initiative for a genuine dramatist to slink back into the dimness of the early morning of fatalistic religious drama. What inexorable burden has he whereof an inexorable fate must be delivered which would justify such simple

rigidity of structure? After all, Euripides changed his plots and swayed his trend of fate more than Mr. Phillips has. When the Greek mind loosed its fetters the Greek Drama loosed its fatalistic tether, too, didn't it? and grew more mobile and more complex; an artistic purpose that is greatly alive and advancing is bound, I think, to find a new artistic form that's perfectly adapted to it. Most of our minor poets don't know that, and they go about stealing last year's bird's nests,—which do well enough for their china eggs, to be sure, or those they have only pretended to brood over, and really have let get as cold as the stolen nest they are in with last winter's chill left over in it,—but Mr. Phillips's poetic eggs are warm and hopeful—to follow out my parable—and I am the more concerned, therefore, about his loose-woven draughty dramatic egg-basket."

"Well! There I can come in with *you*. I am down on these closet-dramas, too, and I suppose you mean that this play is one of that kind. Plays that won't go down on the boards might as well not be composed. I don't know but I'll have to get you to write that review for me in the *Day's Doings*, after all."

"Sorry, but I am afraid, then, it wouldn't suit the *Day's Doings*, if I did. You see, from my point of view, the only plays that ought not to be composed are just those stage-pieces that do go down on the boards, and—nowhere else! I know it has been the fashion to make invidious distinctions between the Drama and 'closet dramas.' But I think it is high time that far more invidious distinctions were made between the Drama and closet dramas considered as belonging to the same high class of artistic attainment on the one side, and those mere 'stage-pieces,' way down on the other side.

"No; it is decidedly not because, from the stage manager's standpoint, 'Paolo and Francesca' may labor under the honorable reproach of being a 'closet drama,'—even if Mr. Alexander did commission it and bring it out,—that I am not quite satisfied with it, but only because it is so interesting that I judge it by an exacting standard, and would gladly have it as promising an achievement

considered structurally as drama, as it is in happy phrase and delicate diction considered as poetry."

"'Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,' to you, or very nearly so? How strange! But 'Wanting is what? Where is the blot?' To me it is life itself, and a great play. Think of that child-bride in the grim castle, clinging to Paolo because, as ever, 'Youth goes toward youth.' Think of that foreboding vision of blind Angela—

'Unwillingly he comes a wooing: She
Unwillingly is wooed: Yet shall they woo.
His kiss was on her lips ere she was born.'

Ah! and that still more fatal suggester of woe, Lucrezia, the crowning proof of Mr. Phillips's dramatic invention, drawn from his own genius and not from Dante's hints, in any shape,—Lucrezia the childless widow whose 'thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,' in whom the 'vain milk like acid eats,'—think of how she puts Giovanni on the scent. Remember, too, all that helpless struggle of Paolo to leave the castle and the peril of Francesca's presence, his determination to poison himself, and the adroit way in which it is managed that he shall reveal his secret, unwittingly, to his brother concealed in the Drug-seller's shop, who therefore permits him to go, safe, as they both think, when they never were less safe—what fault can you find with all that dramatic creativeness?"

"Well, just there a mote or two, since you bring it up. Why should the Drug-seller fail to recognize Paolo when he enters the shop, as he did Giovanni, just before? Is it likely, or only convenient that Pulci should know the ruler of Rimini as soon as he enters, and so, hide him from the next customer, and should not know that next customer when it turns out to be Paolo, Giovanni's brother with whom he has always been yoked in such constant companionship? And were ever interludes in the lightest opera more empty and artificial, charmless and witless as well as lifeless, than the scenes with the girls and the soldiers in the Inn Yard and with the couriers at the Castle Gate? Do any of the charac-

ters have character? Do even the lovers seem to have much of any individuality until the climax of the third act is reached? And then, and in the final fourth act upon what is the marvellously heightened interest dependent? Not upon dramatic vivification, I think, but upon the potency of the old love romance, upon the exalted conception which the poet there expresses of love in the abstract,—in a word, upon the enthrallment and pervasive beauty of his poetic genius?"

"But why find a flaw in a play for its poetic beauty, its lyrical charm? The lyrical passages in Shakespeare commend him, I think."

"Oh! So do I. And so I think do they commend Phillips. We ought to appreciate and express warmly our appreciation of such golden phrasing, such beautiful artistry. It is not only a pleasure but a public duty. Æsthetic alertness and enthusiasm in the reading public is just as necessary to make a fine literature possible as great writers are. But, surely we do literature no real service by confusing an author's qualities and applauding the excellence he has not, or has in very small measure, instead of the excellence he has, and that in overflowing measure."

"Still I wonder if you give full weight to the difference the time makes. Such people in the Middle Ages did not have any *character* worth mentioning, and, I think, it is refreshing that the *dramatis personæ* are so simple, so delightfully lacking in Ibsenian complexities."

"Yes; but the poetic idea of love at the end of the play is not simple or mediæval is it? It is way beyond Dante, far more like Ibsen, modern, in brief."

"How do you like the other interlude with Tessa and the girls in the drug-shop?"

"Oh! the situation is interesting there through oddity rather than life-likeness. It piques the sense with the strangeness of mediæval days when everybody believed in love-potions. Of course that is fascinatingly novel to us of the nineteenth century who cling only to faith in 'lucky boxes' and 'mascots,' and 'magical healing.'

But, after all, criticastering aside,—which I don't want you to think I set store by, for I don't,—the management of the plot is clever enough, if only a skin-deep contrivance; it is not such little things, it is the lack of a larger vitality and direct emotional movement that I feel. I would fain be swept on, warmed, and convinced dramatically. Suasion, warmth, and conviction I do get poetically, through the charm and romance of the verse, when the lovers meet, at last, alone in the arbour at the first faint stir of dawn and read alternately to each other in the glimmering light from the drowsy page of the famous old love story through which their own love kindles into flame and undoes them quite. Their 'Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it,' as Dante says. Your eloquent eyes cannot gleam more over that than my soul does, whose shining you can't see. And what a fine ominous touch was unobtrusively insinuated at the very threshold of the play to prepare the way for this tender climax, when in the first act Francesca is made to say that she has as yet grieved over none but 'ancient woes, sea perils or some long-ago farewell,' she has as yet '*wept but on the pages of a book*,' and Paolo answers—

'Come nothing nearer than such far-off tears
Or *peril from the pages of a book*.'

Ah! there's a bit of thoroughly dramatic modelling which I applaud with all my heart."

"See, here, Monsieur Discriminator, you must keep up this battle better. I am staying this talk out for the pleasure of the fray, and you and Mademoiselle Enthusiasm are wearing the same colors to such a degree, now, that I can scarcely tell you apart."

"I never proposed not to discriminate in favor of what seemed to me good, as well as against what seemed to me deficient, please you, sir. Don't mistake my *rôle*."

"Well, my praise of Lucrezia seems to remain unchallenged. I am hoping to be enthusiastic with discrimination, yet."

"But there again I am cold. Is Lucrezia real? I don't know, I confess. She may be of the sort more frequent in the Middle Ages than now—the savage primitive sort of woman. As to

Lucrezia, you see — if it is any comfort to you, sir man-of-the-world, to have this combat of criticism kept up — I may say that I fail to understand, dramatically speaking, what she is for. Externally she is useful, of course, to put Giovanni on the right track ; but is she only created in order to provide a part for the *donna secunda*, or to show what a dunderhead the man is not to suspect what she at once scents out ? What is her worth as a character in herself ? Does she love Giovanni ? It is suggested in her first words that he has been dear to her. But the clew drops, and nothing more comes of it. Whether she is jealous, then, of Francesca, or merely envious, because she may have the children, she, Lucrezia, vainly craves, is uncertain. Dramatically, the outline either way is wavering, the hints wasted ; for in the last act she adopts quite another course of action, and takes Francesca's part. Apparently the author makes her do this from the instinct to introduce at the close of the action the time-honored dramatic trick that will seem to forestall the tragic end, but she herself is as ineffective in this as her intervention is ineffectual. Of course, her intervention ought to be ineffectual, but she herself ought not to be ineffective. She ought to add to the tragedy. Instead she adds to my impatience. Amid the solemn beauty of Giovanni's final command that the lovers he has slain be brought 'in all reverent and seemly' to a 'second wedding,' the right outpouring from her is a wordless wail. But who can stand more than that ? Her final speeches are puling discords to Giovanni's last touching words. Not a sound more than her 'Ah ! ah ! ah !' should she have been permitted to utter. Her every other word jars."

"You know I believe you convince me there, although I had not noticed how unnecessary her last lines were, because that last simple speech of Giovanni is so supreme. Ah ! There is your 'burden' that justifies the fatalism of the play, so foregone a conclusion, as you say, from the start. It is a burden decidedly different from Dante's stern moral. Their love was sin to Dante. He brought his Paolo and Francesca to the eternal worst of sorrow, in misery remembering happier days, and, for all his tears and

swooning for pity of them, he doomed them to whirl like dried up leaves in Hell forever. That love which to Dante was sin is merely fate in Phillips, so merely fate that the two young lovers are blameless, piteous for their misfortunes, but enviable for their consummation of a love impossible to punish."

"Yes, yes; there is the modern psychic note. There the poet did indeed break open the door and let the spirit out, as he makes his Francesca say, — To vengeance, left the weeds, but let the 'souls together soar away.' Here's the book in my pocket. And here, here's the climax, — the sun-lit summit of the whole work, I grant you. But is it not modern? What I mean by the happy inconsistency of the work comes out here: —

" ' *Francesca.*

Ah, Paolo, if we
Should die to-night, then whither would our souls
Repair? There is a region which priests tell of
Where such as we are punished without end.

Paolo. Were we together, what can punish us?

Francesca. Nothing! . . .

Paolo. What can we fear, we two?

O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun enthrals the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.
Even by such attraction we two rush
Together through the everlasting years
Us, then, whose only pain can be to part,
How wilt thou punish? For what ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together! — where we are is endless fire.
There centuries shall in a moment pass,
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,
How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part? '"

"Well, I suppose this pause of silent rapture is the 'Amen' to 'Paolo and Francesca.' May the 'Man-of-the-World' break in again and change the subject? Now, is n't that a choicely, elegant looking bit of binding and presswork?"

"Oh! Swinburne's 'Rosamund.'"

"Done in this country, too, you see. Give me Boston for typographical good taste. These dark blue boards, too, with the simple gold lettering, ruling, and graceful stamp decoration there, have you often seen anything more quietly alluring in a plain volume? As to the text inside, now. Do you find any 'happy inconsistency,' any 'modern psychic touch' in this closet-drama?"

"No; I think all that sort of modern flavor is rigorously avoided. And I confess I miss it; and find Phillips warmer, sweeter, and more inviting. And yet there is a stately beauty about 'Rosamund' that is admirable, and the cold even flow of poetic workmanship is masterly, characteristic of Swinburne's polished metrical technique."

"Since he is one of the great Victorians of the earlier age it isn't fitting, I suppose, for a mere man-of-the-world to carp at his inventions, and then he has always been given to the lurid; but this play of his is what I mean by 'decadent.' It is so — ingeniously unpleasant?"

"It certainly is a grisly idea to test a wife's love for her chief-tan husband who killed her father in battle by asking her to pledge him in a beaker fashioned out of her father's skull. Still it is inhuman enough to be really human. A solid trait in keeping with the rest of these sixth century Lombard natures whom Swinburne brings upon his scene. They are full of savagery, and also of nobility, oddly commingled."

"Ugh! I am not true, now, to the character of Enthusiasm you have given me. I like sweet and pathetic gestures, and romances of old like this of Phillips's. Unpleasant plays avaunt!"

"Oh! it gets worse than that, farther on. This Rosamund the wife, Queen of the Lombards, drinks from the skull dutifully enough, smooth as Niagara before the plunge, but she vows

vengeance under her breath, and she plans and carries out the most intricately nasty revenge you ever heard of, drawing into her network of deceit, as helpless tools of her royal will two beautiful young people of her court, a pair of as genuine lovers, I dare say, as your Paolo and Francesca. I don't know but you ought to read it, for their sakes, you who like romance, and skip the rest. But it would be hard to avoid the shivery parts. And yet, I suppose, Discrimination personified, here, will tell us that this work ought not to be ruled out of market."

"By no means. If you ruled out poetic dramas because they were lurid what would become of half the grand old Elizabethan plays. What Swinburne writes must be read in their light. They are what he feeds his muse upon — not the human nature 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought' of the degenerate days on which we are fallen. That is *he* would think them degenerate. I don't of course. I prefer the modern psychical complexities, although I appreciate the antique too. So, I think he is not at all what is ordinarily meant by a 'decadent,' you see, for that is a term of reproach that is hurled at the adventurous moderns. It's a misnomer, I hold. Decadent is the adjective that ought to be applied to imitative work, patterned after the old styles which have won their way and which everybody has grown used to; while everything that is abused and misnamed 'decadent' is almost sure to be, in some way, unusual and original."

"How curious!"

"Well, pardon me, if I venture to disbelieve in the exactitude of the word 'decadent' as an index of an author's special quality, when such diverse writers as Maeterlink, Zola, Hauptmann, Hardy, Ibsen, and Stephen Phillips have all been called decadent. Maeterlink is distinctively mystical and ideal, Zola is distinctively materialistic and zealous for practical reforms, Hauptmann is distinctively symbolistic, Hardy is distinctively realistic, and Ibsen is — well, a mixture of all these, raised to the highest degree of dramatic vitality. I accept the word 'decadent,' therefore, as a much worked term of abuse revealing nothing but the general



public's dislike of originality in an author in whatever diverse way it may find expression in him."

"Then I suppose you don't regard Swinburne as peculiarly dramatic because his fount of inspiration is Elizabethan?"

"That would be an external way of being dramatic, would it not? Real dramatic vitality seems to me to be almost never poured into the precisely studied dramatic moulds of yesterday. The real question lies deeper and nearer to men and women. But although, to my mind, Swinburne is not gifted with the breath that confers convincing life, still his figures start up in postures of energy, here and there, as if they were almost ready to detach themselves in semi-relief from the inert background of his statu-esque imaginings. And what an artful balance and symmetry of workmanship there is about his verse!" *C. P.*

('Paolo and Francesca.' A tragedy in four acts by Stephen Phillips. John Lane, The Bodley Head. London and New York. 1900. \$1.25. 'Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards.' A tragedy by Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899. \$1.50.)



SELECT NEW BOOKS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

VERY attractive is the form in which a little monograph on Kean's presentation of Shylock appears from the pen and press of Truman Joseph Spencer. Under the title 'Here he comes in the likeness of a Jew,' with portraits of Kean, and a reproduction of the playbill, which noticed as briefly as possible the first appearance of the man who is so important in the development of histrionic interpretation of this character, is told the story of Kean's poverty and early struggles, and his sudden marvellous achievement—how "the Shylock of verity came to London, and prosperity to Edmund Kean." In Shakespeare's own day merely a comic figure, a red-haired and deformed buffoon, Shylock was reincarnated by Macklin about the time of Kean's birth as the very spirit of cruel revenge, a conception which appealed to Pope as "the very Jew that Shake-

speare drew." But Kean gave to this figure an intellectual power, asserted the moral dignity in this scion of a down-trodden race, so that Coleridge said to watch him was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. (Hartford: Truman Joseph Spencer.)

H. S. O.

ONE of those exquisite books born of the "hoarded thoughts that others are in the habit of letting go" is the volume entitled, 'Love Letters of a Musician.' It is a book written in sympathy with nature in her sweetest, shyest moods, and with the musician in the loftiest aspirations of his art, and the musician's vision of beauty in nature and of purpose in his art are both inspired by love of her whom he "sees in every flower and hears in all the music that sings inside and outside his heart." The book is very dainty and attractive in form, printed in two colours, each letter with a musical theme appropriate to its mood, changing from *adagio* to *allegro vivace* and from *andante* to the *jubilate* of the Bridal Chorus from 'Lohengrin.' (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

H. S. O.

SELMA LAGERLÖF'S stories have a flavor all their own, and all the better that it has a double savor. Her work is dreamy and fanciful but not altogether so. There is always a smack of the homespun realities of Swedish folk-life underneath. Readers of the two short stories by her, given in the Summer Number, 1899, of *Poet-lore*, have felt their hearts warm toward the genius of the writer of 'It' and 'The Legend of Hatto, the Hermit' and will be glad to welcome the publication of 'Invisible Links.' This is a collection of Miss Lagerlöf's short stories, translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach, in which along with the two stories just mentioned, here called 'The Legend of the Bird's Nest' and 'Downie' (the latter a closer rendering of the original title, 'Dunungen,' if not so true a name for the love story) appear the whimsical 'Spirit of Fasting and Petter Nord,' the poetically suggestive and witty story of a 'Fallen King,' and ten other tales and sketches. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1899. \$1.50.)

TOLSTOY'S great novel, 'Resurrection,' the title chosen for

the work in America, is at last ready. The English translation by Mrs. Louise Maude is the only one authorized by Count Tolstoy, the translation having been made from his manuscript and under his direction. The Russian edition has been emasculated, containing but little more than the story, and the parts suppressed by the Russian censors are in many respects the most interesting and vital, for they are those dealing with prison life in Russia, the political persecutions and the exile of prisoners. It is an arraignment of social evils, sombre and cruel, but as powerful as anything he has done. The theme is that of a woman's life weighed down and well nigh extinguished by the most terrible misfortunes and tragedies, but finally, through the power of love resurrected and made new. The author's royalties will be devoted to the assistance of the Russian Doukhobors, who are now emigrating to Canada to escape the persecutions which they have been undergoing at the hands of the Russian government.

PROFESSOR WOODBERRY'S 'Makers of Literature' will contain reprints of his 'Studies in Letters and Life' together with essays on Shelley, Landor, Browning, Arnold, Byron, Coleridge, Lowell, Whittier, and others which have since appeared.

FREDERIC HARRISON in his 'Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates,' just published by the Macmillan Company, devotes three chapters to Ruskin as a master of prose and as a prophet. The core of Ruskin's teaching about art, he says, is that it has always been a sort of preface to his teaching of honesty, purity, discipline and religion.

SWINBURNE'S complete poems, revised and rearranged by the author, will be published soon by Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE Prose of Edward Rowland Sill, John Burroughs's 'The Light of Day,' essays on religious and philosophical questions from a naturalist's standpoint, and Professor Royce's 'Conception of Immortality,' are among Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Spring books of Essays; and, in Verse, Mr. W. W. Newell's translation of Michel Angelo's Sonnets and Madrigals, the Cambridge edition of Scott, and Mr. Stedman's welcome 'American Anthology' are noticeable.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

—JULIA MARLOWE in 'Barbara Frietchie' has given evidence, this Winter, that she has the key to a subtler dramatic witchery. Her always graceful and well-modulated talent has ripened and deepened in human appeal. She was ever the light of the eyes of her auditors, she has grown to be the warmth of their hearts. Her almost tricky attractiveness they could not bear to lose altogether, but they enjoy it the more that it is not the mould her every mood is cast in, and that a sweet fine seriousness, and a still more stirring emotional magnetism have enriched her earlier magic.



—THE part she has to play ranges from a passing coquetry to a frank and willing tenderness, and thence to a struggle for true love's sake against a series of obstacles almost amusing in their cumulative difficulty, if one stops to notice them as features in the manufacture of the play. Surely, never did melodrama so pile it on, as this play of our late Civil War does. First Barbara has to contend with her own prejudices as a Southern girl against the corresponding prejudices of her Yankee lover. A flag Thomas Jefferson opportunely, and occultly as it were, had given to her grandfather, seems to be some help to her here. Then she has to reckon with an irate father, and, thereafter, with the various difficulties incident upon a runaway marriage to the Captain of the regiment—the very regiment which her own brother at the head of his men is forcing to evacuate the town. From the arms of the belated bridegroom she is torn unmarried by these exigencies of war. She pleads for her lover's life with her brother, then with the sharpshooters who are levelling their guns between the shutters of the parsonage-parlor to pick off Captain Trumbull as he marches



through the street. To the ugliest of these sharpshooters she betakes herself; his love for mother, sweetheart, and whiskey are all played upon, in vain, and he is ready to fire, when she sinks to the argument to force, seizes a gun and wings the shooter herself. But all to no purpose! It is the cardinal principle of this play that nothing shall be prevented. Agonies and reliefs only lead to more agony. The lover is shot all the same. And in the next act Barbara's struggle for "quiet," as the essential condition for the "one chance in a thousand" for his recovery, is maintained against the wounded sharp-shooter, the stubborn father, and a maniac lover, with the usual victory as far as she is concerned, yet with utter failure for all that.

The ghastly death scene at dawn is followed by the triumphant occupation of the Southern soldiers, and the waving of the Thomas Jefferson flag by the grief-stricken girl from the balcony amid the jeers and hisses of the rejoicing South. Here comes in the famous Stonewall Jackson order,—“Who touches a hair of that woman's head dies like a dog.” But again the playwright, infatuated with gloom, builds us up to cast us down, the maniac lover shoots, and dainty Barbara drops limp upon the balcony railing—a piteous victim to an exacting play.



— ONLY a refined and well-adjusted stage-craft could carry off without prejudice to itself the probabilities for rant and bathos so plentifully afforded by these situations in 'Barbara Frietchie.'

Barbara is the play, though with well attempered support from the various other characters who revolve within her orbit. And it must be confessed that the quaint fashions of the early '60's, the pretty Southern house-interiors, as well as the easy natural comedy-acting of the group of Southern girls about her, of the Parson's wife, Annie Clarke, of the lover, the bluff-sharpshooter, and the rest, is all a becoming whorl of leafage well arranged to show off

the central flower. But though the burden of the night's playing thus rests upon her, she never over-acts.

Especially delicate and true was the girlish simplicity of her entreaty of her father, the candid avowal of her voice daring the trouble lurking shrinkingly in her pleading eyes. If ever actress deserved a dialogue with the veiled passion of genius in it, she does, and we venture to say that her manager is too timid. He undercalculates her power to impress her audience and carry it captive wheresoever she chooses, if he supposes that she could not make even a really superior play "take" with her public as well as this clever but artificial melodrama does. Her public will go to see her, whatever she plays, and it will be simply added attraction to the more critical, and further incitement to her newly unfolding power to enact deeper parts, if the drama she plays in be more potently human and genuine.



— OSTROVSKY'S 'The Storm' is either not well-translated or not worth translating. As a drama it is crude and graceless. As a problem-play it is antiquated and ill-calculated for this meridian. In no essential does it rightly belong, we think, to the thoroughly sophisticated yet vital and artistic dramas, — Ibsen's 'Master-builder,' Hauptmann's 'Sunken Bell,' Echegaray's 'Il Galeotto,' — which preceded it in 'The Course of Modern Plays,' as given recently in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, to the great enjoyment of many friends and lovers of original contemporaneous dramatic art.

It does not speak well for the literary penetration of whoever has the choice of the plays to be performed in this Course that this Russian drama is included on a par with the foregoing ones of the series; and it is a pity that a bungling perception of what that subtle spirit is in which the modern dramatic renaissance consists should prejudice in any way the gallant attempt to stem the flood of the merely mercantile in dramatic art.



— MISS FLORENCE KAHN, however, as Katia, by means of the same unstilted yet deeply emotionalized and poetic acting which made her Hilda Wangel in the Ibsen play a bit of golden enchantment, darted an arrowy gleam of light into the murk of these hopeless Russian situations. And Miss Kate Hassett as Katia's mother-in-law, as well as Mr. Claggett, and others of the actors in the cast, inspirited the movement with episodes of well-acted naturalness, doing their best to redeem the conspicuous *gaucheries* of the dismal piece.



— WHEN we saw Mrs. Fiske play Becky Sharp she seemed to us to reveal how it was that such a cool, dangerously deceitful, creature was evolved. That wary self-poise of hers, that constant attitude as of one on guard for her life and for the wherewithal to maintain it, insinuated the social fact that there was no room in unprofessional English society in the good old days, scarcely disturbed as yet and quite unimproved by agitation of the "Woman Question," for a phenomenally keen-witted and adroit young woman without fortune or family.

Poor Becky ! able and clearly conscious of her ability to excel in many things and with an artist's taste for the sensuous side of well being and dainty living — why should she choose to be nursery governess when all these titled and moneyed noodles about her were free to flock along the "primrose path" ?

Did Thackeray himself see how unfair her conditions were ? Mrs. Fiske does.



— POSSIBLY Mrs. Fiske makes Becky hope, for the one irrational instant of her cool-headed course, that Miss Crawley might perchance care enough in mere human kindness for Rawdon and herself — her Becky whom she "cannot live without" — to back them up against Vanity Fair. If so, the self-absorbed old lady

soon undeceives her, and nevermore henceforth could Becky make such a miscalculation as to trust her heart to any friend but her own wits.

Harder and more glitteringly fascinating does she become as she hurls herself on in the reckless game.

The curiously voluble utterance, the lightning patness which are Mrs. Fiske's characteristics in playing Becky show how preternaturally alive and ready for prey her brain became. She seems to stand detached, one woman's head against the entrenched careless world of organized social privilege.



— “Now, Becky would at least seem to have, I should think,” said a man who went to see her, “that peculiarly feminine yieldingness and allurements a man likes.”

But probably Mrs. Fiske meant to represent her as increasingly destitute of that first pretense of hers at softness, and therefore to be somewhat lacking in the feminine charm. What she had of the purring puss came out in her first scenes only; and a dangerous gleaming-eyed feline whose claws tremble in their sheath is she at the Waterloo ball and thereafter. The interpretation suggested is that her mental alertness fast outgrew all bounds, and that she triumphed rather through gratifying the craving of Vanity Fair to be entertained and kept from boredom — through its wicked delight in dare-devilry, — its awe in being understood, overmastered and outdone in materialism, — than through having its sensuous animalism flattered.



— OF COURSE she falls a victim to the appetite she has fostered. It was again the story of “the woman pays.” And the externally different and yet inwardly similar situation which

Mrs. Fiske presents, as Tess last winter and as Becky this winter, in the scenes with Angel Clare and with Rawdon Crawley when both are so virtuously crying out about their "honor," is the highest witness to her insight and gifts as an actress in the portrayal of the character and lot of such a woman as Becky Sharp.



—PELLE MOLIN, who died at the age of thirty-two, left only a few literary pieces, but those few stand alone for intensity, free originality, and charm. Molin's slender sketches are worth more than tons of the novels that crowd the book mart. They bear the large stamp of Nature—the nature of the mountains of North Sweden, and they are full of the wondrous poetry of the land of the midnight sun. In the realm of fiction Molin was born a prince, and in the province of Angermanland, in a sparsely settled part of Northern Sweden, he was born the son of a peasant father and a gypsy mother.

He came to Stockholm to study art at the Royal Art Academy. But his strong independent nature revolted against the conventionalities of the city, and he early left Stockholm to lead a roving life, which proved full of hardships. On the mountain-tops among the Lapps, he loved to dwell or to wander in the northern part of Norway, whose peaceful people and romantic country he glowingly describes. "Down with those who talk about war!" was his great word to his countrymen.

It was an irreparable loss to Swedish literature when this ardent young viking, succumbing to many hardships, died in 1892 at Bodo in Norway.

The brief piece by him, given in this number of *Poet-love*, supplies a haunting glimpse of his poetic spirit, the 'Story about Gunnell' bearing with it, too, the quaint fragrance of the Northland, and reminding the English reader of the kindred aroma floating its way into the sense with the music of Edvard Grieg.

— KARL A. TAVASTSTJERNA, of Finland, born 1850, is renowned among his people as a writer of novels, sketches, etc. 'Without Words,' which appears as a specimen of his genius in this number of *Poet-love* is from a collection of sketches called 'Marines,' and is notable among them for the delicacy, the social wit and insight characteristic of him.



— I DON'T remember having seen in *Poet-love* any account of Renan's brilliant monograph, 'Caliban.' It was written by him on one of the islands of the beautiful Bay of Naples (Ischia, I think) and the poetry of the scene has got into its pages. Its keen satire of pseudo-democracy and rampant anarchy are only equalled by the cutting irony that plays like rapier lightnings about the ears of the Moloch of the Hebraic theology in Brown-ing's 'Caliban upon Setebos.'

Renan's hero, Caliban, is the savage taught how to think. In him Renan would typify the banal people uprisen against idealism, against the superiority of birth and intellect, against religion. The drama is an amplification of an implication. The idea implied in Caliban's cry "Freedom, highday freedom!" is that such freedom will result in libertinism and anarchy, and the attempt at murder which Prospero stamps out on the island is renewed in Milan.

The scene opens in the Carthusian convent of Pavia near Milan with a talk between Caliban and Ariel (our old friend Trinculo, too, is at court, but rather melancholy). Now that Caliban has had his shag of hair cut, his chin shaved and his long devil's-nails pared, and has learned to think, he wants to revolt from Prospero's service. Ariel is deeply shocked at his murderous designs. The little dainty spirit with the power of a god and the mind of a child, removed from faerie into the yahoo atmosphere of a great city droops and pines like a wild bird caged. Renan does him an injustice, too. Whenever he introduces him in the drama

he turns a peg and lets on the music in the air, without any apparently sufficient reason. The result is we are about as disgusted with his *éternelle mandolinade* as the drunken "demi-devil" Caliban is, as he lies in Prospero's wine cellar in a pool of wine.

One is at first pleased at finding Prospero after his twelve years of exile reinstated in his ducal honors and comforts. But one soon finds that the old days on the island were fuller of happiness than the cares of state will permit in the midst of a dangerous and turbulent populace. Or rather, Prospero finds it so eventually. For we find him, in the first act, at his old tricks of shirking the cares of government to indulge in those secret studies that lost him his dukedom before. And here, on the night before he is again to lose it, he gives another of his magic masques, or phantasmagories. The palace garden is brilliantly illuminated. There are "hautes fenêtres ouvertes, par lesquelles on voit les lustres de l'intérieur; longues galeries entourées extérieurement d'arbres exotiques; troupes de musiciens établis sous les bosquets," etc., etc.

The spectacle is one of steel giants crushing the old gods of flesh and blood, the old pantheons yielding before the advent of steam and materialism. The discussions between pairs of citizens walking arm in arm under the trees of the lawn reveal that an *émeute* is imminent. Prospero is warned by good Gonzalo in vain. The revolution comes. Caliban is elevated to Prospero's place by the mob, who hail him as *le grand citoyen Caliban, chef du peuple*. He had advised them to burn Prospero's books and either strangle him or put him in a cage; but in ten hours after being made ruler, and but one day after having had his bones snapping and his tendons strained and cracking under Prospero's charms, he finds himself cooled down from an anarchist to a conservative respecter of property and the powers that be! To this effect he soliloquizes, as he lies at night in Prospero's chamber. Profound silence reigns around him. A lamp suspended from the ceiling sheds down its soft opaline rays, its chasings cutting upon the wall a silhouette of the combat of a griffin and a wyvern (*ouivre*). The ceiling is of

intense blue, and upon it are painted in colossal size the signs of the zodiac. Around the bed are paintings depicting the amours of Jupiter.

Prospero, on receiving at his rural retreat news of Caliban's elevation first breaks out into laughter, and then sends Ariel to assemble all his spirits and gather all his powers to crush the rioters. Ariel obeys. "But presently harsh discordant sounds are heard as of a harp with broken strings or a violin pieced out with strings, and Ariel descends heavily into the courtyard of the cloister, like a tired bird that has crossed the sea. Little by little he becomes visible and is seen to be disheartened, frightened and covered with dust." He has discovered that to expect the stupid mob to be moved by anything supernatural or mysterious is like expecting the Himalayas to be rubbed out by waving a gauze veil before them. The people were deaf to his sweet music and scornful of his spectres and St. Elmo's fires. They were positivists. "La où Caliban peut tout, nous ne pouvons rien," he cries. "You might as well talk Latin to a stone as play the lyre before these obdurate sinners."

Caliban is at the top and stays there. Prospero he spares to "exploit him," — the joke being that he had aroused the people on the very ground that he and they were being exploited by the rich. He now thinks Prospero will shed lustre on his reign by his scientific researches. When the Inquisition sends to seize Prospero, his successor refuses to give him up. "Vive Caliban!" cries Prospero. Positivism then, he thinks, has its good side; it is anti-clerical.

But Ariel can serve his old master no longer. He doesn't understand two kinds of mastery; he can't "act the earthly and abhorr'd commands" of Caliban any more than he could of his mother Sycorax. With a sad farewell to Prospero, and breathing the sentiment (where did he learn Latin?) *prius mori quam fœdari*, "death rather than defilement," he exhales in a delicate harmony of sound to mingle his ethereal substance with all that is pure and beautiful in the world, — the azure of the wave and the perfume



of the rose, the life of the plant, the virgin snow of a young girl's bosom and the blonde of her *tresses de cheveux*.

Renan seems to have taken a bare hint or two from the execrable 'Virgin Queen': A sequel to Shakespeare's 'Tempest' by F. G. Waldron, 1797. In both dramas Caliban and Ariel leave the island with Prospero and enact scenes corresponding to their respective natures. Furness, p. 449, of the Variorum 'Tempest,' gives an abstract of Waldron's piece. *W. S. Kennedy.*



—BERNHARDT'S views of Hamlet's madness are given as follows according to an interviewer for the London *Chronicle* who had a chat with her upon her impersonation of Hamlet at the Adelphi Theatre :

" 'Your idea of Hamlet, I take it, is that of a slender, willowy youth?'

" 'Because the original impersonator of Hamlet was a fat man, therefore the tradition has remained that the noble Dane was of stout proportions. Here again, according to my lights, is an absolute error. He was slender and supple of limb, a man of nerves and intellect, dramatic and passionate in temperament. His hesitation and perplexities are mostly assumed, for as an avenger he must act a part and appear not to feel the storm of rage and indignation that runs riot in his blood.'

" 'Then,' I exclaimed, 'you do not believe that Hamlet was really mad?'

" 'Mad,' said Sarah Bernhardt slowly, as she bent down and clasped her hands in her ruddy hair, and her voice was like that of one in a dream. 'What could those who said he was mad be thinking of? He feigned madness to effect his purpose, and carry out his ends. Observe, too, how he was all things to all men; boisterous and amusing in his frolics with Polonius; wicked with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern because he knew them to be evil; terrible with the king. He suits his moods to his purpose. It is

all clear as day! With Ophelia there is no feigning, he is always real with her.' And here the cadence of Sarah's incomparable voice changes to the softest music. 'No need to speak of love, or pity poor Ophelia. She is Hamlet himself with one tender spot in his seared heart for the beauty he bade depart to a nunnery lest she should turn him from the path of vengeance he has mapped out for his own.'

"The great actress knows the secret power of things unsaid, which is more potent than the eloquence of speech.

"'Hamlet's insanity would give the lie to the very keynote of his character,' continues Mme. Bernhardt. 'Remember, too, he was not an Englishman but a Dane. I have endeavored to make him what he was. Perhaps you will be very angry if I tell you that Shakespeare is not English! He belongs to the world. His genius was what genius ever is, universal—cosmopolitan! He spoke in words that have reached the farthest corner of the earth, and found an echo in every heart! So profoundly am I imbued with the religion of Shakespeare that I cut out much less of Hamlet than you do on the English stage.'

"'Did you consider it a venture to play Hamlet in London?'

"'I did, and a very bold venture, too, for a Frenchwoman. But I was accorded a most generous and cordial reception.'

"'Can any man,' I ventured to ask her, 'quite grasp the inner nature of Hamlet?'

"'Perhaps not,' smiled Mme. Bernhardt. 'There is so much that is feminine in it. True, it takes the brains of a man, and the intuitive, almost psychic, power of a woman to give a true rendering of it.'"



—THE most recent development of literary life in Boston is the new "Authors' Club," which has been inaugurated under the best of auspices with Julia Ward Howe as President, and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Honorable Robert Grant, Mrs.



Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward as Vice-Presidents. The other officers in order are: Secretary, Miss Helen M. Winslow; Treasurer, Mr. Herbert D. Ward; Directors, Mrs. May Alden Ward, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, Mr. Sam Walter Foss; and Membership Committee, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Edward H. Clement, Hon. Robert Grant, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Miss Mary E. Wilkins.

The club began its career with a dinner at the "Vendôme," on Twelfth Night (January 6, 1900) followed by clever speech making. Mrs. Howe and Colonel Higginson were both in their happiest vein, and capped each other's wit and wisdom with charming spontaneity. After the speech-making came a dramatic reading of scenes from 'Twelfth Night' by members of the Cambridge Shakespeare Club, as entirely satisfactory a bit of amateur interpretation as one would wish to see, with Professor Fay as Malvolio, Mr. Curtis Guild as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., the Clown; Mr. Daniels, Sir Toby Belch; Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson, Olivia; Miss Richards, Maria; and Miss Marion Allen, Viola. With exquisite appreciation this group of readers brought out all Shakespeare's fun, and was there or will there ever be fun to equal that in this same play of 'Twelfth Night or What You Will'?

Since then, this young bud among clubs has had a series of coming-out parties, having been entertained by Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Higginson at their home in Cambridge, and by Miss Caroline Hazard, President of Wellesley, and other members of the Faculty and of the Club, at the College, and by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at her home on Beacon street.

There is no reason why a club of this sort should not be a most pleasant and profitable sort of a club, if the authors will only remember that they do not come together on the score of their all being transcendent geniuses of world-wide fame,—in a club of a hundred, this would be an impossibility,—but on the score that they are all interested in the divine art of literature, and that each in his own way is doing his best to contribute some little stone to the general upbuilding of that art they delight to honor.

So far, the club gives every promise of adopting just such a cultivated and well-bred attitude. Though various of the newspapers in New York as well as in Boston have had their flings at the undertaking, and sought to sow dissension by questioning the claims of this one or that one to fame, the club with dignified indifference has gone on its own way, and far from any of its members, though there be many most distinguished, pluming themselves upon their claims to immortality, they wear their authorship lightly and even crack jokes at their own expense.



— TO THE EDITORS:— Mr. Apthorp's comments, in the programme of the Boston Symphony Concert, upon the rarity of thorough musical knowledge among amateurs, and instances Browning in the following words:—

"Robert Browning, for instance, was generally supposed to know no end about music. Something he surely did know about it; his account of the fugue, in 'Master Hughes of Saxe-Gotha,' shows that he knew how to listen to a fugue intelligently; but when, in 'A Toccata at Galuppi's,' he speaks of 'sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,' he makes a display of rather questionable musical erudition. Not that there is no such thing as a diminished 6th,— for there is, though it is a comparative rarity, and composers seldom take the trouble to write it as such,— but that there is no probability of either Baldassare Galuppi (1706–1785) or any of the frequenters of his house ever having written or heard one. The diminished 6th belongs properly to modern chromatics.*

* I have even heard it argued that the diminished 6th — enharmonic of the perfect 5th — had no real existence; but I think it can be proved from passages in modern music that natural and logical chromatic voice-leading can bring it about. *I admit that I have never seen the interval mentioned in a treatise on harmony.* In general, the theory of "equivocal chords" still leaves much to be desired in point of completeness.

And what better proof of lack of thoroughness in musical education can there be than a misuse of terms?"

Now, if Mr. Apthorp ever heard of *Albrechtberger* and will turn to page 64 of his treatise on Harmony (2nd Ed. pub. by R. Cocks of London, 1844) he will find the diminished sixth fully described with directions for its use. Playing the example given will convince anyone of the appropriateness of the epithet applied to it by Browning.

Albrechtberger was contemporaneous with Galuppi for forty-nine years. He speaks of the diminished 6th chord not as something new but as if well known. It is more than probable that Browning was familiar with Albrechtberger's work, as it was the standard about the time that he was studying music.

Hugh A. Clarke.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 14, 1900.



——'SAIROKOU,' Mr. Kawakami's version in two acts of 'The Merchant of Venice,' as given by Japanese actors recently in Boston, is an adaptation made for Tokio. The action is in and of Japan. Even Skylock is not a Jew. Kawakami asserts that at least in his country no one race has all the avarice. His Shylock is a Japanese fisherman, who became wealthy by taking toll of ships that passed his lighthouse. He was extortionate and miserly. The Antonio is a ship-owner. Portia is two women instead of one, and both are Shylock's daughters. The elder is the masquerading "Judge"; the younger secretly loves Antonio. The pantomime of cutting off the pound of flesh is on this wise: As it is not a pound but "three square inches" of flesh which Shylock wants, he carries not scales but a carpenter's square and marker. Antonio bares his breast, whereon Shylock marks off in black lines the 3-inch square, and on his right side. Apparently the Japanese believes the heart is there. When Shylock begins to cut the flesh, the younger daughter begs her father to spare him. Her pleading

falls on deaf ears. She kills herself. Shylock continues to cut up. Then the elder daughter comes robed as a judge. When she sees her dead sister she weeps silently and mounts the bench, where she delivers a short speech. Shylock stops. Then he sees the dead body, and totters despairingly. Finally he raises the body and carries her off, falling once with her as he staggers.



—In an *Atlantic Monthly* of recent date Professor Lounsbury of Chaucer fame tries to prove that Browning's 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' will not bear scrutiny as a play. He declares that there is a "lack of adequate motive for the existence of the situation in which the lovers are represented as being at the time the play opens. And this is followed by a succession of acts, each one of which seems to vie with the one preceding in folly, if not surpass it. . . . It is simply impossible to conceive rational beings in real life conducting themselves with so thorough a disregard of ordinary sense."

We do not doubt if this group of young people, of whom Mildred and Mertoun were but a boy and girl, had all been Professor Lounsbury's and in a Philistine mood, they would have behaved in the calculating and conventional manner which he suggests as rational, but we do doubt if even they in their most irrational moments would have fallen into such a palpable error as that upon which the Professor bases one of his most crushing assaults upon the play. When Guendolen finds that Thorold has gone off (see Act II., lines 434-443) and it is most necessary that the Earl should be prevented from coming to the house until Thorold is found and told, he says, "She discovers that Lord Tresham has disappeared and cannot be found. With the knowledge of that fact her responsibility apparently ceases in her own eyes. Everything is against us, she remarks, and then all effort collapses. This woman of tact and resource simply folds her hands and awaits the results of the coming storm; and though she has learned Mildred's secret, she does not even act as her counselor."

If we turn to the play we shall see that all effort does not collapse with Guendolen at this point. On the contrary she says :

“I have thought. First lead this Mildred to her room.
Go on the other side ; and then we'll seek
Your brother : and I'll tell you, by the way,
The greatest comfort in the world. You said
There was a clue to all. Remember, Sweet,
He said there was a clue ! I hold it. Come !”

It is perfectly evident that she and Austin go in search of Tresham and, of course, just as frequently happens in real life, do not find him until too late.

In the meantime, Mildred,—whom the Professor thinks should have known better than to risk putting the light in the window for her lover again — waits for their return and since they do not return, naturally thinks they have not found Tresham yet, and puts the light in the window as usual.

It is quite possible that Guendolen tried to see Mertoun also, and could not find him, but we do not need to suppose this in order to prove that Guendolen had been searching for Tresham all day instead of giving up “all effort.”

As to the question of the rationality of the action throughout the play, it should be borne in mind that the England represented is of the Georgian era, when the head of a great family was indeed awe-inspiring, when old-style romance was dominant, and girls were not instructed in all knowledge as they are now. Furthermore, Professor Lounsbury's experience of life must be very limited if he has not discovered that highly-strung, sensitive people frequently do act irrationally under stress of great emotion. Would there indeed be any tragedy or sorrow or regret in life if human beings acted only rationally ?



—PROFESSOR LOUNSBURY's article is called ‘A Philistine View,’ and he takes as his text of departure a sentence from the Biographical Introduction to the recent ‘Camberwell Edition of Browning,’ quoting as follows :

“A favorite weapon in the hands of the Philistines has been the oft-reiterated statement that the performance was a failure. A letter from Browning to Mr. Hill, editor of the *Daily News* at the time of the revival of the ‘Blot’ by Lawrence Barrett in 1884, drawn out by the same old falsehood, gives the truth in regard to the matter, and should silence once for all the ubiquitous Philistine.”

But he does not tell where he found his quotation, which raised the question in our minds as to whether it is any more knightly to attack an enemy in print whose identity you keep in the dark or to attack an enemy and keep your own identity in the dark, especially when you are indebted to the enemy for the suggestion of a subject which opens out possibilities for a brilliant flow of wit.

Be that as it may, Professor Lounsbury with a laudable thirst for the truth has proved to his satisfaction that Browning had forgotten the rights of the circumstances in regard to the production of his own play, and that in this letter, generally accepted as clearing up the matter, he has made a number of egregious mistakes proved by consulting Macready’s ‘Diary’ and the newspaper advertisements of the time, and Professor Lounsbury triumphantly waves aloft again the banner of the Philistines under which he enlists himself, so joins his voice to the reiterant cry that the ‘Blot’ was a failure when it was first acted in England.

Every lover of truth, for conscience sake, must thank Professor Lounsbury for his efforts to arrive at it, though it be a truth that has a bitter taste because it reveals the poet we delight to honor as a man whose extraordinary memory was sometimes subject to mists of inaccuracy,—that is if everybody places the unbounded faith in Macready and the newspapers that Professor Lounsbury seems to place in them. We mean sometime, when we have exhausted all the interesting things there are to do in this world, to consult the newspapers of the time for their theatrical advertisements as Professor Lounsbury suggests.

After all what effect has all this “tiresome talking” upon the main contention as to whether the ‘Blot’ will stand the acting



test? That can only be settled by acting it again, and then, were the verdict favorable it would not be settled for more than this generation, and a certain class of cultivated play-goers. Each generation will have its ideal of acting and theactable, as well as its popular notions. It is quite certain that 'Shore Acres' would be far more of a public success than the 'Blot,' but so it would than 'The Masterbuilder,' yet the latter calls forth unwonted enthusiasm from picked audiences.

Is it not about time that success should cease to be confused with popularity? With the march of development more and more must artistic taste become differentiated and the success of a play be measured in its relation to the character of the audience, and the prejudices of the time.



—Among the young poets of America there is not one who bids fair to reach a higher plane than Josephine Preston Peabody, whose one book, 'The Wayfarers,' has already brought her fame which many an older hand might envy. Those who have not yet read this book have missed that most pleasurable of all sensations, the instant conviction that here we have a poet! Subtlety, mysticalness, and rich melody are her portion to begin with, and so dowered, what may she not become?

We shall have an opportunity before long to see her in another guise. She has a second volume nearly ready and according to hearsay it is to open with a one-act play, which will be a surprise to those who have been especially attracted by her mystical idealism.

We have had no glimpse of this play, but one who has been privileged to a peep at it declares that it is entirely different in character from her previous work, and will probably astonish her readers on account of its unequivocal realism. Besides this volume nearly ready, she has under way still another play. This is all very good news, for we are becoming weary of watching for a poet of the dramatic type, and if she succeeds in really freeing herself from

the subjective rut in which all America's poets have worked more or less, and gives us poetic dramas with both real life and true poetry in them, we shall have reason to be grateful.



—In the fifteenth line from the end of the poem 'Yucatan' in this number of *Poet-lore* the readers should insert *and* before the words "where wit," and rectify an error of the printer or proof-readers which mars the rhythm.



—THE *Boston Evening Record* of December 5, 1899, quotes among its clippings of bits wise and witty the following:—

"Hitch your wagon to a star."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

So Chicago borrows Boston's ancient thunderbolts forged by its antique god of Concord, and modern Boston,—think of it!—applauds the sentiment and ignores the source.



—RICHARD HOVEY's untimely death in New York, February 24, at the age of thirty-five, is a disappointment of a poignant sort to the well-wishers of skill and originality in American Verse. His published achievement may be summed up in the following list:

'The Laurel,' 1889; 'Launcelot and Guenevere,' 1891; 'Seaward, An Elegy,' 1893; 'Songs from Vagabondia' (with Bliss Carman), 1894; 'The Marriage of Guenevere,' 1895; 'More Songs from Vagabondia' (with Carman), 1896, 'Taliesin,' 1896; 'The Quest of Merlin,' 1898; 'The Birth of Galahad,' 1898; 'Along the Trail,' 1898.

'Taliesin,' originally published in 1896, in *Poet-lore*, has just



been brought out in book form, as one of the Launcelot and Guenevere series. Five more volumes for this series had been planned.



—We learn with pleasure that Helen Abbott Michael is writing a book on the distinguished American scientist and thinker Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, whose recent death was a grief to scientific and personal friends on both sides of the Atlantic. This projected book will doubtless have more interest than the ordinary biography, for we understand that it is her purpose to trace his thought-life rather than his actual life. Dr. Brinton having been a friend of her family's and of herself since she was a little girl she has had unusual opportunities for observing his growth in the direction of nineteenth century liberal thought, in both its social and religious aspects, and may be expected to present a thoroughly interesting study of him from the psychological point of view.

Besides the advantage of a life-long friendship with Dr. Brinton, Mrs. Michael is herself distinguished in scientific lines of work as well as being an enthusiastic student of social and ethical problems. These pursuits brought her into intellectual *rapproch* with Dr. Brinton and make her especially qualified for the task she has set herself. The title of the book is to be 'Daniel Garrison Brinton: the Philosopher.' Mrs. Michael has two other books also under way, 'A Study of Social Conditions' and a volume of Essays, entitled 'Truth, Freedom, and Love.' These books are her first ventures in the more purely literary field, her work up to this time having been almost exclusively contributions to her chosen science of chemistry, the list of her published articles and pamphlets covering such subjects as 'A Chemical Study of Yucca Angustifolia,' 'Fouquieria Splendens,' 'On Haematoxylin in the Bark of Saraca Indica,' 'Certain Chemical Constituents of Plants Considered in Relation to their Morphology and Evolution,' 'Chemical Investigation of Nance Bark,' 'On the Occurrence in Certain Plants of Solid Hydro-carbons,' 'On Sugars,' 'Chemical Basis of Plant

Forms,' 'Plant Chemistry as an Applied Science,' 'Comparative Chemistry of Higher and Lower Plants,' 'A Review of Recent Synthetic Work in the Class of Carbo-hydrates,' and several others published in German.



—MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has had three offers for 'Paolo and Francesca,' from American managers, among them Mr. Richard Mansfield, says the *London Academy*. Mr. Alexander, however, the English actor who commissioned 'Paolo,' declined to surrender the American rights, as he proposes to make the play a feature of his American tour. Mr. Mansfield thereupon commissioned Mr. Phillips to write a poetic play, with no restrictions as to subject, which he will produce in New York in the autumn. Mr. Phillips has also had a proposal to translate and produce 'Paolo' in Paris, and it may be seen in Vienna.



—MARIE CORELLI thinks Kipling is petering out and she expresses herself forcibly to that effect upon his recent war verses which she thinks would have been more stirring if they had been nobler.

"A real poem pushed vigorously down the public throat would have made the public voice sweeter and stronger. A real poem would not only have built up a Fund, but a Fame. Instead of degrading 'Tommy,' it might have improved and dignified his whole position. . . . 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' stanzas will mark Mr. Kipling's name with a fatal persistency as long as he lives, cropping up with an infinite tedium and an exasperating sameness at every fresh thing he writes; and let him be wise as Solon, classic as Virgil, and strong as Samson, he shall never escape it. Like another sort of 'Raven' he shall see it 'sitting, never flitting,' on every 'bust of Pallas,' or new work he offers to the public; he shall demand of it, 'Take thy beak from out my heart and thy form from off my door!' and its reply shall be the one monotonous devil's croak of 'Nevermore!'"

—TENNYSON's verdict on Browning's worth as a poet is given, as follows, by Archbishop Benson. After attending the funeral of Robert Browning in the Abbey he made this entry in his diary :

"Life wears apace, when I think how I remember Browning beginning, and all the world finding him too new-fangled for anything and queer beyond endurance—and that I have seen him laid to rest in Poets' Corner. I wonder whether I have anywhere put down a walk with Bradley and Tennyson. Bradley had been reading me 'The Grammarian's Funeral,' and he said, 'We'll ask Tennyson whether Browning's writing at large is poetry or no.' Tennyson's answer was, 'I'll think about it.' In a walk a week later apropos of nothing he observed, 'I have thought, and it is.' We had no idea for a moment as to what he spoke of."



—A WRITER in the *British Journal of Education* says that Browning once said to him concerning 'The Lost Leader': "I know it is rough and rugged; but *ich kann nicht anders*; my genius, such as it is, is *prime-sautier*—if I hesitate I'm lost."



—WHAT is to be said of a magazine that gets out its first quarter for the year at the time that the second quarter should be coming out? Those interested in the magazine may use their imagination to the effect either that it had the "grip," or its printers got mixed up in a bank failure, or its contributors went off to Europe, or its editors gave up all their time to reading South African war news, or there came to pass a hundred other untoward circumstances—any or all of which may be true; but whatever they settle upon, let them have faith that it is only a temporary retrograde movement like that of a planet, and that eventually, it will catch up again with the seasons in their march round the sun.



THE THREE HERON'S FEATHERS.

BY HERMANN SUDERMANN.

CHARACTERS.

The QUEEN OF SAMLAND.	SKÖLL,	} the Duke's men.
The young PRINCE, her son.	OTTAR,	
ANNA GOLDHAIR, her attendant.	GVLF,	
CÖLESTIN, her Major-domo.	The Burial-wife.	
The CHANCELLOR.	MIKLAS, a peasant.	
WIDWOLF, Duke of Gotland.	An old fisherman, a page, councillors,	
PRINCE WITTE.	men and women of the Queen, the	
HANS LORBASS, his servant.	Duke's men, the people.	

The scene of the first and fifth acts is laid on the coast of Samland; that of the second, third, and fourth acts in the capital city.

Between the fourth and fifth acts a period of fifteen years elapses.

ACT I.

The coast of Samland. The background slopes upward at right and left to wooded hills. Between them is a gorge, behind which the sea glitters. In the right foreground are graves with wooden head-boards and crosses, overgrown with shrubbery. At the left is a stout watch-tower with a door in it. Common household furniture stands about the threshold.

SCENE I.

HANS LORBASS *seated on a grave with spade and shovel, a freshly dug mound behind him.*

Hans Lorbass [sings].

Behind a juniper bush,
On a night in July warm and red,
Was my poor mother of me brought to bed

[Speaking]. And knew not how.

Behind a juniper bush,
Between cock's crow and morning red,
I struck in drink my father dead,

[Speaking]. And knew not who.

Behind a juniper bush,
When all the vermin have had their bite,
I'll stretch myself out and give up the fight

[Speaking]. Still I know not when.

Yet one thing I know : anywhere hereabouts, a mile-stone or a cross-roads will do very well some day ; I do not need a juniper bush. Let us say a garden hedge, that is a pleasant spot. If some day it should come into my head to lie down beneath one, in the tall grass, nearby a grave, and quietly turn my back on this dry, burnt-out old world, who—a plague upon him—would have aught to say against it ? Here I sit and munch my crusts, and hold carouse—on water ; *[getting up]* here I stand and dig graves, a free-will servant to weakness. I dig the graves of the unnamed, unknown, when icy waves toss them rotting on the shore, tangled in slimy sea-weed. Once all my thoughts were wont to follow on the foeman's path, to cleave him through with my blithely swinging sword, to carve my path straight through the solid rock ; yet now I stand here and smile submission at a woman. But I bide my time until my master comes again knocking to set me free from my graveyard prison and breathe new life into my frame. Him at whose side I once stood guardian-like with fiercest zeal, him will I

serve again with all my love and life, and follow like a dog. . . . Like a dog, yes, but like a master, too. For it is strength alone that wins the day at last, in all the brave deeds done upon this earth. And only he who laughs can win. The victory is never to the weakling whiner, nor to the man whose rage can master him ; as little does it crown the man whose mind is woman-ruled ; but less than these and least of all will it bless him who dreams away his life. For that I stole and sweated to secure,—his future good,—for that I sit now fixed firm within his soul,—I his servant and avenger ! Here comes the old one. Never yet have I owned myself conquered by any soul on earth. . . . And yet—when she comes peering into my affairs, I feel as though I might become—I don't know what ! I begin to know what strength is in sweet words ; I feel a readiness for any sort of bout ; my spirits swell to bursting roisteringness,—and yet I have not the shadow of a cause for any such ideas.

Burial-wife [*entering*]. Tell me, my little Hans, hast been industrious ? Hast made a fine soft bed ?

Hans. I am no Hans of thine. My name is Hans Lorbass. A knave who stalks stiff-necked and solemn up and down the world does not much relish being treated like a child.

Burial-wife. Thou art my dear child none the less. Only grow old and gray ; and then shall thy body bear its scars and thy soul its sins back to the old wife.

Hans. Not yet.

Burial-wife. Thou hast dug many a deep still grave for me ; many a wanderer will come and find rest, therein. Over the gray path of the boundless sea will each one come bringing his life's sorrow to lay it here upon my bosom. I open wide my arms to them as my father bade me, and blessing them I thus absolve myself from suffering and penance. Beneath my breath sin and crime straightway disappear ;—and smilingly I bear all my dear children to their rest.

Hans. Not me. What concern hast thou with me ? It is true thou holdest me here within thy grave-yard prison and compellest

me to play the grave-digger with blows and taunts; but let my prince once come this way again, and not another hour of service shalt thou have. . . . My prince, my gold-prince! My sweet lad! How I could burst with a single leap straight to thy side through all the world, and with my too-long-idle sword hurl down to hell the coward pack that presses round thee! . . . And thou art all to blame,—yes, all. He had already quite enough agonizing longings, unfulfilled desires; but thou must needs fan the warmly glowing flames to a devouring blaze. It was thou that lured him into that adventure, that willed his braving danger single-handed; and if he cracks the accursed nut, if I see the foam curl again about his prow,—even if I clasp him to me and feel him safe indeed,—who shall tell me that after all his prize is worth his pains? Where is that woman thou hast showed to him, that pattern of beauty and purity, that paragon of softness and strength, she who was born to steal away his other longings,—where is she?—show her to me!

Burial-wife. My little Hans, my son, why stormest thou so?

Hans. Let me curse.

Burial-wife. Hush thee, and lie down here beside me on the straw, and listen what I tell thee.

Hans. On the grave-straw? [*Lies down with a grimace.*]

Burial-wife. There landed two men yonder on a golden spring day, and wandered lost like wild things through the thicket. Who were they?

Hans. I and my master were the two. The villainy of his step-brother had rent from him his throne and kingdom. He was too young, he was too weak,—there lay the blame.

Burial-wife. Yet he was blustering and drew his sword and demanded with storm and threat that I should grant a wish for him. Still thou knowest him, my dear son?

Hans. Do I know him!

Burial-wife. "Thou desirest the fairest of women for thy bride?" I said. "She is not here; but if thou dost not shrink before the danger, I can show thee the way, my son."

Hans. The way to death !

Burial-wife. "There lies an isle in the northern seas, where day and night are merged in dawn ; never more shall he rejoice at sight of home who loses his path there in a storm. There lies thy path. And there, where the holy word is never taught, within a crystal house there lives a wild heron, worshiped as a god. From that heron thou must pluck three feathers out and bring them hither."

Hans. And if he brings them ?

Burial-wife. Then I will make him conscious of miraculous power, through which he shall find and bind her to himself who awaits him in night and need ; for by this deed he grows a man, and worth the prize.

Hans. And then ? When he has got her, and sighs and coos and lies in her bosom half a hundred years, when he turns himself a very woman, I shall be the last to wonder at it. Look ! [*he picks up a piece of amber*] I shovelled this shining glittering bauble out of the dune-sand. I have heaped up whole bushels of it in my greedy zeal. Now, as I toss from me this sticky mass of resin, that borrows the name and place of a stone, so with the act I hurl away in mocking laughter these many-colored lies of womankind. [*He tosses the lump to the ground.*] Now go and brew my evening draught. I will to the sea to seek my master. [*He goes out to the right. The Burial-wife looks after him grinning and goes into the tower.*]

Ottar [*sticking his head through the bushes*]. Holloa, Gylf !

Gylf [*coming out*]. What is it ? [*The others also appear.*]

Ottar. Here is the tower, here lie the graves in a sandy spot ; run below to the Duke and tell him ; not a man to be seen, not even a worm, naught but a burying-ground, rooted up and worried as though we had been haunting it ourselves. [*Gylf goes out.*]

Sköll. Nay, for we would have saved some of our loved dead for the raven, we would not have been so stingy as to bury them straightway. [*They all laugh.*]

The First [*pointing out to sea*].—Ho—there !

Ottar. What's the matter?

The First. Does not the boat pass there that yesterday crossed our path on the high seas, whose steersman threatened fight with our dragon? How comes the bold rascal here?

The Second [*who has raised up the lump of amber*]. I tell you, comrades, let the fellow go, and look what I have found.

Ottar. Death and the devil! Then we are in Amberland.

The Third [*staring*]. That is amber?

Ottar. Give it to me!

The Second. I found it—it is mine!

Ottar. Thou gorging maw!

The Second. Thieves! Flayers!

Ottar. Dog! I'll strike thee dead!

Sköll. Be quiet, fools, there is plenty more! Go look in the tower, and you may curse me for a knave if you find the mouse-hole empty.

The First. Come.

The Two Others. Yes, come! [*The three go into the tower.*]

Sköll. Thou dost not go along?

Ottar. Thou hadst gladly got us out of the way to dig all by thyself? O, we all know thee, thou filthy fool!

Sköll [*slapping him on the back*]. More pretty words, my friend? Go on! When we are our own men on shore again, I will see what I can do;—but till that time I spare my skin.

[*The three come reeling backwards out of the tower, followed by the Burial-wife with raised fist.*]

Sköll. What is this?

Ottar. What do you call this? Seize her!

The First. Seize her! Easy to say! Dost thou court the palsy?

The Second. Or fits, at least!

Ottar. Cowards! [*He advances upon her. The others, except SKÖLL, follow him yelling.*]

Hans [*snatches his sword, that hangs on a tree, and throws the assailants into confusion with a blow or two*]. Ho, there! Let her alone, or—

Sköll. Look! Hans Lorbass!

The Others. Who? Our Hans?

Ottar [*rubbing his shoulder*]. How comest thou here? Thou still hast thy old strength, I find!

Sköll. Tell us, old Hans, what brings thee here? Is she thy latest love?

All [*burst out laughing*]. Hans, Hans! Poor old Hans!

Hans. Bandits! Just come on once! [*To the Burial-wife.*] How is it? I hope they have not hurt thee.

Burial-wife. None can harm me, none molest me, who has not first wronged himself and all his hopes.

Ottar [*sings*]. Ho, Hans is playing with his love!

Hans. Have a care!

[*The Burial-wife goes slowly into the tower.*]

Hans. It is now scarce three years since we bore within the hall our master in his ash-hewn coffin. He raised his hand already cold, and pointed with his pallid, bony finger—not toward the bastard Danish conqueror, but towards his own true son, Prince Witte; and him he left his country's lord. The land was poor, the people rude, yet it had preserved its pride and loyalty unstained through a thousand murderous brawls. Three years ago as everybody knows, you would have murdered our young lord at summons of the Bastard and his fair promises; and now—what are you? Thieves, sand-fleas, loafers, riff-raff, haunting the moors and hiding in the thickets. Stop! I will build a gallows for you presently; my brave sword is too good for you. [*He throws down his sword. They laugh.*]

Sköll. Hanschen, has thou clean forgot who was the fiercest bloodhound of us all? Who was it always shouted "I will do it, I!" till everyone spread sail before him and left him to his work? Then wouldest thou come, wiping thy bloody hand, and laugh, and say: "My work is done!" And then one saw no more of thee. Now when we find thee and rejoice at sight of thee, thou scornest us like a pack of thieves or birds of such a



feather, and playest the judge sitting above us ;—fie, Hanschen, 'tis not kind of thee.

Hans. Quite right! Give us thy fist! . . . No use to wrangle! [*Offers his hand to one after the other. Looking at one suspiciously.*] Thou hast need of a little scouring first, I think. Children, what fine fellows you would be, if only you were not such frightful rogues. [*They laugh.*] Tell me now, what have you been at so long?

Ottar [*awkwardly*]. Who? We?

Hans. Yes, you!

Ottar. Thou wouldst draw us out then?

Hans. No need. I know that trade a thousand miles away. You are wreckers!

All [*laughing*]. Of course.

Hans [*half to himself*]. See, see!

Sköll. Only the name is not quite right. We are wreckers hereabouts; but we chiefly rob upon the high seas.

Hans. And your Duke?

Ottar. There's a man! He stands foremost in the attack. When the grappling-irons lay hold, when the javelin whistles in the air, when down upon the rashly canted dragon crashes the boarding-plank, when above they wait like calves for the slaughter, then rings his murder-cry: Ho huzzah!

All. Ho huzzah!

Hans [*half to himself*]. It must be fine. [*Aloud.*] Then in the battle—how shows he there?

Ottar. In what battle? We have no more battles.

Hans. So, so! I just bethought myself. One question more: How come you here?

Sköll. Hast thou not taken our measure, then? Take notice of my sparkling glance—its tender fire: observe his air, like to a love-sick cock's: Do we not smell of myrrh and balm! In short, we go to gaze upon the bride.

Hans. Who, then?

Ottar. Who? Dost thou mock at us? Thou livest here and

yet thou hast not heard of the Amberqueen, the marvel of beauty who has sworn to yield herself and her throne to the man that is victorious in a tournament for life and death, and bears all her other suitors to the earth? The fair one is a widow, the heir an orphan; so it is meat and drink to him who throws the others by the heels.

Hans. Are you so sure of it?

Ottar. Well, where is the man who cares to try conclusions with our Duke?

Hans [*to himself*]. I reared one who will strike him down some day.

[*Enter DUKE WIDWOLF and more of his men.*]

Duke. Why stand you there? Did I send you ahead to chatter? On with you! What stops your mouths? Clear the way! And if I find you sluggish I will call out my cat-o'-nine-tails for you.

Hans [*aside to the first man, who stands near him*]. He drubs you then?

The First. Past bearing.

Duke. Who is that man that speaks with you? Why have you not already struck him down?

Sköll. He is so droll, master, he would not let himself be killed.

Duke. Meseems . . . Hans Lorbass — do I see aright? What — what? . . . Thou knowest I am in thy debt for business secretly done. I love not debts between master and man.

Hans. No need, my lord, I have my pay.

Duke. At first thou seemedst to serve me diligently; yet thou didst slip as suddenly from my throne as though thou hadst an ailing conscience.

Hans [*gazing out to sea*]. Perhaps. It may be.

Duke. Where hast thou stayed so long?

Hans [*without stirring*]. I am a servant. I have served.

Duke. What drivest thou now?

Hans. I drive naught, my lord, I am driven.

Duke [*threateningly*]. It pleases thee to jest.

Hans. And thee to be galled thereat.

Duke. That fellow's corpse was never found! Now clear thyself from the suspicion.

Hans. Think what thou wilt. Covered with wounds I sunk it in the ocean's depths.

Duke. I trust thee. If thou wilt swear thy truth to me, then come. With me all is feasting and revelry.

Hans [*looking out to sea again*]. Thank thee, my lord. I care not to do murder, and I can play the robber by myself.

Duke. Seize him.

Köll [*beseechingly*]. Master, our dearest companion, who never yet has played us false.

[*DUKE draws his sword and makes as if to attack HANS.*]

Hans [*gripping his sword and flourishing it high in the air.*]
Thou art the master and wanted to victory; but come too near, and thou hast only been the master!

Duke. Well, leave him then upon the path where thou hast found him. I had wellnigh killed instead of paying him.

[*He goes out. The others follow. Some of them shake HANS LORBASS furtively by the hand.*]

Hans [*alone*]. Then there is something holds his spirit in bonds; will make his race a race of weaklings, will plunge the land itself in guilt, — and yet they know not their own shame. . . . Right! Just now I saw something. Did I not behold, not far from land a blood-red sail a-dazzle against the blue night cloud? The keel bore sharply toward the shore — how gladly would I believe the old wife there, when — truly, it frets me so I must — [*He goes to the tower and is about to open the door. PRINCE WITTE appears in the background.*]

Hans [*casting himself at the PRINCE's feet with a shout of joy*]. Master! — Thou hast come! Art thou safe? Unharm'd? Here is thy nose — both ears — thy arm — and there thy sword! Thy voice alone is lost, it seems.

Prince. Let me be silent, friend. The horror I have seen stands black about me and takes the color from my joy.

Hans. What is that, now thou art here? [*Stammering.*] And even if thy journey were in vain, if thou hast not brought the heron's feathers back with thee, what is —

Prince. I brought not the heron's feathers with me? My nightly watches, twilight's scanty rest, the morning's ardent fiery prayers, and more than all, the consecrated labor of the day, wherein what has been obtained from God with tears, must be besieged anew with fierce resolve, and conquered by the teeth-set "I will," won by obstinate unshrinking, — sorrow — doubt — danger — struggle — unsucces to-day and new onslaught tomorrow — and so on and on — and always forward — have I all this behind me, and yet have I returned without the feathers?

Hans. Thou hast the feathers? Are they really heron's feathers, from the very bird?

Prince. Set thy fears at rest; the wonder is fulfilled, and all our pains dispersed in thankful prayer.

Hans. Forgive me, dear my lord and master, that I forgot a moment the bare fact itself, to thee so all-important. I knew thou wouldst never have returned without them, however my heart thirsted after thee.

Prince. Thou wert right. I knew it well.

Hans. Where are they, master? Dost thou bear them in thy breast? I feel thou wouldst. Chide me if thou wilt, but show them to me.

Prince. Look at my helmet. I understand thy eagerness. No sword can cleave them from me, no rush of wind displace them. They are the standard of my fortunes.

Hans. Thy story, master,—come, tell it to me!

Prince. Wait, Hans. The hour will come, at drinking-time, while the dull camp-fire flickers to its end, and the fierce thirst of fighting will not let us sleep,—then will I tell the tale and make it glow anew.

Hans. Master, how changed thou art. Thy fire seems smothered, and thy passions burn less fiercely, being self-controlled.

Prince. Thou art wrong, my friend ; in me there dwells no calm. I stir and seethe. Death itself, which I have conquered, reanimates in me. Only henceforth I gain by firmer paths the end which I have chosen. My country that betrayed me, lies small and half-forgotten in the distance. I measure myself against the great henceforth. What are they ? Myself shall be the arbiter, and fate shall never again allure me with her cruel "Take what I offer thee" to a starvation feast.

Hans. I look at thee in wonderment. I left thee a boy, I find thee a man. And for this, though my sword has itched in my hand to answer to my thoughts, though I have sat for hours on end in gnawing tedium and spat into the sea, for this result I bless the old wife there. Once more I may strike good blows for thee, once more be proud to guard thee as before.

Prince [*giving him his hand*]. It shall be so. . . . Yes, yes, my lad. Since I have been gone—how long is it ?

Hans. A good two years, master.

Prince. The old wife now, and quickly, that she may open to me all the enchantment lurking in the feathers, to which I trusted and surrendered myself. The time has come for this unmolded life to shape itself after the law of its own desire. Why dost thou hesitate ?

Hans. I will go.

Prince. But yet thou mutterest ?

Hans. Do not blame me, master ; I know of what I speak. First of all, mistrust the old one. I fear her not . . . but something horrible and slimy crawled in my throat when I first saw her crouching in a grave, all stiff, her brows drawn and her staring eyes turned inwards lifelessly. . . . When a storm stood coal-black in the heavens and gave the greedy coffins fresh food—lo, there she stood and bade me dig the graves ; and when the wave cast corpses up on the strand, she bore each one up the hill pressed mother-like to her breast, shaken meanwhile with a sly laugh ; and thus she laughed until they all lay quietly at rest beneath. Have a care for thyself !

Prince. Yet why? Her work is pious and she tends it faithfully.

Hans. But if she weaves enchantment, master?

Prince. I am the last from whom on that account a threat is fit. It has turned to blessing for me. To him who chooses sacrifice for his fate, there often comes the best of gifts,—to see deep into the unsearchable, and smilingly to build as though within a pleasure-park, upon the very boundary of the ideal. Once more —

Hans. And once more I stand broad-legged in thy unhappy path and shout: Do not destroy thyself! Whoever runs after his desire shall perish in the race; it only yields to him who hurls it from him. Thou dost not know as yet the old wife's schemes; thou standest now above enchantment, a young glowing god confiding in the magic of thine own strength. What thou dost know is that thy prize is hidden, and that the broad path of possibilities, on which thou thinkest to glide aloft, may be choked all at once between black walls and leave thee fevered and panting with the chase, with desire and loathing, eagerness and shrinking, to hasten on forever and never gain the end.

Prince [*pointing to his helmet with a smile*]. Look there!

Hans. Thou hast done well to bring them; if the fatal seed of death does not draw thee down to eternal failure thou must do well indeed! For now the secret purpose of thy path is about to reveal itself; now thy proud and self-poised soul pants to mount aloft,—and here I stand and counsel thee: Hurl away thy prize!

Prince. Thou ravest.

[*The Burial-wife appears in the door of the tower, thrown into lurid prominence by the fire that burns within on the hearth. It grows dark rapidly.*]

Hans. Too late. It has begun. [*Whispers.*] It looks as if the hearth-fire glowed straight through her parchment skin and wrapped her bones in flame.

Prince. Burial-wife! Look me in the face!

Burial-wife. Thou hast come! Welcome, dear son!

Prince. Thy dear son — I am not. Thy creditor I am, and I demand my own.

Burial-wife. What dost thou ask?

Prince. I forced from thee the words that taught me my way; the deed thou hast demanded is accomplished, and I claim the prize!

Burial-wife. What I have promised thee, I will faithfully fulfil, my child. A primal force lies within these white husks. They change their form according to their owner's will. What, then, is thy desire? A woman?

Prince. A woman? There are enough of women. More than one has borne me down to earth in the snare of her supple limbs, and hampered my soul's flight. What is a woman? A downfall and a heaviness, a darkness and a theft of alien lights, a sweet allurement in the eternal void, a smile without a thought, a cry for naught.

Hans. Bravo! Bravo!

Prince. What I demand now is that queen of women, after whom I have thirsted even while drinking, by the side of whom my princely dignity shall appear but as a herald; for whose voice my soul starves though I sit in the wisest councils of the world; in whom I see our torturing human weaknesses healed to a joyous beauty; that woman before whom I, though mad with victory, must bend my proud knee in trembling and affright; whose blushes shall bear witness to me how a longing heart can shield itself in modesty; she who will stand in deepest need and beg with me at the cross-roads; whose love can make death itself pass me by; this woman, this deep peace, this calm still world in which when lost I cannot lose myself, where wrong itself must turn to right, — this woman, — mine — I now demand of thee.

Burial-wife. Snatch down the prize from thy helmet: I will announce its promise to thee; unless thou art blind or deaf, thou shalt pierce to the depth of the riddle. The first of the feathers is but a gleam from the lights and shadows that brew about thee. When thou throwest it into the fire, thou shalt behold her image

in the twilight. The second of the feathers, — mark it well — shall bring her to thee in love, for when thou burnest it alone in the dying glow, she must wander by night and appear before thee. And until the third has perished in the flame, thy hand stretched forth shall bless her; but the third burning brings her death: and therefore guard it well and think upon the end.

Prince. I will. Unwarned, I let them wave aloft in mad presumption; but now I will hide them safe within my gorget. [*To HANS.*] Why shouldst thou look at me so grimly? I know myself to be quite freed from sorrow; all I lack is a faithful companion on the way. . . . "When thou throwest the first into the fire thou shalt behold her image in the twilight." [*He pulls out one of the feathers and hastens toward the tower.*]

Hans [*boldly opposing him*]. What wilt thou do?

Prince. Out of the way? [*He opens the door of the tower.*]

Hans. Cursed witch, thou hast — [*A sudden bright blaze within the tower. A flare of yellow light goes up. The PRINCE comes back.*] Art thou singed?

Prince [*looks about wildly*]. I see naught.

[*Burial-wife points silently to the background, where on the horizon above the sea the dark outline of a woman's figure appears and glides slowly from left to right.*]

Prince. I see in the heavens a shadowy form, rosy with flame, pierced through with light. If it be thou on whom my longing hangs, I pray thee turn thy face and lighten me! Lift the veil from thine eyes! Remain, ah, vanish not behind the stars, — step down that I may learn to love thee! . . . She does not hear. When we part, say how I may know thee again! . . . How shall I —? Her figure sways, it fades with the clouds — was that the sign?

Hans. Thou hast bewitched him finely.

Prince. Still she is mine, as I know who I am! And should she never long to come to me, yet my soul's longings shall be stronger than she herself. Hans Lorbass, my brave fellow-soldier, take thy sword and arm thyself straightway.

Hans. I am armed. [*To the Burial-wife.*] The hangman—

Prince. Spare thy curses. She serves my happiness as best she can. Farewell! We will seek the world over, and when the first promise is fulfilled—Farewell!

Hans [*grimly*]. Farewell!

[*They go out to the left.*]

The Burial-wife [*alone*]. Go, my children, face the combat, fight boldly, wield the feathers unrestrained; when you weary, bring me back your outworn bodies, cast them here upon my shore. But till the time shall come when I will plant them like twigs in my garden, go and fight and love and dance . . . for I can wait. . . . I can wait!

ACT. II.

Arcade on the first story of a Romanesque palace, separated in the background by a row of columns from the court below, to which steps lead down from the middle to right and left. On the platform between them, facing the court, is a throne-chair, which later is covered with a curtain. Walks lead right and left rectangularly toward the background. On the right are several steps to the back, the principal path to the castle chapel. On the left side-wall in front is a door with a stone bench near it, and to the left of that another door. On the right in front is an iron-bound outside door. Stone benches stand between the columns. The back of the buildings surrounding the court form the background of the scene. Early morning.

SCENE I.

SKÖLL with his spear between his knees, asleep on a bench.
CÖLESTIN with a page holding a torch.

Cölestin. Put the link out, my son. It hangs on thy tired arm too heavily. . . . Yes, yes, this morning many a one thinks of his bed. . . . What, an alarm so early? Man and steed armed?

Sköll [*in his sleep*]. Brother—thy health!

Page. Look! The fellow is still drunk.

Cölestin. How else? Would, though, the filthy wretch and his Duke too with his dissolute bravery, were smoked out of the country! . . . Still, I am not anxious. The Pommeranian prince — there is a man of glorious renown! — may win.

Page. I fear, my lord, thou art wrong. The horses of the Pommeranian snort below. They look as though they were about to start.

Cölestin. Hast thou seen aright? The Pommeranian?

Page. Yes.

Cölestin. I feel as though the earth itself did sway, as though my poor old head would burst in pieces. Now falls the Fatherland, which, kingless, thought it might escape from rapine; yet all the while in its own breast there stood the powerfulest of robbers. Here where a continual harvest of peace once smiled, where inborn modesty of soul once paired joyously with ingrown habit and youth grew guiltless to maturity, the ruthless hand of tyranny will henceforth rest choking on our necks, and — [*Blows sound on the door to the right.*] Who blusters at the door? Go look.

Page [*looking through the peep-hole*]. I see a spear-shaft glitter. [*Calling.*] What wilt thou without there?

Hans Lorbass's Voice. Open the door!

Page [*calling*]. Why didst thou come up the steps? The entrance is there below.

Hans Lorbass's Voice. I know that already. I did not care to sweat there in the crowd. Open the door.

Page. What shall I do?

Cölestin. I am as wrung as though the fate of the whole country hung on the iron strength of the lock. . . . Give him his way.

[*The Page opens the door, HANS LORBASS enters.*]

Cölestin. Who art thou, and what wouldst thou here? Speak!

Hans. My master, a brave knight and skilled in arms, born far in the north, where he was betrayed in feud with his step-brother, to atone has undertaken a journey to the Holy Sepulchre.

We have but just now entered your kingdom, and crave for God's love, if not a refuge, at least a resting place.

Cölestin. Thou hast done well, my friend. Every wanderer is a welcome guest in this castle, for our Queen is one from whose soul there flow deeds of boundless kindness to all the world. From to-day, alas! . . . nay, call thy knight, and if he stands on two such good legs as his servant, I warrant he has shivered many a spear.

Hans. And I warrant, my lord, that thou hast warranted rightly. [*He goes to the door and motions below. CÖLESTIN and the Page look out from behind him.*]

Sköll [*dreaming*]. Hans Lorbass—seize him!

[*PRINCE WITTE enters.*]

Cölestin. Here is my hand, my guest. And though thou comest here in an unhappy hour, I look within thine eye, I gaze upon thy sword, and feel as though thou hadst lifted a cruel burden from my oppressed soul.

Prince. I thank thee that thou holdest me worthy thy confidence. Yet I fear that thou art misled; it was no fate drew us together, but only chance. Thinkest thou that because I took this path I was sent to thee?

Cölestin. No, no! God forbid!—Well, unarm, my friend,
. . . so, so.

Hans. Whither then?

Cölestin. We have for our guests—they will show it to thee.

Prince. They crowd in early at your doors,—have I come to a festival?

Cölestin. To a . . . ? Stranger, there burns in me a fever of speech . . . they chide the doting chatter of old men, and yet—

Prince. Thou hast chosen me for thy confidant . . . I listen gladly.

Cölestin. Well then: our King, stricken with years, died and left us unprotected and afraid, for we had no guide nor saviour. The Queen, herself a child, carried trembling at her breast the

babe she had borne him. . . . It is six years ago, and all this time have birds of prey scented the rich morsel from afar and come swooping down upon this fair land, where unmeasured riches lie. The danger grows—the people clamor for a master. And so our Queen, who had sat long sunk in modest grief, now divined in anguish her soul's call, the echo of the kingly duty, and guessed the sacrifice her land demanded. She tore in twain her widow's garlands, and made a vow that he who could bear all other suitors to her feet in battle, should be her lord and her country's king. The day has come. The lists are hung, the people crowd into the tournament. Woe to them! Their tears are doomed to fall, for all the princes who came hither have fled faint-heartedly before a single one, a man of terror, who is thus victorious without a struggle.

Prince. And this one—who is he?

[*A clamor in the court below. A Noble enters.*]

Noble. Sir Major-domo, I beg thee, hasten. The guard is in confusion. The people are already mounting the newly built lists in a countless throng.

Cölestin [*pointing below*]. Look, there is the flock; but where is the shepherd? Wait here, while I press into the thickest of the crowd and give the people a taste of my severity . . . though I doubt much if it will aught avail. [*He hastens down by the middle way with the Noble and the Page.*]

Prince Witte. That which I long for lies not here. My sober judgment whispers warningly within my breast of delay and thoughtless dalliance. [*He seats himself on a bench to the right of the stage and looks up at the sky.*]

Sköll [*in his sleep*]. Quite right.

Hans. What's that? Eh, there, sleepy-head, wake up!

Sköll. Leave me alone! When I sleep I am happy.

Hans [*startled*]. What—Sköll?

Sköll. Hans Lor—

Hans. Hsh—sh!

Sköll. Well, old fellow, what wilt thou in this berth?

Hans. Thy master is here?

Sköll. Well, yes!

Hans. The devil take him! [*Looking round at the PRINCE.*]
What now?

Sköll. What now? Why now, we will have a drink.

Hans. What draws you here!

Sköll. Thou knowest, thou rogue! We are the jolliest of jolly good fellows ever found at a wedding.

Hans [*to himself*]. Has he the strength for this redeeming act, and would it break the bonds of the madness that holds him?

[*Enter a Herald from the left, behind. Then the QUEEN, holding the young PRINCE by the hand, and followed by her women. After them, ANNA GOLDHAIR.*]

Herald. Way there, the Queen approaches!

Sköll [*standing attention*]. We cannot speak when the Queen comes by.

Hans [*looking towards PRINCE WITTE*]. His soul dreams. The distance holds him spellbound.

[*The QUEEN and her attendants approach. She stops near PRINCE WITTE, who is not conscious of her presence, and gazes at him long.*]

The Young Prince [*bustling up to him*]. Here, thou strange man, dost thou not know the Queen? It is the rule that when she comes we all should rise. I am the Prince, and yet I must do it too.

Prince Witte [*rising and bowing*]. Then beg, friend, that the Queen grant me her forgiveness.

The Young Prince. That I will gladly. [*He runs back to the QUEEN.*]

[*The QUEEN passes on and turns again at the corner to look at PRINCE WITTE, who has already turned his back. Then she disappears with her women into the cathedral, from which the gleam of lights and the roll of the organ come forth. The door is closed.*]

Hans. Well, did she please thee? Hast thou found her worthy to awake thy idle sword to deeds of battle?

Prince. It would be no less than idleness for me to unsheathe my sword in her behalf ; for my field of battle lies not here.

Hans. Then come. Thy path is hot. Thy path is broad !— Then hasten ! Already far too long hast thou delayed before this tottering throne, from which an eye in speechless pleading calls for help.

Prince. At first, when my desires pointed from hence, didst thou not beg me to delay ?—and now !—

Sköll [*aside to HANS*]. Heaven save us ! Brother, who is this ? I would know him a thousand miles away !

Hans [*with a gesture towards SKÖLL, to leave him alone*]. Perhaps I wished to test thee, or perhaps—

Sköll. All good spirits praise—

Prince. Whatever it was, I will go gladly.

Sköll [*crossing himself*]. All good spirits praise the Lord !
[*Bursts out through the door to the left.*]

Prince. Why, who was that, that went out in such a hurry ?

Hans. Who would it have been ? Some body-servant about the castle, perhaps, some—

Prince. Where are my— ?

Hans. Here is thy shield. Quick, take it.

Prince. Where is that ape that just now—

Hans. Let the filthy rascal go, whoever he is, and come !

[*Enter DUKE WIDWOLF. SKÖLL, behind him, pointing to the PRINCE.*]

Duke. Hans Lorbass, thou shalt pay for this !

Hans. For what, my lord ? Here are the very bones whereon thine eyes desired to feast themselves. It is true they are covered with flesh for the present, but they are there inside, I swear to thee.

Prince. Silence, Hans ! This man stands above thy mockery ; for though he stole my inheritance in despicable treachery, yet he wears the crown of my fathers, and I bow before it. And until heaven's cherubim call on me loudly to avenge the wrong, in practice for a better thing I bend before him, and grind my teeth.

[DUKE bursts into a loud laugh.]

Prince. I see destruction flaming in thine eyes,—thou laughest in scorn. . . . Laugh on. For I shall not avenge myself, nor count it my duty to shatter the fearful edifice of thy throne. So long as it will uphold thee and thy blood-blinded sword, so long be thou and thy people worthy of one another. Enough! Hans, set forth!

[CÖLESTIN and the other nobles come up the steps.]

Duke. Behold, ye noble gentlemen! Blood of the cross, what a hero we have here! He halts here: makes a mighty clamor: naught has or ever can delay his march of triumph:—and then on a sudden he makes a short turn, breathes a deep sigh, and like the other poltroons, leaves the field to me.

Hans [aside]. Control thyself, master, all this can be borne.

Cölestin. What, stranger, art thou also of princely blood?

Prince. Whether princely or not, my blood is mine, and I myself must be the judge of what suits it. My host, I thank thee. . . . I would right gladly have rested here, gladly have sat down at thy hearth as a humble guest—

Cölestin. Thou camest on the day of the tournament; and therefore thou hast come to free the Queen.

Prince. Thou callest me stranger, and will pardon me that I had heard naught of thy Queen.

Cölestin. Still thou sawest her when she and her women—

Prince. I saw her, yes.

Cölestin. And yet thou thinkest of departure? Art thou made of stone that thou hast not felt a thrust of pity like a knife, at the mere sight of that pious grace, that spring-like mildness?

Duke. Who speaks of pity, when I myself protect her with my shield? Pity?—how—wherefore? Have a care!

Cölestin. Thy threat hath no meaning today. Yet all the same I know that wert thou king, thou wouldst lay my gray head at thy feet.

Duke. Perhaps. And again perhaps, if this braggart who was sent hither and now crawls away again, did not quite take off that

weak old head of thine, he would just have thee hanged, out of pure pity.

Cölestin. Thou listenest in silence to this unmeasured raving? I ask not now upon what throne thy father sat, I only ask the weakling: Art thou a man? Is this body that glows in prideful youth, only a hardly fed up paunch? Is the angry red painted upon thy brow, and yet canst thou endure and not wipe out the insult thou hast received?

Hans [aside]. Master, be stronger now than I have strength myself. I have naught to say, not I. Only say to me: "Hans, we will go"—and I will gulp down my rage; and never to the last day of my life shall a look, a word, a motion of an eye-lash, remind thee of what befell today.

Prince. Your eyes all hang in hopeful question on my broad-edged sword; and yet I may not tell you why I wear it, but must endure what ever you think. Still, know one thing; all the shame which he has heaped today upon my dulled heart I will add to the need by which he shattered my young days. I will reckon with him for those thirsting nights wherein I drank the poison of renunciation,—when my trust in mankind sank to ruin with my blood-defiled rights,—when in despair I reckoned my coming manhood by my growing beard,—when my fate became a lot of powerless shame,—and I will grope along the path where my desires once ranged themselves when the rousing voice of hope rang out of abyssmal blankness. . . . And thus the scorn I have received to-day glides past my closed ears like unwelcome flattery; and silently I go from hence.

[*The QUEEN with the young PRINCE. ANNA GOLDHAIR and her other women come from the cathedral during the last words.*]

Queen. O go not, stranger!

A Noble. Listen, the Queen!

Another. She who was never used to address a stranger.

Queen. A most unhappy woman stands before thee, and with streaming eyes casts away all the shame that modesty and rank combine to weigh her with, and prays thee: O go not! For be-

hold ! As I came to-day to God's dwelling-house full of tormenting thoughts—I saw thee on the way, thou scarce didst notice me—while I stood there before thy face longing within me that a sign might be given me, it seemed as though there flowed a something like light, like a murmuring through the spacious place, as on a festal day the sacred miracle of His presence. And a voice spoke in my heart : have faith, O woman, he came and he is thine ; to thy people whose courage failed them, he shall be a hero, to thy child a father. . . . Then I fell thankfully upon my face. And now I beg thee : O go not !

Duke. And I tell thee, my lady Queen, he goes ! I answer for it with my sword. If there is a prayer within the hero-soul of him, it runs thus : dear God, graciously be pleased to spare my reputation only as far as yonder door.

Prince. Thou liest.

Hans [*whispers*]. Now defend thyself. Treason to thy being's sanctuary is a half-voluntary deed.

Prince. Forgive me, Lady, if but hesitatingly I have sworn myself into thy service. Behold, I tread a half-obsured path, and the dim traces lead me into the far gray distance . . . lead me—and I know not whither. I know not whether that great night which descends upon the cruelest sorrow of our common day, bringing sleep to the wearied soul, will wrap me also in its folds, or whether as reward for that unquenched spirit in me that still must trust, endure, and spread its wings, the sunshine of the heights at last will smile upon me. I am Desire's unwearied son ; I bear her token hidden in my breast, and till that token fades or disappears, well canst thou say : "Come die for me," but never canst thou say : "Remain."

Queen. Then never shalt thou hear that bitter word, that word so full of weakness, come from my trembling lips. The blessing of this hour that passes now shall never rise to distract thee on thy path in the gray distance. Yet there shall be a charm, rising unspoken in the soul itself, which when thou pausest wearied on thy journey, shall whisper to thee where a home still blooms for

thee. . . . Where a balsam is prepared to heal thy wounded feet, bleeding from the sharpness of thy path . . . where a thousand arms reach out to greet their loved one . . . whence those voices rise that call to thee out of the darkness . . . and where there waits a smile, smothered with joy, to say to thee: "I charmed thee not."—I will be silent, lest thou shouldst be weary of my speech; since all my words speak only this desire: it rings within thine ears,—longing must find a resting-place.

Prince. O, that mine lay not so far from here! There, where the clouds disperse in light, and the eternal sun kisses my brow, there . . . Enough. Since thou hast asked no more than chance has in a measure forced me to, whether for good or evil I know not, I must needs grant thy wish. Hans, arm me.

Duke [whispers]. Sköll, do not forget . . . where are the others?

Sköll. Who knows?

Duke. But was there not a great feast to-night?

Sköll. Yes. But they flung us out just now.

Duke. Listen! And heed me well. As soon as that rascal has had enough and grovels in the dust, shout out with all thy might "Hail to King Widwolf!" Dost thou understand?

Sköll. Eh? Yes, indeed.

Anna Goldhair. Oh! dearest Lady, if I might speak I would beg thee to go. The sight of all the horrors that gather round us will shake thee sorely.

Queen. Who stays for me if I will not for him? And is it not fitting for an unhappy mother to protect the head of her child even with her own shattered arm? [*To the young PRINCE.*] Listen, my darling. Thou must go. [*To ANNA GOLDHAIR.*] Take him to my waiting-women. Without this sight his heart will all too soon burn with a thirst for blood.

The Young Prince. Ah, mother!

Queen. Nay, thou must. But nestle once again upon my breast, my dear one, so!

The Young Prince [running up to PRINCE WITTE]. Please, thou strange man, be so good as to conquer for us!

Prince [smiling]. If thou art good, my Prince! . . . How clear their glances sparkle! From those eyes a world of sunshine bursts; alas, I am not worthy of it! [*The young PRINCE and ANNA GOLDHAIR go out.*]

[*The CHANCELLOR and a train of nobles come up the steps. After them guards and two trumpeters. The CHANCELLOR makes obeisance and asks the QUEEN a question. The QUEEN assents silently and mounts, holding by the balustrade, to the platform on which the throne stands, pushed to one side. The CHANCELLOR makes a sign to the trumpeters, and they blow a signal, which echoes below, then he raises the sword, which a page brings upon a cushion.*]

Chancellor. Illustrious Lady, honored Queen, as chancellor of thy appointed realm, I offer thee this sword whereon to take the oath: that in thy hand, so strong because so weak, what first prevailed as thy country's law, what now prevails, and what shall prevail again when violence and lust cease to clutch after our soul's sanctuaries,—that law on which we have relied, so mild it was, because created by a free and happy fatherland—will be forever new and vigorous.

Queen. I swear it on the iron sword of my kingdom, and on the runes carved thereupon; though nature has denied it to a woman to avenge a violated oath with her own hand, yet I will never rest in my grave unless all is fulfilled that I have spoken. I swore it solemnly, and on this sword I will announce and reavow to you, that whosoever conquers in this fight may claim me for his wife when he desires. . . . Speak now, ye who cursed my mourning and my sorrow's backward glance: do I fulfill your will with shuddering? Do I not give ye the King ye seek?

[*The nobles strike their shields with their swords in token of approval.*]

Chancellor. Now to you who stand prepared to ring the throne and kingdom with the sharpness of your swords; before the land submits itself to the victor, give answer who you are!

Duke. Thou knowest me well.

Chancellor. Who knows thee not? Flames spread before thee hither like a banner, the vulture knows thee that shrieks after carrion, the auk knows thee on the blood-furrowed sea; yet custom demands, the which thou knowest not, that thou shalt name thyself at this hour.

Duke. I am the Duke of Gotland!

Hans Lorbass [*highly excited, pointing to PRINCE WITTE*]. He is the Duke of Gotland! [*Great disturbance and amazement.*]

Cölestin. We are groping here in a black riddle.

Chancellor [*to PRINCE WITTE*]. Witness thyself.

Prince Witte. If there is a man here in whom dwells a spirit of sacrifice, a worship of the right, and not of power and bloody gain, to him I speak, as to a stem of that ancient race which still springs from Gotland's gods; I boldly say: "I am." But to that vicious misbegotten wight who cringes in the dust and worships tyranny if it but prosper him, to him I say: "No, I am not."

Chancellor. A lofty mind, bred in the bitterness which deep sorrow brings, speaks in thy words and gives them weight. But yet — we know not who stands before us as the Duke of Gotland.

Duke. It seems to me, my lords, that the sword will show.

Chancellor. True enough. If the Queen will.

[*The QUEEN bows her head in assent. The CHANCELLOR gives a sign to the trumpeters and they blow a signal which is answered below in the court. The nobles make their obeisances to the QUEEN and go down the steps to the right and left.*]

Hans Lorbass [*meanwhile*]. Remember that thrust I showed thee once: at the arm-joint where the leather is easily cut, thou canst —

Prince Witte [*alarmed*]. Where are the feathers?

Hans. How — what —? That witch-work to distract thee now? Here is thy sword, and there the foe! Play with him, tickle him, stroke his beard, till he weeps blood out of his mouth, till —

Prince. They are quite safe.

Hans. Master!

[PRINCE WITTE goes last behind DUKE WIDWOLF, with a bow to the QUEEN in passing. She watches him in agitation and follows him with her eyes.]

Queen. How is the Prince?

Anna Goldhair. As children always are. At first he wept and tried to slip away. Then he lay still and had his playthings brought. Now he lies sprawling under a table, playing at dice, though he understands them not.

Queen. While we go to throw upon his life.

[The QUEEN, CÖLESTIN, the CHANCELLOR, ANNA GOLDHAIR, and the other women go out. The guards draw the curtains behind the throne. The applause of the people greeting the QUEEN rises from the court. Then silence.]

Sköll. Well, my heart's brother, so we are alone again.

[HANS LORBASS without noticing SKÖLL, tries to pass the First Guard after PRINCE WITTE.]

First Guard. Back!

[HANS tries on the other side of the curtain.]

Second Guard. Back! The passage is forbidden.

Hans. I am the Prince's servant!

Second Guard. That may all be; but hast thou not seen—

Hans. I counsel thee, take off thy hands!

Sköll [takes hold of his arm soothingly]. Come, brother of my heart, be sensible, stay in thy seat; down below there is just a mob of women, and thou wouldst be no use at all.

Hans. True enough. [The drums sound.] The third call! Now is the time!

Sköll. Now I can put my hands in my pockets and let them break each other's necks; if I only had something to drink, then—[as HANS clutches him by the arm in excitement at the first clash of swords sounding from below] Ouch! Whew! The devil, what a grip thou hast!

Hans [accompanying the movements below with dumb-show, which is accentuated by the noise of the crashing weapons]. There! That

was a blow! Take that! [*Alarmed.*] Guard thyself! Ah, that was good! Now after him and strike! . . . He missed! [*To SKÖLL, threateningly.*] I thought thou didst laugh!

Sköll. What should I do?

Hans. I tell thee, thou brute beast, thou calf, thou knave, thou thief, as truly as I love thee as my brother, I will kill thee!

Sköll. Not so fierce!

Hans. There, which one of them drives the other in the corner, now? Eh?

Sköll. What? . . . I will stand above both sides and wait to see which one comes out ahead.

Hans. Ho, ho! How the rascal puffs! Yes, thou wilt learn to run, my fine fellow! Another blow! He struck him not! Now for thy life!—What is he thinking of? [*Shrieks out.*] My master bleeds!

Sköll. Ei, ei!

Hans. Wipe it off! Whisk it away! That little blood-letting but sharpens the anger, pricks the hate and—

Sköll. Look!

Hans. Now gather all thy powers together, master! And all my love for thee turn into fire and flame, that—

[*Pause. Then a woman's shriek is heard, and the ringing fall of a man's body. A dull murmur of many voices follows.*]

Sköll. That was a blow! [*Shouting down.*] Hail to King Wid—

Hans [*seizes him like lightning and hurls him to the ground, then springs on the bench, waving his sword above his head and shouting.*] Back from his body! You men below there, is there one that wears a sword and armor?

Voices. I!—I!—I!

Hans Lorbass. He will break through the lists with me and drive away this robber of Samland!

[*Cries of rage, together with the crashing of the lists. HANS LORBASS storms upon the guards, who retreat to one side, and dashes below. The QUEEN comes upon the scene half unconscious, supported*

by ANNA GOLDHAIR and her other women. The CHANCELLOR and other nobles. SKÖLL has squeezed himself behind the corner pillar on the right.]

Cölestin [turning from the QUEEN to a group of men who stand gazing down on the tumult below]. How goes it now?

Chancellor. That man whose summons hurled the brand of mutiny among us, look how great and small, man and woman crowd around him shouting and hustle the Duke to the door! There, he is gone!—the other left! Who was the devil?

[The uproar grows fainter and seems to lose itself in the distance.]

Cölestin. I know not whether he was a devil or an angel; for without his shriek of hate we should still be lying beneath the foot of tyranny, bleeding and weaponless as he who lies below.

[CHANCELLOR motions to him, pointing towards the QUEEN, who has revived and is looking about her wildly.]

Queen. Where is the stranger? Why are you silent? I saw him fall . . . did he not conquer?

A Messenger [comes hurrying up the steps]. Hail to our Queen! I bring glad tidings: the accursed Duke has fled upon a stolen horse. The people vent their long-stored spleen upon his rascally followers.

Sköll. Woe is me! Alas! [He slips behind the church door and disappears.]

Queen. And that youth who smiling received the sacrificial blow for you—think you his life so valueless that no one even remembers him as a poor reward? Why are you silent? Will no one speak?

Chancellor. We know not whether he is dead, or lives, though sorely wounded. In every thrust he far over-reckoned the reach of his sword. A more grievous trouble than this, my Lady Queen, avails to banish our rejoicing; a broken oath is here, an unatoned-for—

Cölestin. Look! What a sight!

[HANS LORBASS supports the sorely wounded PRINCE WITTE

up the steps, lets him sink upon the bench to the left, and stands before him with drawn sword, like a guard.]

Hans. Away from here! Whoever loves his life, whether man or woman, comes not too near!

Queen [approaching him]. Not even I, my friend?

Hans [embarrassed, yielding]. Thou, Lady, — yes.

Queen [takes off her veil, and wipes the blood from the face of the PRINCE]. Send for physicians that he may be saved.

Hans. He is saved! If he were not, I'd spring in the very face of death for him, — I would spring down death's very throat; death and I, we know each other well.

Chancellor. Thou who breathest out spume and fire as carelessly as though hell itself had brought thee forth, I ask thee who thou art, thou unclean spirit, who hast dared to raise this pious people to revolt by thy furious onslaught, and taught them to poison for themselves and the ensuing race the holy fount of justice?

Hans. And I will answer thee: I myself am that justice. I bear it on my sword's point, I carry it here beneath my cap, I pour it forth in my master's name, who gave it for his glory and his happiness. [*Signs of anger.*] If ye believe it not, then listen trembling to the thousand toned joy that peals from far away like spring thunder quivering in the air, and sweeps throughout the land the joyous message of deliverance: we are free!

Chancellor. Speak, O Queen! Thy soldiers wait below. Methinks this servant of the defeated one has too much confidence, — he speaks as though he were instead our lord and victor.

Queen. Let him speak! He has the right! And even were he a thousand times defeated, this man who lies before us bleeding, if he recover and seek it from me, shall be our lord and conqueror. [*Great confusion and excitement.*]

Prince Witte [rousing from his unconsciousness and looking about him painfully]. There lies the heron! I have wrung his neck, I snatch my prize, my salvation . . . [*feeling on his*

head and in his breast with anxious dismay] where are the feathers?

Queen. What seekest thou, dear one?

Hans. Thou seest, O Queen, he speaks in fever. Do not listen, do not heed his words.

Prince. Hans, Hans!

Hans [*close by him*]. Take care what thou sayest.

Prince [*whispers earnestly*]. I will away from here . . .
[*with a glance at the QUEEN half complainingly*] I must away!

Hans. When thou canst.

ACT III.

A chamber in the castle. The two farther corners slope away from the front. In the left corner is a bay-window with a platform, to which steps lead up. Burning torches are stuck in the branches of the pillars which flank the steps. In the right corner is a fire-place. One can look beyond into an ante-chamber, and farther on, through a wide door-way whose curtains are drawn back, into a thickly planted garden, which at the end of its middle path shows a little of the surrounding wall. In the middle of the room is a table with seats about it. At the left in front is a couch with furs and cushions on it. At the right is the door to the sleeping apartments.

SCENE I.

The QUEEN sits on the platform with her distaff before her, and gazes dreamily into the red glow, which shines through the window. Two old women sit spinning before the fire-place, in which a dying fire glimmers. ANNA GOLDHAIR and the young PRINCE on the steps of the platform. Through the drawn curtains plays the red evening light.

The Young Prince. Say, mother, will the father come soon?

Queen. Of course.

The Young Prince. Will he come before my bed-time?

Queen. I do not know.

The Young Prince. The wood is full of darkness, is it not?

Queen. Where our King goes, there is always light ! . . . What, Anna, art thou eavesdropping ? Must I blush before thee, because I voiced a cry out of my soul's longing, which envious time would smother ?

Anna Goldhair. Beloved Queen. . . . I know well that I am too young ; my little thoughts whisk twittering like swallows through my head,—

The Young Prince. And she pretends to me she is so wise !

Queen. Run, run, my child !

The Young Prince. I will get her by the hair first ! [*He tugs at ANNA'S hair. ANNA GOLDHAIR pushes him off laughing.*] Just wait ! [*He runs from her to the spinning-women, and teases them.*]

Anna Goldhair. But if thou hast need of any one to whisper to, in whose breast at the still evening-time to plunge thine overflowing soul—of anyone who if need were, could go for thee to her death as to a feast,—thou knowest, dearest Queen, I am that one !

Queen [*caressing her*]. Yes, deep in my heart I know that thou art mine. [*She rises.*] But if it be death here for any human being, I am that one !

Anna Goldhair [*frightened*]. What troubles thee, beloved Lady ? [*Three maidens, young and pretty, have entered shyly.*]

Queen. It is nothing,—nothing ! . . . Why, here ! What seek you my children ? . . . What not a word ? Have you a favor to be granted, a complaint to make ? If you cannot speak, why then you must go away again !

Anna Goldhair. Mistress forgive them. They are of thy train, and they have asked me to plead for them, lest their too eager speech should lose for them the favor they desire.

Queen. Well ?

Anna Goldhair. Dear Mistress, there is an old custom that runs thus : when Easter-tide has come into the land, when the thorn bush grows faintly green, when the blue wave shines bluer,

when our desire takes wing to sport among the flying things of spring,—that then, upon the coming of the first full moon, the night must be watched out with sport and dance. In a word they would sing.

Queen [smiling]. Ah, yes! . . . But tell me, dear children, if you knew it, then why did this custom vanish from the land so many years?

Anna Goldhair. We honored thy sorrow, my Queen.

Queen. Well, then, go out and dance and frolic and sing together all night long! Know you the song that you should sing?

[*The maidens nod eagerly.*]

Queen. Go out and drink the moonlight as it pours down through the branches; I think we little know how blessed we are.

[*The maidens courtesy and kiss her hands and garments.*]

Queen [as she turns away smiling]. Why are you old ones shivering? Why look you so strange? Is it cold? Then you must rake the fire!

One of the Old Women. Mistress, we spin our winding-sheets. Shall we not be cold?

Queen [drawing the young PRINCE to her]. Do not listen to them! [*CÖLESTIN enters.*]

The Young Prince. Oh, Uncle Cölestin! [*Runs to him.*] What hast thou brought me, Uncle Cölestin?

Cölestin [lifting him up]. A great sandman, and a small good-night!

Queen. The King is come? Thou wouldst announce him?

Cölestin. No, my Lady. We heard his horn in the distance, but it died away again. I come before thee a gloomy messenger. . . . In the great hall beyond there waits the council of the realm. . . .

Queen. Stop! You, my women, seek your rest; my son, to bed!

The Young Prince. And am I not to see the father again till morning? Ah, mother, please!

Queen. If thou canst not sleep, Anna shall take thee up and bring thee here. Is it well so, dear one?

The Young Prince. Yes.

Queen. And goodnight!

[*The PRINCE, ANNA GOLDHAIR, and the women go out.*]

Queen. We are alone . . . yet what a pity with too cool reason to chill the buds of the May evening, which plunges all the waking soul into sweet sickness. . . . But speak!

Cölestin. Lady, I know not how I shall begin. The words come stumbling from my lips. Thou knowest how we love him, and how, since thou hast given him thyself, there is no single life but stands prepared to serve him without a thought of self. And how does he reward us? He shuns our glance, a smouldering suspicion breaks out whenever we would speak in seriousness to him, and throws its shadows on us darkly. The people idolize him. They greet him, great and small, with clapping hands and waving kerchiefs,—why must we stand aloof? Is he ashamed of us?—or of himself? I know not. A mysterious sadness clouds his eye so falcon-bright, and even while our hearts still yearn upon him, he grows a stranger to us, who was never our friend.

Queen. It is your too easily wounded love complains of him.

Cölestin. If that danger—

Queen [*without listening to him*]. I see it, but I scarce can blame it. I blame no one. I have built for myself out of dreams and smiles a strong strong wall, outside of which you wait, thieves of my happiness—nay, my friend, look not so grieved!—and out of which you know not how to lure me, either by cunning or by clamor.

Cölestin. Still, hast thou never come upon that knowledge, deep within thy heart, which tells thee how in everything that is and was and needs must be throughout our lives, a never expiated wrong must weigh us down?

Queen. Never, my friend! In my soul there rings but one harp-tone, one voice, which says: be happy!

Cölestin. And thy oath, Lady?

Queen. My oath?

Cölestin. Didst thou not swear before us all and in the sight of heaven that he who hurled his rival to the earth, not he who lay there shameful in defeat, might dare approach thee as thy lord and king?

Queen. But tell me, my dear friend, did he not conquer?

Cölestin. What madness has so blurred events for thee?

Queen. I know he conquered, for he is here!

Cölestin. Here indeed he is, but with what right?

Queen. The right that raised for him in that dark hour when the cruel wound gaped in his throat, a faithful servant to avenge him; a servant whose brave shout and lifted blade have taught me this one thing: high above the right there stands the sword, and high above the sword stands love!

Cölestin. May this wisdom please the Omnipotent, and may he pity thee, and all of us!

Queen. It was not given to everyone to know it; but it has brought the King to me! Hark, do I hear a horn? How near it sounds! My King is coming! My King is here!

SCENE 2.

The Same. KING WITTE, the CHANCELLOR and other councillors and nobles. HANS LORBASS stands guard at the door, spear in hand, at ease.

King [embraces the QUEEN and kisses her on the forehead. Comes forward with her, but turns back irritably]. What do you want?

Chancellor. My lord, while thou didst tread the forest paths, following the hunt, a fierce onslaught of new trouble came swooping down upon our land.

King. Trouble, always trouble! Mouldy, gray and blear, it lives far longer than one's whole life! Must you, even in the daytime, din your night-song in my ears?

Chancellor. This time—

King [mocking]. "This time"—I wager the state will crack

in pieces ! [*Turning to the QUEEN.*] If they had naught at which to fear, I should have naught at which to laugh !

Queen. Dear one—!

King. Hush ! It makes me glow with anger, only to look upon these gray countenances, gloomy as the grave, full of foreboding, heavy with woes, and yet with that little glint of malice in their half-lowered lids. Must I suck in these complaints that fall drop by drop upon me ? I might lay about me recklessly—but what am I to dare it ?

Queen. All art thou, all darest thou, all hearts bow before thee ! Canst thou not guess their dumb entreaties, not understand their timid longings ? Look, they give thee so much, they give with open hands ; their love enfolds thee, blooms everywhere for thee to pluck ! Go down among them, then, step into their hearts, and speak, I beg thee, graciously and kindly.

King [*softened*]. I will try, thanks to thee ! Speak, as thou knowest me : why does this anger and this curse fall daily and hourly over me ? My friends, mislike me not for my impatience, for one thing I know right well, that I stand deeply in your debt. And now, speak !

Chancellor. My lord, I speak—not trembling, for long necessity has wonted us to terrors as to daily bread—of the fate which I have long seen approaching, and which now stands thirsting for blood before us. Duke Widwolf—

King [*starting*]. Duke Widwolf !

Chancellor. Is mustering an army !

King [*feigning calmness*]. What then ?

Chancellor. He makes his boast that when the ice on the northern sea has turned to sheeted foam, he will descend with full a hundred ships and fall upon us like an avenging spirit.

King. The avenging spirit is a worthy part for him to play.

Chancellor. Still thou knowest this once he serves a righteous cause.

King. What sayest thou ?

Chancellor. Is not this realm, O King, forfeit to him as a reward of victory?

King. May the word choke thee! As a reward of victory? Oh, stands it so with you, my lords? Do you stare at me? What means the scorn that lurks in your eyes? Have I been here too long? Do you already rue your act?

Chancellor. We rue it not, my King!

King. Say yes, say yes! Why so much pains with one who lay in the dust, whom you so mercifully raised up that everyone might value me as he chose, not as he must? Was it that I should fawn upon you, stroke and caress and flatter you, and die, instead of that one death I owed you, a thousand daily deaths?

Chancellor. Thou hast seen no hatred in us. A reflection of thine own feeling has deluded thee.

Cölestin. And if thou hast heard the word guilt, it was but thus: let me be guilty with thee! [QUEEN *nods gratefully to him.*]

King. Very fine! Quite beautiful! Accept my thanks! Hans! Come here and tell me what thou sayest to all this.

Hans Lorbass [*comes forward boldly*]. Lord Chancellor and Lord House Marshal, you nobles, councillors, and wise men all, who let yourselves be plagued with doubts like flea-bites,—if you permit it I will say one thing to you: between sin and punishment, between right and wrong, between hate and love, and good and bad, between sand and sea, and swamp and stone, between flesh of women and dead men's bones, between desire and possession, between field and furrow,—he goes, a man of men, straight through,—looking to neither right nor left!

King [*with a smile of satisfaction*]. Good words, for which we shall reward him. Yes, if you all thought with him, then I might bravely, out of the fulness of— Enough! We each do what befits us and what it was decreed that we should do. We can no more. Time came upon us undesired and unasked,—even to-day. Each of us drags listlessly our weight of humanity unto the grave. Farewell my lords. . . . Lay by your letters. I will prove, as

it stands I will— Yes, and give your wisdom air, my dear friends, for it grows musty! [*CÖLESTIN, the CHANCELLOR, and the other nobles go out.*] Hans, stay!

King. Well, my wife?

Queen. Thou lookest at me so earnestly.

King. I am smiling.

Queen. Yet sorrow looks from all thy features. My friend, I fear that thou canst never learn to yield thyself up to this country.

King. Yield thyself, thou sayest. Belie thyself,—it is the same. To me it is a polished farce, at which I play and play and play myself quite out, entangled sleepily in fog and mist. But sometimes comes a wandering south wind, and plays faintly with its wings upon my wearied soul, striking vague and half-audible dream tones.

Queen. Thou torturest thyself.

King. And thee, my wife,—forgive! I look at thee and know that thou hast long hung in imploring anguish on my neck; it shames me, for see, I love thee!

Queen [*repeats half dreamily*]. I love thee.

The Voice of the Young Prince. Papa.

King. Art thou still awake, my son?

The Voice of the Young Prince. Papa, may I come in?

King. Thou mayst. [*Enter the young PRINCE with ANNA GOLDHAIR.*]

The Young Prince [*running to the KING*]. Papa, papa!

King. My boy, didst thou do well to leave thy bed and run with such haste to thy playfellow?

Queen. He begged me, and I let him.

King. So then. [*To himself.*] Now calm, quite calm!

The Young Prince [*running to the door*]. Hans, did they shoot much?

King. Thy name is Anna with the golden hair?

Anna Goldhair [*shyly*]. They call me Goldhair—but—

King. Let it be, it is true. [*To the PRINCE.*] Come here!

The Young Prince. Yes, father.

King. Listen! If thou hast that in thee that seethes and bubbles and strives to burst out, then smother it! When others take to themselves the cream from off thy cup of life, do not curse and slay them! Smile and be calm,—quite calm, there still remains in my breast, I fear, a little of that former passion and unrest; I will employ it to shield this calmness of thine.

The Young Prince, Have I been bad, father? When thou lookest at me so, I am afraid.

Queen. Come!

The Young Prince. The father is angry.

Queen. The father jests.

The Young Prince. Good night!

King. Good night!

Queen. I cannot find the key that harmonizes with thy mood; though once I knew how to resolve into harmony all the dissonance in the world. Perhaps the knowledge will come back again.

King. Perhaps.

Queen. And good night! [*They clasp hands. The QUEEN, the PRINCE, and ANNA GOLDHAIR go out.*]

King. No statue stands in the cathedral gates as stony as thou art. Hatred grazes thee, envy seeks to belittle thy worth. But thou smilest not. Thou movest in silent resignation, so tense, so . . . Say, how canst thou?

Hans Lorbass. I serve.

King. Is that the reason?

Hans Lorbass. A servant has no choice. Else had I torn from off its nail my spear which the worms are conquering, burnished my shield and mail, and with a shout of righteous anger which has gnawed its chain for years, I would leap forth—where? Thou knowest, master!

King [*smiling bitterly*]. What use? He serves a righteous cause.

Hans Lorbass. Master, I will not look longer upon this farce!

Lay about thee, kindle flames, slay, torture, make a harvest of the people,—but laugh and feel thyself a man once more!

King. A man? A husband! That is the word! That is my office. And my virtue. Wouldst thou soar? Then load a burden on thy back. Art thou hungry? Then toss away thy food. Dost thou hear thy heart clamor within thee after freedom? Seek a prison, and lay thee down therein.

Hans Lorbass. Dost thou hate her so?

King. Hate her? Her—from whose soul a mildness like honey drops on mine? Her, in whose golden beauty the loveliness about her pales to a shadow? If I knew a blot which she had hidden from me, a single grain of dust upon the mirror of her soul, a single pretext however bald or hollow, then I should have a weapon with which to pierce my shame, to free me from this need of speaking out my humility—oh, might I hate her, my God, it would be well for me! But at that glance of sorrowing goodness with which she smiles on all our faults, all trace of defiant courage dies in me, and I am weaponless because she is.

Hans Lorbass. Then come, escape!

King [*smiling wearily*]. True, the door stands open.

Hans Lorbass. And when we have once passed the border, thou canst learn to forget.

King. Perhaps! It may be! But can I learn to hope again? I went forth a conqueror; joyous self-confidence was my companion on the way—my bright horizon stretched itself to the boundless heavens. And now? I wear a sickly crown, which did not fall to me as victor, but fell upon me as I fell myself; and this fall has so sweated it to me that neither help of hands nor curses, but only death itself can tear it from my head.

Hans Lorbass. Well, at least thou hast it; thou hast a crown, thou art king.

King. King am I? Wilt thou mock me? Dost thou think I am so besotted as not to know my state? Yea, I might be king, were not the youth already ripening to maturity for whom I guard his throne from harm until he occupies it!

Hans Lorbass. But every man holds what he has and hopes to have, in security, in pawn, as it were, for his children.

King. Yes, for his own, not for a stranger's.

Hans Lorbass. Then get some of thy own.

King. To beg their bread? Thou knowest that in this whole kingdom of which I am king, there is not a single crust of bread, not a rag, that I may call my own. It is all his.

Hans Lorbass. What is in thy head?

King. Say naught! A man may wear his shame, may panting draw it dragged after him, and yet in spite of it he can hunger, thirst, and draw his sword. But when he must say to himself besides: thou hast squandered thy own happiness in shameful dalliance,—to whom then, dare he show his face? Yes, thou canst do all! . . . Yet one thing thou canst not do: thou never canst give back to the world its face of bloom. The great festal day that lay red and golden over all the earth, on which I closed my eyes when I lay down to rest, which roused me to joyous labor with its fanfare, which cast on toil itself a glorious light,—that, thou canst never bring back to me. Never. . . . Never again. The spring-time gleams to-day in vain. In vain the blossoms crowd to show their splendor to me, in vain do autumn's golden apples bow to my hand. Another hand will pluck them, while I descend my narrow path, hedged in with poverty, weighed down with despair, shut in with duties as with graves, and see my own grave stretched across the end. Thus I go on and on, so quietly,—yet all the time I stifle in my throat a cry, a shriek,—oh, save me from my daily burden, friend!

Hans [to himself]. A last hope,—but dare I venture it? I must. Lest he languish and slip hither beneath my eye. [*Aloud.*] Master, if thou cherishest a grief, thou hast then forgot the talisman —

King. The what?

Hans Lorbass [watching him]. The feathers thou didst once possess.

King [feeling in his breast. Angri]. Be still.

Hans Lorbass. Since thou still wearest them on thy heart, why —

King. Be still, I tell thee, churl!

Hans Lorbass [*bursts out*]. Cursed be the churl that dog-like yields himself to thee. Yet I will be thy dog, that I may howl, for at least I have that right.

King. No one shall speak of them, — neither I nor thou. The door is closed upon the past. All is done, is spent, and these feathers are nothing but a mark of my violent downfall, a monument to my dead longing.

Hans Lorbass. It is dead, then? It lives and cries aloud, — so loud that even the deaf could hear! Have courage, wield the magic power, and call thy unknown bride to thee.

King. Here?

Hans Lorbass. Where else? I trust in the charm thou hast wrung from the witch-wife. I remember it well. [*Repeating*] "The first of the feathers" — no, it is burned. [*Repeating*] "The second feather, mark it well, shall bring her to thee in love; for when thou — burnest — it" — [*Stops.*]

King. "Alone in the dying glow, she must wander by night and appear before thee."

Hans Lorbass. Well?

King [*in great agitation*]. The thought thou hast thrown out in faring jest, has lain a last hope, deep within my hearts shrinking depths.

Hans Lorbass. Why hast thou when so devil-ridden, not yielded to the strain?

King. Hast thou forgot what else she said?

Hans Lorbass. What she said — she spoke of the third feather.

King [*repeating*]. "Until the third has perished in the flame, thy hand stretched forth shall bless her" —

Hans Lorbass [*going on*]. "but the third burning brings her death" —

King. Suppose she should come now and vanish again?

Hans Lorbass. But why?

King. Ask thyself what it means — my hand stretched forth shall bless her — if I have and hold her? Would fate withdraw her gift a second time and leave me no security? Does a new misery lie in wait behind the dark disguise of these words? Thus I have delayed the deed, hoping I might be new-redeemed, by my own strength, without the laming weakness of enchantment, to see and win the woman of whom my soul has dreamed. All that is past. . . . The broken pinion can no longer unfurl itself. . . . [*listening.*] I hear laughter outside. What is it?

Hans Lorbass [*lifting the curtain*]. Only our maidens, who sport outside, modest and chaste as their land's innocence.

King. I will employ this hour of rest, while they dance there beneath the birches, to set the charm to work, and call my long-dead happiness as guest. Now go!

Hans Lorbass. Thou knowest, master, danger often comes from business such as this.

King. Danger—for whom?

Hans Lorbass. Let me stay with thee! Crouched in the farthest corner—

King. The charm says it must be done alone.

Hans Lorbass. Well then! I will hold a watch outside. [*Goes out.*]

The King [*alone. Looks about distrustfully, then draws the feathers from his corselet, puts one back and goes toward the fireplace with the other*]. The fire dies down? Then thou canst strive to brighten it, as thou hast the flames of my will. . . . Too late! Naught but this lazy, luke-warm heap of sodden ashes. What is to be done now?—The torch, a-flicker there! Though thy dim mocking glimmer has often frightened me in the forest it smiles alluringly at me now. And look, above, the parchments which so long have made my life a hell—now I know how to use you! Out of the paper sorrows of my country I will kindle for myself a glad new morning,—a new sun shall rise for me in their light! [*He hurls the torch among the rolls and they take fire.*] And now! [*He tosses the feather into the flames. A violet light-*

ning flashes high above the stone chimney-piece. A light peal of thunder follows, with a long roll like the noise of rattling chains. The door on the right has sprung open. As the KING stares wildly about, the QUEEN enters, at first not seen by him, and stands with closed eyes near the door.]

King [turning round]. What wilt thou here?

Queen [opening her eyes]. Didst thou not call?

King. I—call thee? . . . But hush! . . . No, nothing, nothing! No shadow climbs the starred blue sky . . . no light . . . only the moon laughs in the green water, and laughs . . . and laughs. . . . The world is drained quite empty. Thou hast done well, Maria . . . thou holdest thy watch faithfully. No spy could have done better.

Queen. I came because thou—

King. Hast called me? Was that it? I knew it well.

Queen. And if thou hadst not called—

King. Thou wouldst still have come, to see that no thief was gliding up the steps of thy throne [*aside*] alone, alas, alone—a thief of fortune, such as pious women like thyself, whose longings form but to be granted, brew spectre-like in their porridge pots. Wouldst thou not?

Queen. For God's sake, what burns there?

King. My manhood! Let it burn, child, let it burn! While I sat piously amid thy flock, there came a flame of piety upon me, burning more fiercely than myself, and burned and burned, until I was consumed with piety. . . . But thou, woman, that thou mayst know how in this dark hour thou hast snatched the cup of freedom from my longing lips,—I ask thee, woman, what have I done to thee? What have I done, that thy love-longing—I will not mock, else I had said love-lust—should force me, who was naught to thee, to grovel in the dust here at thy feet? Now hast thou what thou wilt. Here stands thy spouse, the second father of thy son,—thy mock, thy love potion and thy sleeping-draught, catch-poll of the great, butt of the small, and to both a vent for every scorn. Yes, gaze upon me in my pride! This am

I, this hast thou made of me!—speak, then, and stand not staring into space! Strike back, defend thyself; that is the way with happy married folk. . . . Well?

Queen. Witte, Witte!

King. Well?

Queen. Witte, Witte!

King. So piteously thou callest me, child! Thus piteously stands thy image in my soul's midst.

Queen. No more.

King. Well, then?

Queen. It is past. It must be past. Alas, how many a night have I pictured myself thy happiness, thy refuge, thy solace,—oh, pardon me! I had so much love to give to thee, so wholly lay my trembling soul within thy hand, such streams of light and glory leaped and played about me,—how could I know that what was so precious and so dear to me was naught at all to thee? Now I know how I have deceived myself; it grieves me sorely, and for many a year must I endure and sorrow. But to thee I grant the one gift left for me to give,—thy freedom. Take it, but ah, believe, I love thee!

King. Shall I be free, Maria?

Queen. Free; and more than that; thou shalt be happy. I shall know thee so glad, so radiant, so buoyantly poised heaven-high above all black necessity, whether here or far away, so unfalteringly turned toward the light upon the eagle wing of thy desire, that a reflection of thy radiance shall laugh into my lonely darkness.

King [*takes her head between his hands and gazes at her steadily*]. Listen, Maria! Should I say: I thank thee,—how raw 'twould sound! . . . And yet I feel thy meaning; as I drank in thy words, there slipped away and fell from my breast a . . . Maria, thou art weeping!

Queen [*smiling*]. What slipped away, what fell? Thou art silent again.

King. Look, what thou givest, thou Lady Bountiful, is not

thine to give. But thou hast given so freely of thy kindness, that at thy words something like happiness itself flowers out of black necessity itself, whose slave I am. I may not be free in very truth ; but thou hast so generously hidden my chains, so mercifully forborne all blame of my weak struggle for self-redemption, that freedom's self seems near. I welcome her, and feel new blood course through my tainted and empoverished frame.

Queen. Why should I judge thee, and not rather love ? For why else am I thy wife ?

King. Come here ! Come to me ! Sit down—nay, here !
. . . How strange it is ! I thought to flee before thee, and only fled with all my pain straight to thy arms.

Queen. So shouldst thou ! And so long as thou needest me, so long will I be at thy side. . . . But when thou sayest : "Enough ! I ride abroad to seek my happiness," then all silently will I vanish from thy path.

King. And thus thou gavest me thy life, without condition or return ; and with sweet service snatched me from the grave. But when I was whole once more, I felt so confined within the hedge thy tenderness had built about me, so twined about with thy gentle arms, so dazed by weakness and by shame, that I seized eagerly, as on a penance, upon thy offered throne. My deed seems voluntary now, and like a weak submission to the fate that bore me, the faithless one, here to thy feet. Thou art no less than I its victim,—then forgive me if for a moment I rebelled at the sight of my last hope strewn to the winds.

Queen. We sit here hand in hand, and, third in our company sits misery.

King [*shaking his head*]. Nay, if a man has found a friend whose voice is gentle, whose soul speaks harmony and keeps sweet accord with his in that holy hour which turns our griefs to calm, whose love rings true in sorrow and in joy,—such a man is far from deepest misery.

Queen. Thou speakest so gently now, and yet thou couldst speak so cruelly before ! Nay, I mean no reproach, no blame. I

have hung so long upon the hope of being thy happiness, that even the smallest change upon thy face has become to me a consciousness of some fault of mine. And when I saw a laugh in thine eye, a smile, or even a single friendly beam, the whole broad world lay straightway in sunshine. Yet do not tell me that I am too fond. It is not that . . . or only a very, very little. For look, I have a child; and my heart has the same gift for him. Thou canst believe there was a struggle there. And just because I yearned for thee so deeply, there fell a shadow over thine . . . it was the child's!

King. No.

Queen. I thought that he was dear to thee.

King. That he is. Yes.

Queen. How many times hast thou beguiled the time in play and frolic with him, at all the little dreams that make his. Thou hast poured into his the strength of thy own soul.

King. Let the child be. I love him, thou knowest it. A little unwillingly, but what is that? He is not of my blood. . . . Let be. Speak of thyself. With every word thou drawest a thorn out of my soul.

Queen. What shall I say? Am I so powerful, then? And yet — I am! Thou gavest my power to me! Nay, before that — I learned it from a gray-haired man. Still half a child, I owed my love to him; and gave it, though as yet I knew not how to love.

[The swinging maidens outside have begun to sing.]

King. Hark! What is that? Some one is singing. How their voices exult together, as if they mocked the sound! . . . The air thrills as with the tremulousness of virgin bells on Sunday from a far-off lonely height.

Queen [*who has drawn aside the curtain. On the moonlit sward the white-robed maidens are singing*]. Are they not fair, thy singing land, thy moonlit house?

King. Come back! Let the curtain fall! Give me thy hand, and I will drink therefrom a draught of deep forgetfulness. Lay it upon my burning forehead, ah, so coolingly! So rests the snow

upon the slopes in my childhood's home. . . . My home . . . what is it to me now? . . . A balmy wind blows over me . . . it rises from a blue flower-besprinkled spot, far, far away, where happiness begins . . . it seems so very long. I have not slept. I think . . . [*He sleeps.*]

Queen [*after she has tenderly pillowed and covered him*]. I hold thee to my breast, beloved prisoner; at this hour thou art mine, even if tomorrow thou wouldst tread me in the dust. Until tomorrow is a long respite, to have thee and to hold thee, to give to thee a thousand golden gifts — if thou desirest them. How many joyous fountains might leap to the light of day from their deep sleep in my heart's depths. Alas that no word breaks their enchantment! They must sink back again from whence they came. Never will sunshine build its seven-hued bridge between my dream and the reality, between to-day and happiness. Thou wilt go from me, I must see but cannot hinder it; but tonight thou still art mine, — I may protect the slumber of my sleeping child.

[*Before going out, she draws the curtain so that the moonlight streams in.* HANS LORBASS, spear in hand and quite motionless, is visible for a moment. and steps aside at the approach of the QUEEN.

ACT IV.

A vaulted tower in the castle. In the centre of the background is a landing with stairs going up and down. Beyond, a corridor that loses itself in the distance. In the left foreground a window, and next to it a vaulted passage. In the right foreground a door bound with iron, and next to it a chimney-piece. In the middle of the room is a table with the remains of a feast upon it. Overturned goblets, burned-out lights, stringed instruments, garments, etc., about. On the left side of the stage is the throne, with the King's arms hanging upon it. Night, and half-darkness. The wind wails faintly in the chimney.

SCENE I.

ANNA GOLDHAIR cowering with covered face in the shadow of the throne. HANS LORBASS and CÖLESTIN enter from the landing.

Hans Lorbass. Master! . . . No answer.

Cölestin. His lair is empty. The hall seems forsaken. Nothing, but the sighing of the autumn wind. Not even a trace of the women that herd with him.

Hans Lorbass. And before the door, the foe.

Cölestin. We are to suffer for his sins.

Hans Lorbass. Pah!—We!

Cölestin. Since he so far betrayed morality as to draw to his lustful embraces the young maid with the golden hair, even from the very feet of his most virtuous spouse, it has gone ill with him and us. For half a year this shameless wanton bond has blazoned itself beneath this roof.

Hans Lorbass. If I choose to cry him down, why it is my affair. I advise thee, old man, to let it be.

Cölestin. Have I ever yet mingled with the crowd that boldly raise their heads against him? But now the foe hangs at our very heels,—and he, instead of showing fist in need, buries a thorn in our own flesh;—must I still be silent?

Hans Lorbass. Gabble or not, as thou choosest. Dost thou think the slime out of thy old mouth can make him slippery enough to—

Cölestin. Hark! [*A muffled drum-beat*]. The morning signal of the foe!

Hans Lorbass [*stretching out his arms*]. Come, mighty hour!

Cölestin. There is one way . . . some one might . . . with more influence than I . . . seek out the King and fetch him here. The tardy day still lies in heavy sleep . . . wilt thou go? [*HANS LORBASS nods.*]

Cölestin. Good! [*Going out.*] I am cold.

Hans Lorbass. What? All empty? . . . Thou shadow there, give answer what thou art. What, Goldhair, thou? Asleep here on the stones? Where is the King? . . . The King, where is he?

Anna Goldhair [*gets up trembling*]. I do not know.

Hans Lorbass. Is he asleep somewhere?

Anna Goldhair. No.

Hans Lorbass. Where have the women gone, then,—those wanton flaunting blossoms of his?

Anna Goldhair. He sprang up from the table to-night and drove them out with scourging.

Hans Lorbass. How was he before that?

Anna Goldhair. His greeting long since stiffened into silence and sternness. All night long his feet have wandered up and down the echoing passages.

Hans Lorbass. And to-night—which way did he go?

[ANNA GOLDHAIR *motions towards the left.*]

Hans Lorbass. Give me a light.

Anna Goldhair [*as she takes a taper from the table and gives it to him*]. Hans!

Hans Lorbass. Well?

Anna Goldhair. Hans—dost thou know what the Queen says of me?

Hans Lorbass. Queens are no friends of thine; the women will have none of thee now. Thou'dst best befriend thyself, and be thine own queen. [*He goes out.*]

[ANNA GOLDHAIR *cowers down again in the shadow of the throne. Then, from behind, the KING.*]

King [*coming forward*]. When I was yet a little boy I loved to put my ear down to the earth and shudder at the danger coming toward me in the thunder of the horses' hoofs. Even so now, the voice of the north wind wails aloud in the chimney how grim-visored death stands threatening upon my outer wall. . . . Was it for this the sea once rolled in music to my feet, for this my drawn sword thrilled in my hand, for this a woman beckoned me from out the clouds,—that here in this corner my young and lusty body should rot away to naught? Patience yet! I know my revenge! Though every broil burst out here, though my life itself were forfeit, though I became a very brute, scurvy and bleeding, goaded to despair, yet justice should be done! Only wait! I will die right joyfully, but fight—I will not. [*He sees ANNA GOLDHAIR.*] What,

Goldhair, thou awake? Come here!—Come, I command thee! Thou wast no joyous guest at the feast, I warrant. Nor I. . . . Do not speak, Goldhair. . . . Hush! Lest they believe I vaunt my sin. But then, what they believe is naught to me. Come, give me thy hand. Thou art fettered to me,—yet thou wast only a plaything, only a splinter of glass wherein I saw my image, only the last string of a broken lute. . . . Lean down. I will entrust something to thy care: here, under my doeskin corselet I carry a treasure. It is not much to see, neither gold nor precious stone,—only a feather. I won it once, it was a prize,—that was long since. . . . Enough, that it was precious to me. If I should come to harm to-day, take it and throw it in the fire. Wilt thou?

Anna Goldhair. Yes, sire.

King. I thank thee. [*Caressing her.*] Why dost thou shroud thy pretty hair with a grey veil? It is still golden. Dost thou thus seek to shroud dreams of the past? What look'st thou at so? [*Whispers.*] Is thy sorrow for thy Queen.

[ANNA GOLDHAIR *hides her face in her hands, shuddering.*]

King. Then cease thy grief . . . methinks the sword already clangs without to bring thee peace.

Hans Lorbass. Master.

King. Thou, Hans, here in my tower, which thou hast so avoided? What brings thee here?

Hans Lorbass. We are attacked. The Duke has surrounded the castle by night with a thousand men. The battering-ram and beam had even begun their cursed work, when suddenly there came a lull, and by the glow of torches we saw upon the plain a white flag held aloft upon a lance-point. We held communication a spear's length from the camp. There he stood, murder in his glance, and there stood Sköll and Gylf, and all the other vermin that have crawled to his feet; and he rolled his eyes, gnashing his teeth like a nut-cracker—Heaven send we're not the nut!

King. What offer did he make?

Hans Lorbass. A respite until day-break, in which time to yield thyself and me into his hands.

King. Me, Hans, and alone.

Hans Lorbass. And if they yield he will allow his heart to melt with pity; he will butter on both sides the bread of all the people who will shout for him. That is his way; all innocence, like the rest of us.

King. And if?

Hans Lorbass. If not? He swore,—and here his spleen burst out—that let a single sword be raised against him, a single spear be laid in rest, and he would hang and quarter every living, breathing thing, without mercy. This he calls choking rebellion in the seed.

King. And what was the decision of the people?

Hans Lorbass. The people will fight.

King. Will fight? Will fight? This flock of nestlings, lacking in every sort of strength, inspired by no courage-breeding fire, wanting in power, in discipline,—

Hans Lorbass. Like their King himself.

King. Like their King himself. Quite true. The shadow of a King, set on the throne by woman's love, is not the man to lead a forlorn hope.

Hans Lorbass. Though his people offer themselves to the sword for him.

King. Take care; I have outgrown thy scorn. [*Knocking on the door to the right.*]

Cölestin [*outside*]. Open the door for the King's son.

Hans Lorbass. Shall I?

King. Thou must. This house is his; and if he chose to, he could drive me hence.

[*CÖLESTIN enters, leading in the young PRINCE by the hand. It is gradually growing light.*]

The Young Prince [*running to ANNA GOLDHAIR*]. Anna! Ah, Anna, art thou here? The mother told me thou wast dead. Say. Anna, art thou vexed with me? I eat my supper all alone, I say my prayers and go to bed all alone. I sing alone, I play alone,—and oh, the mother weeps so much! They said my father had

been cruel to her,—how sorry he would be to see her weep! Anna, dear Anna, come and help us, for we are so sad!

[ANNA GOLDHAIR *kneels down before him and sobs on his neck.*]

King. What now?

Cölestin. My Prince, my little Prince!

King. Well?

Cölestin. Nay, with her thou canst have no concern. Thou knowest to whom thy mother sent thee, and what she graved so deep upon thy heart.

The Young Prince [*timidly approaching the KING*]. My mother called me very early, and bid me come to thee before my breakfast with Uncle Cölestin, and kneel down here before thee, and ask thee—something,—I forget.

Cölestin. Then, my lord, according to the measure of my wisdom I must speak here for this child, who in his innocence cannot comprehend how basely thou hast forsaken thy people. I must embolden myself to speak a last warning to thee. I speak not of the sins that now already weigh thee down: eternal God shall judge them, for thou mayst not sin and not atone. But even now thy spirit, corroded with rancorous spite, hast turned the edge of our ancestral sword against thy honor and thy manhood. Lo, there it glistens in thy burning grasp; and to that all-avenging sword I make my prayer: to the arm where still resides our safety: to the eyes from which looks out an unquenched thirst of fighting: that thou wilt lead to victory thy broken people, who surround the tower and call upon thee in their need.

King. The sword that I unthinking raised—led thereto by occasion only—I will lay down still clean. Thou callest it the all-avenging; and it shall win that praise itself. Let the foe mow you down in sheaves, it shall be naught to me,—it comes too late.

Cölestin. Good! Though thou so hatest thy people—

King. I hate ye not.

Cölestin. As to appease thy long-cherished revenge by scornful laughter in their hour of need, yet one thing I shall never

think, sir King, — that thou wilt yield without a struggle, and give up thy weaponless body to the slaughter.

King. What can I otherwise? In whose blood shall I dip this body to make it consecrate? With what right shall I plunge this sword into fiery service? He who stands without there serves a righteous cause. So sayest thou. The Chancellor, likewise. You all agree. Therefore I counsel thee: be wise, rescue your country and make clean your house. There is still time . . . the storm yet lulls. The Duke has need of me; deliver me to him.

Cölestin. All my strength is broken against this madness, which destroys itself. . . . And the hour presses. . . . What can I do? The crowd shrieks lamentations in my ear. . . . Kneel down, my child, stretch out thy arms, — perhaps, that silent picture will reach this heart. [*He makes the young PRINCE kneel down.*]

King. Stand up. . . . Come here. . . . Thou hast stood in my way, and yet I loved thee. A madness, an absurdity! [*Aside.*] Suppose: if thou wert not, — if in this coming hour I might but strike a blow for my own throne. . . . Where now?

The young Prince [clinging to Hans]. I am afraid.

Hans Lorbass [gazing at the KING]. There is the pinch. [*Going up to him, aside.*] And if —

King. If — what?

Hans Lorbass. If through some chance, quite unforeseen, this land should all at once become thine own, entirely thine?

King [bewildered]. What dost thou mean?

Hans Lorbass. Well then, if that should disappear that stands in thy way? [*Bursting out.*] Then wouldst thou take thy sword in both thy hands and storm exulting on the foe? . . . Well?

King. I understand thee not.

Hans Lorbass. Then —

King. Silence, silence! Thou knowest I have quenched the last embers of my desires. Thinkest thou to kindle a new blaze thereon by victory and sin? A fire must run from heaven, must

mount from hell, to light a new life in my fading course. A thing of horror must first come to pass; whence it came would be as naught to me, if it could but rise wonder-like upon my sight. Alas, from out these ashes no miracle can rise for me! I can no longer hope and struggle. . . . The door stands open to the upper room. . . . Once more I mount up to the height, once more behold the gray dawn turn to gold in rosy glory—

Hans Lorbass. Wilt thou come back?

King. Nay, didst thou not think so? I—[*As CÖLESTIN with the young PRINCE puts himself in the way.*] Away with the child! —I must die! [*Goes out.*]

Hans Lorbass [*to himself*]. “A thing of horror must first come to pass.” And then, “If I might strike a blow for my own throne.” “If thou wert not.” And looked at him with such eyes!—Cölestin, if I had something to ask—thou knowest, perhaps, the King will yield to me—more than—in short, I am beloved by him—

Cölestin. Good reason for it.

Hans Lorbass. Yes. Then what if I knew how to goad him into harness, so that even before the hour had struck, he had the Bastard by the throat with your all-avenging sword?

Cölestin. It would be possible? Thou couldst?

Hans Lorbass. Yes. But I need the Prince.

Cölestin. The Princeling,—why?

Hans Lorbass. With him by the hand I would sit there on the landing and hold watch till he came down.

Cölestin. And then?

Hans Lorbass. Then, Major-domo,—that is my affair.

Cölestin. The Queen left him in my care. But I know, Hans Lorbass that thou lovest him. Wilt thou, my little Prince?

The Young Prince. Dost thou ask me? I love to stay with him,—he teaches me to fight. [*He runs to him.*]

Cölestin. And may God bless thee in thy task.

Hans Lorbass. Much thanks. [*Turning to ANNA GOLDHAIR.*] I do not want her. Take her with thee.

Cölestin. Come, poor wench.

The Young Prince. May Anna stay here, too ?

[HANS LORBASS *hushes him.*]

Anna Goldhair. Oh, Cölestin, if I could hide somewhere, and see my dear Queen pass by just once !

Cölestin. Spare me thy complaints. . . . Well, wait, I will hide thee here behind the curtains of the door ; stay there, and do not move, and when she goes to the cathedral—come, come !

[CÖLESTIN and ANNA GOLDHAIR *go out.*]

Hans Lorbass [*grimly*]. My Prince !

The Young Prince [*tenderly*]. My Hans !

Hans Lorbass. And still it grips me cruelly hard.

The Young Prince. What is it thou grumblest in thy beard ? Come, let us fight.

Hans Lorbass. Let us fight, child ! If thou knewest how to fight indeed !

The Young Prince. How strange thou art to-day ? Say, Hans, is it true that a cruel enemy stands before the gate ?

Hans Lorbass. Quite true.

The Young Prince. Will he come inside ?

Hans Lorbass. Not yet. Before long.

The Young Prince. How long ?

Hans Lorbass. Until the drums sound the attack.

The Young Prince. Soon ?

Hans Lorbass. Very soon.

The Young Prince. Oh, that is splendid ! And why did the father go up to his tower ?

Hans Lorbass. Because . . . If I knew whether this young blood would be poured out in vain. To every foulness God created he has given a tongue to shriek : “ Behold my purpose ! ” And such a deed as this to-day . . . but no ! “ If thou wert not ! ”

The Young Prince. If I were not,—what then ?

Hans Lorbass. Wha—? Why ? His sick desires, his failing deeds, the dreams that mock his brain, that make the right seem

wrong,—if he might see a wish of his become a fact, as if by magic power, perhaps that knowledge of renewed strength might scatter his gloom to its accursed source and set him free. Now show thy worth and bleed here quietly on my breast—what dost thou there!

The Young Prince [*playing about meanwhile has drawn the sword from its sheath*]. I am learning to carry the King's sword. Forward! Hasten, the foe will come! Very well. Then I shall be the victor.

Hans Lorbass. Put it down!

The Young Prince. Ah, no!

Hans Lorbass. Put it down!

The Young Prince. Oh-oo! That is sharp!

Hans Lorbass. Thou knowest who alone may carry that?

The Young Prince. The King.

Hans Lorbass. Well then.

The Young Prince. But he left it there!

Hans Lorbass [*sternly*]. To take it up again. [*Draws his sword.*]

The Young Prince. Wait! I will kill thee! [*He has grasped the sword in both hands, and thrusting at HANS, who does not see him, he wounds him on the hand.*]

Hans Lorbass [*laughing grimly*]. The fiend torment—

The Young Prince. Thou bledest—O me!

Hans Lorbass. The very weakness of this child avenges itself in death.

The Young Prince. Wilt thou not scold me! [*Unfastening his neckerchief.*] Take my kerchief,—ah, please! Wrap it about thy hand. Quick!

Hans Lorbass. Is it intended for a sign to me to turn back in my path? The wish was there, but who knows when he cherished it, whether he was not so rent by torment, so quite unmanned as to harbor a thought that sprang therefrom? He must . . . Yea, and I must. The hour will slip away. . . . [*Drums sound in the distance.*] Hark, hark! There it is,—the time has come. [*Drums.*] Again!

The Young Prince. Is that the signal?

Hans Lorbass. What signal?

The Young Prince. For the attack?

Hans Lorbass. Yes. For the attack and—

The Young Prince. What happiness! Is it not, Hans! If I were grown! If I were a man!

Hans Lorbass. Come here!

The Young Prince. Why dost thou look at me so sternly? Just like the father. . . . Wouldst thou strike me? No, thou shalt not. . . . I am a king's son.

Hans Lorbass. Come here!

The Young Prince. I am not afraid. [*Goes to him.*] Just think, the people say the father hates me. I believe it not. Whatever he should do, I know right well he loves me,—even as much as thou, my Hans. [*Throws his arms around him.*]

Hans Lorbass. How dost thou know?

The Young Prince. What, Hans?

Hans Lorbass. About the father.

The Young Prince. Listen! One night, quite lately, when I had been a little while in my bed, and was all alone, only think!—he came very softly within my chamber. I was afraid, because I had not seen him in so long, and all the people said: “The King is wicked.” But he stood there before my bed and looked at me,—Hans, what is all that noise?

Hans Lorbass. Hasten,—thou knowest not what it means to thee!

The Young Prince. And looked at me so stern and wild that I was frightened and pretended that I slept. Then he leaned over me, so low that I had nearly died of fright, and then,—only think, my Hansel,—he kissed me. Here on my forehead, on my hair and both my cheeks, and then very softly went away.

Hans Lorbass. Thy good angel put the words into thy mouth! Could he do so, my little man, then 'twas a fever in his blood that spoke to-day,—no hate of thee! . . . It seems as though thou wert even dearer to me now,—and yet my thoughts have scarce

deserved it. [*Clasps him to him.*] Now let me, let . . . There below they call upon thy father, and he . . . I have it! I will take thee in my arms and show thee to the leaderless throng below, him who shall lead them when his form rears itself kinglike and his brow darkens. Come then! Friend, if thy King fights not for thee to-day, then fight thou for thy King! [*He raises him in his arms and hurries with him down the steps.*]

SCENE 2.

ANNA GOLDHAIR comes timidly from the right, pushed into the room. After her, the CHANCELLOR, CÖLESTIN, nobles and ladies, who stand so as to form a passage. Then, the QUEEN. After her, other ladies. ANNA GOLDHAIR in a shrinking attempt to hide herself, crouches near the door, behind those coming in.

Chancellor. Away, lest the Queen see thee! Out of the way, wench!

Queen [*observing that someone is concealed from her*]. Who—? [*She motions them to let her see. The group separates. She looks silently down upon the kneeling ANNA, whose face is bowed to the earth, and strokes her hair.*] Much evil has come upon us both; therefore be it unto thee according to thy sorrow, not according to thy deed. [*She raises her and gives her over to her women.*]

Chancellor [*meanwhile aside to CÖLESTIN*]. Send above to the King straightway. I cannot yet forbear to hope that when he— dost thou hear?

Cölestin [*who is looking in anxious search toward the back-ground*]. Where is the Prince?

Murmur of Voices. The King comes.

[*The KING comes down the steps.*]

King [*startled, bewildered*]. Why do ye stand there so amazed? Do ye not know me? I am he, your King, your much-loved King, he with whose hero-tread treason has entered in your flock, into your hearts.

Queen [*coming forward*]. My King!

King [*reeling back*]. Thou! Thou hast come here,— into

this den where lust holds sway? Burst open all the windows wide! Perfume the air with fine resin! Fetch sage and thyme and peppermint, that the fumes of this place may not attain her breath! Hasten! Faded and withered, let them —

Cölestin [whispers]. My lord, where hast thou left the Prince?

King. What? Who? The — the — am I the Prince's keeper?

Queen. My King, the battle rages now already about the castle walls. The door still holds. The people wait, counting their heart-throbs till thou comest, trusting in thee still. There is yet time. There lies the kingly sword and waits for thee.

King [to himself]. If Hans understood me rightly —

Queen. Stoop to it. It is worth the stooping for.

King. Thinkest thou? . . . Still? . . . And that this hand is worthy, too, to raise it?

Queen. I trust in it as in immortal life.

King. Believest thou also that miracles still come to pass?

Queen. I believe in thee.

King. Then — [he stoops, but starts back with a shriek.] Blood! There is blood on it! Cölestin! Approach, lean down. Nearer. Thou hast asked me just now, only in pretence, where I . . . I ask thee, with whom hast *thou* left the Prince?

Cölestin. Hans Lorbass was with him.

King. Alone?

Cölestin. Alone.

King. Yes? . . . It is well. . . . See how the red shines bright on the gray steel! The life that coursed within this blade cannot die—it lives—it lives and drags me down, a death-devoted man, unto a doubly shameful end.

Chancellor [to the QUEEN]. Speak again before this madness gains upon him!

Queen. My King.

King. Ha! The angel of destruction broods over us. . . . Where is thy child? Where is thy child?

Queen. I know that he is safe, for the most faithful of the faithful guards him. Think of thyself and of thy sword.

King. An hour since was this blade still clean. . . . I seemed too great—nay, nay, too small—to wield it; doubted and cursed myself and you and all the world. And yet defiance still blazed high in me; I could be a warrior, perhaps a hero, and knew it not . . . ah, cursed fool! . . . Now I gaze in envy at that man, could even kiss his feet, who with accusing conscience and hand yet free from blood-guiltiness, stood a transgressor here within this hall. O were this sword still clean, how might I wield it! What miracles exultingly perform! But for me now no saving miracle can come to pass . . .

[*The smothered tumult in the court becomes suddenly louder.*]

Two Nobles [at the window]. God be merciful! Fly!—Save yourselves!

[*HANS LORBASS, the young PRINCE in his arms, rushes up the steps.*]

Hans Lorbass [breathless]. Here—take the child! The foe is close at hand—within the court!

King [in frenzied joy throwing himself upon the PRINCE]. My miracle!

Hans Lorbass. If you would save yourself, barricade this door, strengthen it ten-fold with beams, break off stones from the roof, roll them down and heap them up—

King. Thou art wrong, my friend. The door—fling open!

[*HANS LORBASS tears open the door with a joyous shout. They hear the approaching battle-cry of the enemy.*]

King [who has seized the sword and shield]. To me, man of the righteous cause!

[*The DUKE rushes on the KING with a shout of laughter, behind him his men, among them SKÖLL, OTTAR, GYLF, held in check by HANS with upraised sword, stand crowded together at the door. Short conflict. The DUKE falls.*]

King [to the crowd, his foot upon the prostrate body]. On your knees. [*The foremost sink upon their knees, the rest shrink back.*]

King [during a long silence looks furtively at the QUEEN, and the councillors. Then to the crowd]. Carry this man's body outside the door. . . . Let everyone submit himself unto the peace of God, which henceforth only he who courts his death will violate. Before we part, I will come down to you, and under the free air of heaven I, your Duke, will receive your oath and your allegiance. Away!

[The DUKE's men seize the body and hurry out.]

Hans Lorbass [tickling SKÖLL under the nose with his sword-blade]. Who has it now, thou clown?

Chancellor [approaching hesitatingly]. My gracious Lord and King, I would say: Forgive us: but the strength of all our words must break against thy glorious victory. I only say: We are returned to thee. No reproaches or regrets shall cheapen our return; we only ask [with a glance at the QUEEN] that honor be spared, and once again, after the cruel conflict of to-day, we offer thee our country's throne in faith and loyalty.

King. I thank you noble lords, and put it from me.

Chancellor. A second time thou turnest thy happiness and ours to lamentation.

King. Stay! Let not a poisoned word pollute this moment, for now at last the riddling clouds of fate prepare to fall. I may slip the fetters from my body, which weakness, shame, unwilling gratitude, sorrow, and mistaken kindnesses, combined to weave about me. I dare to speak, for now the sword has freed me. . . . For that I have shrunk from thee, my wife, forgive me. Didst thou know how shudderingly I sent myself into an exile of inexpiable guilt! From thence I now return, love-empty; and still the harmony of thy grace, the breath of thy self-forgetful love, wafts like a summer breeze about my head, heavy with blessings. Yes, if I dared to stay, how much of all I have . . . Hush! . . . I know not the path that I must choose. I only know the end. I only know that faint and far away there sounds a voice reproaching my delay. It calls me back into the eternal gray,—that boundless country where thy blessing ends, where no guiding star rises to

lead me on. Farewell. Forgive me if thou canst. If not . . . I know no word to say that can lift the load of guilt from off my soul. . . . I must endure and bear it with me silently.

Queen. Nay, my friend. . . . If thou hast laden thy life with guilt so heavily, then must thou give me of thy burden a share to bear. I think that all we leave unspoken to-day will burn our souls forever; and therefore I make free confession: I have failed thee sorely. I saw thy misery, I saw the torture growing on thy pale brow, and yet I had but one thought; one alone; how to beguile him from that path on which his soul delays and hesitates, but whither his stumbling feet turn of themselves,—that he might leave me never again, whether in love or hate . . . this was my thought . . . and as a bridal pair stand at the altar and exchange their rings, while the deep church-bells lull them into a smiling dream, so we in parting near each other, and offer, smiling, guilt for guilt. [*She reaches out her hand to him with a faint smile, and sinks back into the arms of her women.*]

King [*kissing her hand, overcome with feeling*]. I thank thee.

The Young Prince [*timidly*]. Papa!

King [*recovering himself*]. Thou too, my son! Come here! I made thee poor return—and had he not [*motioning toward HANS*] known me better than I myself . . . give him thy hand; for thanks to him, I lay down undefiled this borrowed sword. [*Gives the sword over to the CHANCELLOR.*] Hans!

Hans Lorbass. Here, master! [*He hands the KING his old sword, which he seizes eagerly.*]

King. Farewell.

ACT V.

The scene of the first act. Early spring. March. The trees and bushes are still bare, but tipped with the delicate red of young leaf-buds. In the background, upon the slopes, is still snow, in the foreground fresh young grass. The church-yard has grown larger. The crosses and headboards reach back to the sand-hills. Sun-set. A blue haze hangs over the sea.

SCENE I.

Out of a freshly dug grave on the right an invisible hand throws clods of earth, but stops as CÖLESTIN enters on the right, led by two young men. Behind them, MIKLAS and an old Fisherman.

Fisherman. This is the place, my lord.

Cölestin [*much aged and broken*]. I thank thee, friend! That is the tower?

Fisherman [*nodding*]. And above it cross on cross.

Cölestin. Let me rest a little, I am dizzy. The way hither was hard. Yet I rejoice to know that worn-out as I am, I still may serve our young Prince. And more than him, our dear and holy lady, our Queen. Else surely I had—remained at home.

Fisherman [*has meantime shaken the door of the tower*]. The tower seems empty. The door is barred. There was a storm quite late. . . . Who knows where she wanders now, scouting for new graves.

Cölestin. Who speaks of graves? Fie! The hour will ripen all too soon for us to yield our withered sinful bodies to the worms. Build a fire for me, since we must wait. The evening lowers and this March wind blows cold on me. Make haste. [*To the old Fisherman.*] Run thou to our sovereign Lady, who so honored thee as to share thy hut, and tell her I beg her wait therein until we come to fetch her as she said.

Fisherman. Yes, my lord. [*Goes out.*]

Cölestin [*to MIKLAS while the young men build the fire*]. And thou, Miklas, tell us thy story again and on thy faith. It was last night the strangers knocked at thy door?

Miklas. Yes, my lord.

Cölestin. How many?

Miklas. Two.

Cölestin. And thou didst open it?

Miklas. Yes. I had lain a long time in bed, but I arose. The moonlight fell bright through the window-bars. I saw them and was afraid.

Cölestin. Why?

Miklas. The first had long white hair hanging all wild and shaggy about a gloomy brow. One leg was hacked off, and a wooden one replaced it.

Cölestin. Thou wilt still—?

Miklas. Whoever looked into that eye, must know, my lord : Hans Lorbass stood before me.

Cölestin. And the other?

Miklas. It is hard to say.

Cölestin. Still thou knowest him?

Miklas. As I know myself, my lord.

Cölestin. Consider. Full fifteen years have flown since that hour when he slew the cruel Duke.

Miklas. Yes, my lord. His step indeed was heavier, his face was paler; and a gnawed and ragged beard hung about his mouth, stiffened with blood and sweat. Yet it was he, our King, our star, at very thought of whom our hearts must leap, to whose heroic deed we sing triumphant songs,—it was he, and that I swear by God the Father.

Cölestin. Go on.

Miklas. Yet, mindful of what happened once, I made as though I had never seen the two; and when they asked whether there was a path that led to the sea and to the Burial-wife, and did not touch at town or capital, I said: “Oh, yes; yet it is difficult to follow it, and not wander lost by night among the bushes. Come in and sleep beside my hearth, and I will play the host and spread the straw for you, and early in the morning, for your sake and for God’s sweet service my son will lead you to the witch-wife.” It was said and done. The fire of pine chips had scarcely burned to ashes,—heigho!—I ran to the stable and flung the saddle on the horse; and when the early dawn of the March morning lay abroad white and misty on the hedges, I held my rein before your castle,—“To the Queen” my cry. Thou wert with me for the rest.

Cölestin. Thinkest thou thy son—?

Miklas. Set thyself at rest. My son has always been a clever

youth and I answer for it they will be upon the spot before the sun there dips beneath the sea. Yes, if I mistake not . . . but wait ! [*He runs to the top of the hill, looks to the right and motions furtively.*] Come here ! But crouch down well, that they may not spy us.

Cölestin. My God, my God, how my old limbs do tremble ! It is joy ! [*He goes up the slope, assisted by his attendant.*] I see three coming.

Miklas. The small one is my boy. The other two—thou knowest them ?

Cölestin. My eyes have failed me a little, else I might. [*Coming back down.*] My God, if it were they ! If the evening of my life might shine so clear that before I closed my eyes in death they might rest upon the Queen, their heart, their light, pleased in happiness without alloy ! At such a sight I think I could not die. . . . Come, come ! Let us announce what we have seen ; then may that bond once so shamefully severed in wrong and need, be solemnly renewed, before we turn our joyous bark toward home. Come, come ! [*They all go out at the left.*]

[*The KING and HANS LORBASS come in at the right from above, both unkempt and in rags like two wayfarers. KING grown gray, lean, and fallow, comes down forward silent and gloomy.*]

Hans Lorbass [*with hair grown quite white, and a wooden leg, carrying a sack on his back, calls into the wing*]. There, take it, rascal, it is the last ! And leave ! [*Coming down.*] The clown has led us twelve whole hours without a path through bushes and morass. He knew well enough why he did it !

King. Dost thou think—

Hans Lorbass. Oh let it be, no matter !

King. Here is a fire. Is there corn in the sack ?

Hans Lorbass [*opening the sack*]. Wait. . . . Yes.

King. Good ! I am hungry.

Hans Lorbass. I am not, too ?

King. The corn was dear. Sometimes it costs us money, sometimes blood.

Hans Lorbass. We do not pay the blood.

King. We pay more. We give out bit by bit from our own souls for our lives' nakedest necessities, and pay for each mouthful with a shred of joy—if indeed there be joy in clinging like a pitiable miser to one's last vacant remnants of hopeless hope.

Hans Lorbass. If it be not happiness it is life.

King. What a life!

Hans Lorbass. Our wants are over now. I wager if I climbed up to the top of the hill, I should find not one but three ships to take us to Gotland.

King. Cook us our supper first.

Hans Lorbass. Good, good! [*During the foregoing he has been fetching cooking utensils, partly from the sack and partly from the outer wall of the tower, where they lie among tree-stumps, etc.*]

King. I shall come soon enough to Gotland, and soon enough shall see that refuge whence I once bore to save them those most daring wishes of my powerless youth.

Hans Lorbass. Until a heron came.

King. Hans, be still!

Hans Lorbass. How can I, here in this place, where the sea and churchyard, yes, even the sea-wind itself, that strips the boughs with knife-like tongue, all vie with each other to tell us of that day when an old doting witch-wife with her cursed chatter, betrayed thee from thy confident path, to pause and play the hero?

King. Where is she hiding, that I may rip that shriveled skin of hers about her ears?

Hans Lorbass. She who played our fate in the world is not at home when we come back so worsted by it.

King. Burial-wife!

Hans Lorbass [*laughs mockingly*]. Yes, call away, my friend!
. . . Come here instead and sit down on this tub. The fire is singing, — the water will soon boil; come warm thyself.

King. Thou art right. This cold sea wind pants like a bloodhound through the gorge. [*He sits down by the fire.*] The country-people say that spring is coming. Is it true, I wonder?

Hans Lorbass. What?

King. Why, that spring is coming.

Hans Lorbass. Then I believe it, for my leg that I lost begins to pain me.

King. Listen! Back in the hedge a shepherd pipes upon his willow whistle. The streams are beginning to thaw and run down hill. . . . Brown buds come out on all the branches. The very sunsets are different. Look, high up in the blue the wild geese fly in their triangle. Northward they go. Not I. . . . I must. We both must, Hans, for we have grown old.

Hans Lorbass. Because our heads are white? Thou art wrong, master. I dare venture many a conflict lies in our path before thou goest to thy fathers' lofty house, and anointest thyself with thy fathers' honors.

King. Honors are the mail-coat of the weary. I have need of them.

Hans Lorbass. Thou?

King. More than thou thinkest for. [*Goes up, laughing bitterly.*]

Hans Lorbass. Whither now?

King. Do not ask.

Hans Lorbass. Thou lookest toward the south, — what seekest thou there? Hast thou not known it all long since? That sunny land, those blue, flower-sown havens, whither thy hasting step once fled? Thou knowest they are full of stench and lamentation. Those beauteous women, fairest of the fair, — or passing as the fairest, — to bow in whose impious slavery once compassed all thy thoughts? Thou knowest they are all as empty as drained-out casks. And so, because the desire was lacking in thee to fill them with thy own soul, thou hast sourly turned away and sought perfection farther on. Thou hast come hither over lands and seas, and climbest up into the star-teeming void. Yet thou wilt never, never reach thy star. And that veiled enchanting distance itself, if it would once unmask and let thee reach it, how miserable it would look! Every conflict there would seem only a wrangle,

every woman but a doll! Come now, lay aside thy shoulder-belt stretch thyself out and eat thy supper.

King. Let be, old grumbler! I seek naught in the distance. . . . But near by, floating in the haze of the spring evening, I think I see a dim shape of white battlements.

Hans Lorbass. It may well be. The town is only three miles farther on, and the air is clear. Still I advise thee, do not think upon the past.

King. Why?

Hans Lorbass. It was an evil-omened year. The worst of all, I think. It taught thy wild untrammelled spirit to circle-hopping in a cage, to limp instead of fly.

King. Thou art wrong, my friend. Something wakes in me at sight of those roofs. . . . There the wings of happiness once grazed my cheek, there, though in the midst of torture joy ripened to summer in my heart. Let me gaze on the place where imploring trustfulness once confessed itself to me by joyous sacrifice, and the purest of womankind yielded herself up in sweet urgency, and an oppressed country confided in me as a master; where even victory surrendered me her standard; let me gaze upon the spot, and then, instead of stretching forth my kingly hand in love and gratitude, I must slip past it outlawed, like a beggar or a thief. I stand here now and gaze through tears at that white glow of light, and gnaw my lips to bleeding.

Hans Lorbass. Master!

King. It is nothing,—nothing! All I have ever desired, all my soul's treasure, all I could not attain, can be spoken in one word. And that I may not speak. In silence I decide, and put it from me. I tear it from my breast, where it has clung so long; and with it all my longing pain blows like a faded leaf a world away.—Now I will lie down and sleep; for I am weary.

Hans Lorbass. And do thy pains and desires all come to an end thus? Look! Above there, where the sandy turf broadens among frozen clods past the sun-pierced snow. The wisest of womankind has prepared a bed for pilgrims such as we. Look!

King [*going toward the open grave*]. I see. It is just suited to a guest like me. Here, where—[*He starts back in alarm.*]
Hans!

Hans Lorbass. What is the matter?

King. Come here. The grave is ready, but it is not empty. Look down and tell me what thou callest it, crouched there gray in the sand, that leers at me with staring eyes. Is it a corpse? Is it a spirit?

Hans Lorbass. Oh look at it! The badger is at work. Thou hast her now.

King. The Burial-wife? [*HANS LORBASS nods.*]

King. Out with her!

Hans Lorbass [*stopping him*]. Listen to me. Thou knowest I have known her longer than thou. Leave her alone. She was wont to lie thus for hours and days, and heed no words nor prayers; but seemed as dead. She is proof then against all summons and all blows; but when her time comes, then her limbs will stir, and she will come up out of the grave.

[*CÖLESTIN and the train with the young PRINCE enter.*]

Cölestin. There they stand!

King [*turning fiercely and raising his sword*]. What do you want? A quarrel? We two are snarling dogs. We blindly seize on everybody near. Now come on! Speak!

The Young Prince. My father!

King. Wha—?

The Young Prince. My King!

King. You would mock the man that fled from you?

The Young Prince. Down on your knees and honor him as I do!

King [*dazed*]. *Hans*! . . . But stand up! . . . Am I King? A hapless wretch,—naught but my man, my sword, and that pot of soup there, to call my own. I have no more. My very crown, the gloomy throne of Gotland must be fought for anew; stand up my son. [*He raises him, and will embrace him, but suddenly pales, staring past the men in great agitation.*] *Hans*!

Dost thou see who stands there in the twilight of the wood—
how spirit-like, how severed from this world—[*He shrieks.*]

[*Enter the QUEEN. Behind her at a short distance, two of her women.*]

Queen. Witte!

King. Go! I know thee not. And yet—I know thee. Thou art my—peace. Thou art . . . Naught art thou more for me. . . . My body withers and my strength is fallen asunder. Therefore I may not say: “Thou art.” . . . Only “Thou wast.” Still thou wast once of a surety—my wife.

Queen. I am to-day—I am a thousandfold! Hast thou forgot what I promised thee the day thou gavest thyself with hesitation to my service? I search thy face. I know thou turnest wearied back to thy northern home. Dost thou forget then where a balsam is prepared to heal thy bruised feet, dost thou forget where a thousand arms reach out to greet their loved one? Knowest thou not where thy home stands and calls to thee? Knowest thou not how well-nigh breathless with its joy my smile says unto thee: “I charm thee not?”

King. Nay, charm me not. I am not worthy. Life has seared me, and put a shameful kiss upon my brow.

Queen. Then let me cool it with my health-bringing hand, and thou wilt never feel the scar again.

King. How can I feel that scar or even the happiness after which I longed, now that those hours are past which knew thy love for me?

Queen. In no other have I trusted. I guarded thy son for thee; and still thy throne stands empty, waiting its master.

King. Then thou hast waited fifteen years and sorrowed not. So shalt thou learn my mystery. Two kingdoms I have won, to pleasure me; the first has vanished into air, the second is my shame. Justice became a mock,—all gifts a usury; and everywhere I turned a murderous laugh pursued me. Then purity plunged in the mire, then honor mocked its own best gift: all this the magic of the heron wreaked upon me. . . . Yea, now thou knowest;

a charm was all my crime and all my fate, year after year. It blinded me to love and life, to wife and child; it hunted me away from thee, and drove me from place to place; and when a lucent flight of happiness sprang up from heaven after my downfall, it drowned its glory in a flood of tears. Behold! [*He tears open his gorget and draws out the last of the heron's feathers.*] The enchantment's last beguiling pledge I hold here in my hand. When this feather shrivels in the flame there sinks an unblessed woman to her death, that woman whose wraith stood in the heavens for me to gaze upon,—that woman whom I sought and never found! Behold! I bury the madness in its grave, and with the act I put the longing from me. [*He tosses the feather into the flames. There is a flash of lightning, and a roll of thunder follows it.*]

Queen [*sinks down, whispering with failing strength*]. Now are we two protected from all mischance. . . . I still . . . have been thy happiness . . . even in . . . death. [*She dies.*]

Prince. Mother! Speak one word to me!

King. It was thou? It was thou? [*He throws himself upon her body.*]

The Young Prince [*in tears*]. Ah, Mother!

Cölestin. She has gone, and I, the shadow of a shadow, stay behind.

The Men [*murmur among themselves*]. His is the blame! Tear him from off her body! [*They draw their swords to attack the KING.*]

Hans Lorbass [*blocking the way with drawn sword*]. Away there!

[*The Burial-wife mounting solemnly out of the open grave.*]

Burial-wife. Children, cease your strife! Can you not see his spirit wanders far? He is wrapped about with the whisperings of eternity. The message of death is on the way, the stone of sacrifice doth reek for blood. Long has this man belonged to me; and now — [*she raises her arm and lets it fall*] — I come into my own. [*The KING breathes heavily, stirs, and dies.*]

Hans Lorbass [*kneels down beside him with a cry*]. Master, master!

Burial-wife. Thus from lust and guilt and sorrow have I cleansed his soul. To both of them it shall be as though they had not been. Wrap them about with linen, bear them to my dark abode; then go in silent thought from hence, for my work is done.

Hans Lorbass [*rises, in anguished bitterness*]. Mine must begin anew. How gladly have I ever braved fresh dangers as my darling's slave! That service, too, is past; but now his kingdom calls loudly on my sword for aid. [*Pointing seaward.*] Northward there lies a land debauched, crying from out its shame for justice, for a righteous law, for vengeance, for salvation; for a master,—and that shall the man become!

Translated by Helen Tracy Porter.



MARAH OF SHADOWTOWN.

THE days pass by in Shadowtown
Wearily, wearily;—
And Bitter-Sweet Marah of Shadowtown
Sighs drearily, drearily.

“Mother, tell him to come to me
While my hair is gold and beautiful
And my lips and eyes are young
While the songs that are welling up in my heart
May still be sung.

“The days go by so wearily
Like crooked goblins, eerily,
Like silly shadows, fast and still,
Wind-driven and drearily.

“Like the gray clouds are my eyes gray, mother,
Like them, heavy as things grown old
Only the clouds' tears are but dream-tears—
Lifeless, cold.

- “Last night I had the strangest dream,—
It seemed I stood on a barren hill
Where the wings of the ragged clouds went by
Hurrying and still.
- “And all of a sudden the moon came out
Making a pathway over the down,—
And turned my hair to a gold mist, mother,
To light the way to Shadowtown.
- “But when I did not see him coming,
And because the clouds grew dark and gray
I walked through the shadows down the hillside
To help him better to find the way.
- “And in some wise I came to a forest
When all around was so strange and dim,—
That I thought, ‘If I should be lost in the darkness,
How could my hair be light for him?’
- “But groping, I found I was on a pathway
Where low soft branches swept my face,—
When suddenly, close beside, and before me
I knew dim forms kept even pace.
- “They were so cowering, shivering, white
That I felt some ill thing came behind
And I heard a moan on the wind go by
‘Ah, but the end of the path to find!’
- “Then I looked behind, and saw that near
Like a wan marsh-fog, came a cloud
Hurrying on,—and I knew it wrapped
A dead love—as a shroud.
- “And guiltily the figures went,
Like coward things in a guilty race
And not one dared to look behind
For fear he knew that dead love’s face.

" Then suddenly at my side I knew
He I loved went ; — but, for my hair,
Shadowed and blown about my face,
He knew me not beside him there.

" And he, too, cowered with shaking hands
Over his eyes, for fear to meet
Haunting and still, my pallid face
In that strange mist of winding-sheet.

" So on the shadowy figures went
Hurrying the loathed cloud before,—
Seeking an end of a fated path
That went winding evermore.

" Oh, Mother, that path was hideous,—
Long and ill and hideous—
And the way was so near to Shadowtown,—
Fairer to Shadowtown—
But the gold of my hair shall not light the way
For anyone else to Shadowtown."

Gray-eyed Marah of Shadowtown
Turns away wearily, wearily
Weaving her gold hair back and forth,
Thus she sings, and drearily—

" Little Love, when you shall die, then so shall I,
Ha, merrily !

" Then let them put us in some deep spot
Where one the growing of trees' roots hears
And you at my heart, all wet with tears,
All wet with tears.

" Your wings are draggled and limp and wet,—Little Love,—
From what rainy land have you come, and far,—
Or who that has held you was crying so,—
Who, little Love— ?
My eyes are heavy and wet with tears

Whose eyes besides are heavy so—?
—Oh, little Love, how dumb you are!—

“Then, poor Love, that has lived in my heart
Come, take my hand, we will go together,
Hemlock boughs are full of sleep
Out of the way of the weather.

“For a cavern of cold gray mist is my heart
Will not the hemlock boughs be better
Over our feet and under our heads
Keeping us from the weather?”

Her gold hair duskily glints in her hands
Marah of Shadowtown sings—“Together,—
You, little Love, and I, will go
Into the Land of Pleasanter Weather.”

Anne Throop.



DIES IRAE.

Go fight your fight with Tagal and with Boer,
Cheer in the lust of strength and brutal pride;
Beat down the lamb to fatten up the fox,
Shout victory o'er the prostrate shape of truth.

Take cross and pike and gold and sophistry,
To pray and prod and purchase, wheedle, wile;
Stamp out the roses in a waste of weeds,
Shout while the trembling voice of truth is hushed.

Shatter with iron heel the poet's dream,
The prophet's protest, and the ages' hope,
Of brotherhood and light and love on earth—
Of peace and plenty and a perfect race.

Tear down the fabric of ten thousand years,
The world's best wisdom woven in its woe;
Lift ruthless hands to rend the fairy fane
That holds the heart hopes of humanity.



Let loose greed, envy, lust, and avarice,
 The myriad throated dragon of desire ;
 Let might rule, riot, batten on the meek,
 The tyranny of man o'er man seem right.

Forget the Lord Christ smiled, forgave, and died ;
 Frowned down every appeal to brutish strength ;
 Bade man put up the sword, lest by the sword
 He perish ; prayed evil might be paid by good.

Forget he turned cheek to the coward blow,
 Cried " Pardon !" yes, seven and seventy times ! " Judge not ;
 Do not condemn ; give coat as well as cloak ;
 Resist not evil, wrong 's not made right by wrong."

Forget each drop of blood burns in the race,
 Cries for atonement while the last man lives ;
 That murder for the state is murder still,
 The gilded not less guilty though more great.

Forget, and flay and flame ; in din grow deaf
 To piteous cries without, and voice within ;
 Conquer, triumph, and when the world is won,
 Turn terroring towards the demon in your heart.

William Mountain.



GEORGE MEREDITH ON THE SOURCE OF DESTINY.

IF, as has so often been said, literature is an expression of life, surely we may study literature to discover the laws of life. Not all our writers, but all our masters, have given us records from which we may learn what has been discerned and accepted concerning life by the race.

The scientific study of our day has led men to consider genius from the modern point of view. Is genius a natural product ? If

so, whence comes it, and what are its laws? These are among the most interesting questions of the present time. Formerly, men contented themselves with calling the literary faculty a "gift," the result of "inspiration." Of late we have been told that it is a natural race impulse which finds expression in some individual. Personally, we believe genius to be the heated, pregnant condition of a great mind under the influence of a great enthusiasm. However our definitions of genius may differ, on one point we all agree. We are all sure that genius is true to life, that genius teaches us the truth.

In its formed philosophical theories it may err, but not in its perceptions of life. Shelley may teach atheistic views in 'Queen Mab,' and he may err, for intellectual belief is a matter of opinion. Nevertheless Shelley's inspired interpretation of life can but be accepted as real. George Meredith may teach in his 'Lord Ormond and his Aminta' doctrines of free love, resulting from an attempt to separate what can not be separated in our human lives,—the physical and the spiritual loves; and in doing this he may err. Nevertheless, in his inspired representations of life and character, coming not from thought alone but from his whole nature, Meredith cannot err.

Those of us who read thoughtlessly, without formed theory, accept literature as real. Have you never, when asked: "Did you ever know of a case of love at first sight?" answered carelessly: "Oh, yes! There's Romeo and Juliet, you know?" Or have you never instanced, as the most persuasive oration you ever heard, Mark Antony's speech in 'Julius Cæsar'?

Thinkers who claim a natural mental origin for the literary gift must believe in its reality as a matter of course. Those who speak reverently of its "inspiration" claim a spirit of truth, not of error, for its parent. Even those who enjoy comparisons of the states of genius and insanity, ranging from Shakespeare, with his words: "The fool, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact" to the masterly modern treatment of John Fiske, agree that the sharp division line of truth and error separates the two. They confess that while the insane mind may accept hallucinations, the

mind of genius deals only with the truth. The results of both are imaginative ; only those of insanity are imaginary.

All thinkers, then, accept the masterpieces of literature as among life's real phenomena. Whether Meredith's novels hold this high place is at present a matter of opinion. For men do not know Meredith very well. A knowledge of his position on this question of Destiny will help us to learn whether or not he ranks among the elect.

In our great literature there has always appeared a close sequence between wisdom and success, righteousness and happiness, and, on the other hand, between the choice of moral evil and suffering. This sequence has been not merely expressed in words, but built into the very structure of the plot through the workings of the imagination kindled by genius. The law of this succession, and its relationship with other laws, philosophers have always been seeking. It is this search that has led men into the mazy discussions of freedom and fatalism. For in this law lies the crucial point of the question of human destiny.

'Beowulf,' our first epic, tells us not only much of the manner of life of our rude Saxon ancestors, but also much of their thought. The note of fatalism in its chord of life is no weak one. "A man must bear his fate," the hero says when about to go into a dangerous combat. Yet even in 'Beowulf' we find the contrasting element, the character choice appearing.

As a child boldly states a problem as though it were a solution, Beowulf naively says: "Fate always aids the undoomed man, if his courage holds out." This expression side by side of the two elements of the question has never been surpassed, and is, in its way, matchless.

Have we learned much more to-day? We cannot fail to recognize the duality of the truth, but have we been able yet to join the two sides into one, to discover the unity that surely lies behind the seeming contrast?

Each side of the question has been largely developed. Some, in a narrow spirit, have echoed merely Beowulf's, "Fate always

aids the doomed man"; while others, often as narrowly, have answered, "A man succeeds, if his courage holds out." Ever in our greatest literature the two elements have appeared side by side. The mystery has always been recognized.

That even Shakespeare is reverent before fate, yet believes in the influence of character on a man's life can easily be seen from words like Helena's in 'All's Well that Ends Well':—

" Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven ; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

'Macbeth,' with its successive steps of unhappiness following one critical evil choice is sufficient proof of Shakespeare's belief in the determining power of character. 'King Lear,' with its sad result of folly shows his belief in the influence of the critical foolish decision. In the uncrowned king's conversation with his fool, occur these words :

Lear. " Dost thou call me fool, boy ?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away ; that thou wast born with."

In Robert Browning literature has brought even up to the present time the old mystery, the ever continuing struggle between fatalism and freedom. But to him, as to most thinkers of his day, fate has become the instrument of a God, a divine Providence rules the world, while man, too, has his little realm of choice.

At the present time this discussion is carried to a greater extent than ever before. The one side finds its expression in our modern idealistic philosophy, the other in our modern sceptical science. Idealistic philosophy, since Kant, has been trying to lay the responsibility for all life upon the free moral choice. It has been seeking to prove that the spiritual is the source of life.

Modern science, on the other hand, with its keen, wide-opened eyes, has tried to lay all the necessary sequence of law, forgetting at times that law is but the explanation of the phenomena.

Science sometimes refuses to consider such phenomena as require a new point of view, beyond the physical and mental,—a moral point of view. By this refusal to recognize the spiritual part of man, science attempts to avoid a second mystery. The mystery of the union of the physical and mental realms it has been forced, long since, to accept. It would shun the moral realms because that, too, entails its mystery of connection.

Once accept physical life, and science is, in so far, free from impassable gulfs. Once accept mental life and that realm also becomes capable of study. Let the free moral nature once be accepted, and again we shall have reached firm footing. But to cross between these realms by law, by reason, is impossible; for life, any kind of life, is its own only explanation.

While the problem of freedom becomes simple for one who, like Meredith, will take this view, there are many who will not or cannot do so, and the very impossibility of the question from reason's point of view makes the path a very labyrinth for them. We all try to solve the question, and different personalities arrive at different answers; but all are partial. They vary from the logical, but dead outcome of Swinburne: "There is no bad nor good," to the struggling faith of Omar Khayyam:

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But here or there as strikes the Player goes;
And he that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — He knows — He knows."

At such a time as this of ours it is especially helpful to study a writer like George Meredith, who far from ignoring the many sides of the problem, yet clings firmly to his faith in character. With no doubtful accent, he tells us that Character is the Source of Destiny.

As any great writer of the day must do, Meredith accepts much in the arguments of the fatalists. He does not refuse to see that nature and circumstances are strong to mould life. He recognizes the great power of environment and the absolute power, within its realm, of heredity. Like Beowulf, like Shake

speare, like Browning, he is reverent before human destiny. Yet in spite of all this, he accepts the moral with its necessary result of freedom. He declares that, although the laws of necessity rule up to the crisis of the moral choice, that very choice sets all the laws of intellect and body working according to itself.

All the stronger for his acceptance of life's necessity becomes his belief in life's freedom. All the stronger for his concessions becomes his final dictum. The more intricate the machine, the greater its master's mind. The narrower the realm of choice, the greater power must that choice have, to move life as it does.

To show that the same peculiar mixture of belief in fatalism and in the determining power of character on life exists in Meredith's writings as in Beowulf and in Shakespeare, let me quote a few words from 'Evan Harrington':

"Most youths, like Pope's women, have no character at all, and indeed a character that does not wait for circumstances to shape it, is of small worth in the race that must be run."

Again he says:

"When we have cast off the scales of hope and fancy, and surrender our claims on made chance: when the wild particles of this universe consent to march as they are directed, it is given them to see if they see at all that some plan is working out: that the heavens, icy as they are to the pangs of our blood, have been throughout speaking to our souls; and, according to the strength there existing, we learn to comprehend them."

That Meredith, although very reverent before human destiny, is not, on the other hand, one of those who lay the responsibility for their own lives on "the stars," or "fate," or "Providence," may be shown by a study of the characters into whose mouths he puts such sentiments.

In 'Rhoda Fleming' who is it but Algernon, "the fool," who says:

"I'm under some doom. I see it now. Nobody cares for me. I don't know what happiness is. I was born under a bad star. My fate's written."

It is of Algernon, likewise, that the author says :

"Behind the figures he calculated that, in all probability, Rhoda would visit her sister this night. 'I can't stop that,' he said: and hearing a clock strike, 'nor that.' The reflection inspired him with fatalistic views."

In 'The Tragic Comedians,' who is it but Clotilde, "the craven," who lays the successive steps which lead to the tragedy in her life, now to fate, now to other people's power or lack of insight, now to Providence? She reaps, as Meredith plainly shows us, simply what she sows.

In 'Sandra Belloni,' it is Mr. Barrett, that sentimentalist of the better order, of which class the author says: "We will discriminate more closely here than to call them fools," who lets his whole life be crushed with the melancholy thought that he is under the influence of some baneful star. His death, which he lets chance bring or keep away, is a fitting conclusion to his story. He shuts two pistols up together in the same case overnight, knowing that one of them is loaded, the other not. In the morning he takes out one, prepared to fire it upon himself, in case his beloved does not keep tryst. She does not come, he fires, the pistol happens to be loaded, and so comes death. It shows that the "star" of which he thought was not a real star burning clear in the high heavens. It was rather but a will-o'-the-wisp, born of the marshy exhalations of his own morbid brain. Meredith reverences the real star. He kindly ridicules the will-o'-the-wisp.

But there is still another class of fatalists in Meredith's novels. He recognizes also the fatalism of youth. Such is that of the young Wilfrid in 'Sandra Belloni,' concerning whom the author informs us that we "shall see him grow." Meredith is too great a thinker not to see that this tendency toward fatalism does not belong merely to the "fool," the "craven," and the "sentimentalist," but that it is a tendency of our youth. We are all weak when we are growing, he assures us. Is not ours preëminently a growing age?

But we must not linger too long on the negative side of Mere-

dith's belief. We have seen that he is willing to recognize that there is a wonderful, mysterious power governing human destiny. We have seen, also, that he does not side in the least with those who lay the responsibility for their own lives on fate. Let us seek for his positive message.

In the 'Adventures of Harry Richmond' he says :

"If a man's fate were as a forbidden fruit, detached from him, and in front of him, he might hesitate fortunately before plucking it ; but, as most of us are aware, the vital half of it lies in the seed paths he has traversed."

This is certainly a very definite statement of a strong belief in a man's choice of his own destiny. Again, in 'Modern Love' we find the following :

"In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be ! Passions spin the plot ;
We are betrayed by what is false within."

"I take the hap
Of all my deeds. The wind that fills my sails
Propels ; but I am helmsman. Am I wrecked,
I know the devil has sufficient weight
To bear ; I lay it not on him, or fate.
Besides, he's damned. That man I do suspect
A coward, who would burden the poor deuce
With what ensues from his own slipperiness."

The main issue between freedom and fatalism lies in just this question : Is a man's life determined by what he is or by what he does ? Does his nature, received through inheritance, moulded by circumstance, determine his acts and so his life ? Or does his moral choice determine these ?

Extreme fatalists declare that the former is true. Moralists, idealists, believers in freedom, support the latter view.

Now Meredith leaves us no doubt as to his position on the point. Again and again we see his characters choosing their lives. And their choices rest on no inherited nature, but on character. Thus our author declares, by his plots, as in plain words, that "Our deathlessness is in what we do, not in what we are."

As we have said, a writer's thought of life can be best understood from his plots. He builds life, consciously or unconsciously, as he believes that nature builds it. Does he let the righteous perish and the evil man prosper in the end? Then he either does not believe in this law of ours, or in its present successful working. Perhaps, like Victor Hugo, he teaches a higher law, that of self-sacrifice. Perhaps, like some little modern writers, he teaches a lower law of the temporary success, at times, of hypocrisy and deceit. Whatever he believes in and likes to think of, his structure will disclose.

Now one very marked thing about Meredith's structure is the agreement of the two crises, that of character and that of circumstances. When any one of his characters chooses for good or evil, for wisdom or folly, at that very time, and by that very choice, he decides his future happiness and success, or unhappiness and failure. Therein lies the decision of the question whether that particular novel shall be a tragedy or a comedy.

When Dahlia Fleming chooses evil, she chooses unhappiness. No kind Providence intervenes to save her from her harvest. How many of our little writers of to-day would have caused her marriage with Edward to take place in the end! Is not Meredith's conclusion far more true to life?

When Diana of the Cross-Ways resists Percy's temptings and is led by her hatred of his evil to betray his secret, she chooses for her own happiness in the end. The storms through which she goes to reach it are the natural result of her impulsive, unbalanced mind.

Stronger still is the teaching in 'The Tragic Comedians.' When Clotilde chooses the craven's part to play, she chooses also the craven's reward.

It is in his scientific insight into moral life that Meredith's growth beyond Beowulf, Shakespeare, and even Browning appears. We of the nineteenth century would be sorry to think that we had not one master who goes even deeper into our modern life than these. We believe that, as men of the later twentieth century look

back upon our day, they will call George Meredith our greatest literary exponent.

Beowulf asserts the general truth that Circumstance and Character determine Destiny.

Shakespeare has not gone very much farther in the philosophy of life. He teaches that character determines character, and that circumstance determines circumstance; and that, in some way, circumstance obeys character.

Browning would advance a step and teach us, as his age taught the world, that the dependence of the external upon the spiritual comes about through the agency of a personal God.

But Meredith takes up the cry of our scientific age, and says: "The god of this world is in the machine, not out of it."

This is no irreverent teaching, for Meredith is not irreverent. It is simply the search for primary causes. It is the result of the same tendency that leads us to be dissatisfied with calling typhoid fever a "dispensation of Providence," and to lay it to bad drains. Like evolution in the physical world, this theory does not tend to remove God, but to explain more fully his agency and methods. It is no new theory. But the manner of its teaching is as new as this latter nineteenth century of ours.

If one were to compare Meredith with Shakespeare on this subject, one would naturally coördinate *Macbeth* and *Rhoda Fleming*, *Diana of the Cross-Ways* and *King Lear*.

'*Rhoda Fleming*' is, like '*Macbeth*,' a tale with a moral purpose. The dependence of fate on the moral choice is its chief thought. The book gains force, as all these novels do, from its striking characterizations. We see *Dahlia*, the fair-haired one, whose great failing is weakness,—the fault of a negative character. And we see plainly the long process of pain to which she thereby subjects herself in the course of her purification.

Rhoda, her sister has, on the other hand, the defects of the positive character. She is head-strong, over-proud. It is from these characteristics that she suffers or leads others to suffer. "The Fates that mould us, always work from the main-spring."

In her relations with Anthony Hope, Rhoda takes the part of the tempter. The interview between the two shows such wonderful insight into character that from this passage alone Meredith might be ranked as great. Rhoda discovers that she has sold her sister in marriage to a brute. In her head-strong desire to buy her off from him, she goes to her uncle to beg for a large sum of money. Anthony, although a poor man in reality, has always delighted in deceiving his brother and his nieces on that point. Rhoda finds him struggling with the greatest temptation of his life. He has carried home money belonging to the bank of which he is a trusted employee. His love of money, his former deceit, make him very weak before Rhoda. So he falls. She is allowed to take with her the money she wants. As the reader looks back over the story, he sees that the money will prove useless for her ends, and that his fall will ruin her uncle's life. Meredith here shows himself a master of tragedy.

The life of the strong, impulsive, young Robert is not so dependent upon the crises of temptation. For he knows himself and lives with a constant purpose to conquer himself. His purpose is stronger than his passions. In respect to his obedience to Socrates's favorite maxim, he is a man rare even in our self-conscious age. What shall we say of Edward, "villain and hero in one"? Like Dahlia he loses his life's happiness through his besetting sin. Several times a courageous word said that ought to be said, or a brave deed done that should have been done might have saved him. And each time he proves himself a coward, until it is too late. Like the children of Israel he would not enter the promised land for fear of the inhabitants thereof. Like them too, he atoned by spending his forty years in the wilderness, and there laying down his life.

We must not neglect the "fascinating Peggy Lovell,"—a coquette whose charm even a woman can feel. Avarice and love of pleasure are her besetting sins. And avarice leads her to her fate. She has chosen to sow her wild oats and to accrue her debts. These she pays, as we all must in one way or another,

with herself. Her way is to marry the man who can pay them rather than the man she loves.

One and all, major and minor characters, they come to the crises of their destinies. One after another chooses according to his character his life. This is Meredith's teaching.

But our author is not always sounding the very depths of life. He is no preacher, but a painter of human nature. The power of mind has a large place in his books. "Drink of faith in the brains a full draught," he tells us ; and again : — "To read with a soul in the mirror of mind Is man's chief lesson."

'Diana of the Cross-Ways' teaches the partial failure, the temporary unhappiness, that result from lack of mental balance. It is the story of a charming, brilliant, but impulsive woman who makes many mistakes and who suffers from them. Diana is capable of loving one unworthy of her, and for such lack of wisdom she pays dearly. Yet she holds firmly and purely to the right and so wins happiness in the end. She is foolish sometimes, but she is not a fool. Hence her story is not a tragedy.

This novelist-philosopher has taught us, then, that folly tends to bring failure, but that righteousness is stronger than folly. He is not content to stop in his teachings even here. In 'The Tragic Comedians' he goes still further, and deals with the interrelations of the moral and intellectual. For character rules intellect, as intellect reacts upon character.

'The Tragic Comedians' begins with the birth of a love. With Clotilde, daughter of a highly respectable, but very conventional citizen, Alvan, a Jew and demagogue, a man of widespread and somewhat notorious reputation, falls in love. Clotilde is a beautiful, bright woman ; interesting, but cowardly. Like all Meredith's heroes and heroines, she has her besetting sin.

To this sudden, overpowering new love Clotilde yields her heart, but will not yield her actions. She is afraid. While Alvan would go at once to her parents to ask for her hand, Clotilde, seeing only too plainly how little hope there is of obtaining their consent, prefers to dally with matters, and insists on his postponing



the interview. Alvan's straightforward nature cannot understand such half-way measures. He leaves her unsought for a time, and begins to fade out of Clotilde's mind. Suddenly, when in the mountains with a friend, she hears that Alvan is near. She wants him then, and goes to seek him. Again he misunderstands her. This time he asks her to run away with him, but she refuses, seeming not so much shocked as afraid. She answers, not in a womanly, straightforward way, but with an evasion. Then she consents to let him speak to her father and mother. She addresses them first on the subject, but is met with a torrent of angry words. The poor thing cannot stand that. In her weakness she makes her next great mistake, and runs away to Alvan, beseeching him to marry her secretly. The woman who would not listen to his request for this very thing but a day or two before now begs for it. She finds that it is too late. Her lover, in his pride, has determined to meet her parents on their own ground. He will win her, he now declares, by conventional methods. So he takes her to a friend's home. It is there that the chief crisis of the book takes place, a crisis which is one of the most interesting I know in literature. It is a moral crisis.

Clotilde has come to it through various steps of weakness. Alvan has reached it through pride and its reaction from his former shady life to a desire for conventionalism. A strong man who had before obeyed conventional rules might there have thrown them aside. To Alvan, on account of their long disuse, they seemed more precious than they need.

So Alvan meets the crisis overconfident in his strength. Clotilde meets it afraid, cowering in her weakness. Of her state Meredith says :

"Men and women alike, who renounce their own individuality by cowering thus abjectly under some other before the storm, are in reality abjuring their idea of that other, and offering themselves up to the genius of Power in whatsoever direction it may chance to be manifested, in whatsoever person. We no sooner shut our eyes than we consent to be prey, we lose the soul of election."

Alvan handed Clotilde back to her parents. She meekly did what he said. She was hurt. She could not understand his action. Had she but stood up against this mistake, he might have had pity on her even yet. Or, had he not changed his own rigid determination, the action might have prevented that worst result, the weakening of her belief in him. There is nothing like cowardice to destroy one's faith in others. There is nothing like courageous action to clear away those mists of doubt. Clotilde's "craven" will began to demoralize her mind.

But her chance is not over yet. She may still cling to Alvan. Doubtless he will seek her, he has not given her up. Ah, but circumstances were too strong. For the craven they are always too strong. By a short imprisonment, by family storms and prayers, Clotilde is reduced to external subjection. The disorder of her mind increases.

While submitting to her father's command, while writing words of dismissal to Alvan, and even accepting the attentions of a former suitor, she still says in her heart of hearts that she will always be loyal to him. How peculiar seems the twisting, "serpentine" nature! She still waits for Alvan to save her from the chains she daily forges for herself. Meanwhile Alvan does his best. He uses all means,—conventional and otherwise. He finally forces permission from Clotilde's father to hold a free interview with Clotilde. She is to tell him openly and freely whether she will marry him or not. So he hopes to free her of coercion.

So far as circumstances are concerned, there is now nothing to prevent a happy ending; but from moral causes it is impossible.

The chains she has forged for herself are too strong. Her fancies have become diseased by long straining to a cowardly deceit. She thinks Alvan's messengers deceitful too.

So she refuses. She throws away thereby her last chance. And yet—can we believe it?—she still hopes. Alvan has done his best and has failed. His friends have tried to help him. Circumstance has given away before them. And she has thrown away their help—yet she still hopes. Alvan sends a challenge to

her father. Prince Marko accepts it, and now her shuddering trust is in Providence. Marko will be killed. Now Alvan shall have her hand. But "Providence" does not save her. Alvan is killed, and Prince Marko returns. Clotilde cannot understand it. She is stunned, but recovers sufficiently to marry Prince Marko.

"Not she, it was the situation they had created which was guilty," she had thought.

"The craven with desires expecting to be blest is a zealot of the faith which ascribes the direction of events to the outer world."

Of Alvan's death, Meredith says some very characteristic words. Let me quote once again:

"He perished of his weakness, but it was a strong man that fell."

"He was 'a tragic comedian,' one of the lividly ludicrous, whom we cannot laugh at, but must contemplate, to distinguish where their character strikes the note of discord with life; for otherwise, in the reflection of their history, life will seem a thing demoniacally inclined by fits to antic and dive into gulfs."

This, then, is George Meredith's message. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the power to choose between the two has entered into our souls. We are under the rule of a great overhanging law. Destiny's wheels we cannot stop, but through our capacity for moral choice, our hands lie on the button that moves the whole machine in its relation to our own individual lives.

This is a great lesson. How strong in its likeness to the teachings of our great masters of the past! How needful in its new scientific form to-day! How suggestive as to the universe! Does it not follow that as our lives are planned so is this universe planned in which we live! Does it not follow that the spiritual is the central life upon which all else depends? It is the teaching of the childhood of the race, broadened through knowledge of life's passion, humbled and heightened through sight of God's hand, strengthened and widened through the opening of our eyes in modern science to a fuller and clearer knowledge, not only of the machinery of the universe, but also of its motive power.

Emily G. Hooker.

THE TRAGEDY OF OPHELIA.

RENUNCIATION.

THE "Tragedy of Hamlet" has its origin in the murder of Hamlet's father, its development in Hamlet's preparation for revenge, and its consummation in the murderer's death. It is well summed up in the Anglicized title of the old German play, 'Fratricide Punished,' ('Hamlet,' Variorum Edition, Furness, Vol. II., p. 121). In the progress of this tragedy Ophelia's own sad story has no part or lot. She is in it, but not of it, and her relationship to it is an episode. Like 'The Murder of Gonzago,' however, it is a tragedy within the tragedy, but it turns wholly upon the loves of Hamlet and Ophelia, their interruption, and its result. For this reason it is greatly shorn of detail, and therefore doubtless it has always been regarded as a mystery.

"The Tragedy of Ophelia" opens with a narrative of Hamlet's ardent pursuit of Ophelia with vows of love, the surrender of her maiden heart to him, and their free and bounteous interviews thereafter. Here the action of the drama begins, and her father, doubting the integrity of Hamlet's purpose, forbids her further reception of his attentions, and, apparently without explanation made to Hamlet, she obeys him. Of what Hamlet thinks or says of this we are not in terms informed, and can only infer it from his conduct towards her afterwards. But that conduct was of a most extraordinary character, seeming to many students of the play to be inexplicable. The explanations of others may be resolved into three theories, each of which deserves a passing notice. It has been claimed that insanity will account for it, and indeed Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia has been the chief argument advanced in proof of his insanity; but it is incredible that Shakespeare should have devoted the only two interviews which he had with her, and which

had so important an influence upon her life, to the mere vaporings of a madman. It has been suggested that he is putting on "an antic disposition," as he had foretold he would, with a view to deceiving the King concerning his intentions, and such conduct would have been fitting with the temptress in Belleforest's 'Hystorie,' (*Ibid.*, 91); but Shakespeare has transformed the creature of that story into Hamlet's gentle sweetheart, and so to lacerate her soul by way of subterfuge would have been an act of unjustifiable brutality, of which he could by no means have been guilty. It has been urged that his mind's eye is jaundiced by his mother's gross behavior, and that thereupon he turns distrustfully from woman-kind; but long after his mother's wicked marriage, perhaps a month afterwards, he is reveling in Ophelia's love,—a balm that gracious Nature often pours on bleeding hearts. And further, from either of these points of view, the sudden and extravagant change in Hamlet's feelings towards Ophelia, the cruel harshness of his speech to her soon after, and his subsequent complete indifference to her, are beyond the requirements of the situation, and the theories therefore seem rather to perplex than to explain.

Undoubtedly the cause of this is that they seek the solution of the riddle in the effect on Hamlet's relations to Ophelia of prior incidents in the play, his father's murder, his mother's marriage to the murderer, and the ghostly mission of revenge. But there are in the situation at the end of Act I of 'Hamlet' and wholly unconnected with these incidents, all the elements of a tragedy, few and simple, but profoundly significant. Thus, we have a prince who is an ardent lover, a court lady who has as ardently returned his love, the lady's sudden and unexplained refusal to see or hear from him, her ambitious and time-serving courtier father, and for a King a "remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain." Let but a spark of jealous suspicion reach such a mixture, and there must be an explosion; with a war-hardened Othello-like titanic rage and murder, but with the softer Hamlet renunciation and reproach, and with poor Ophelia, who represses her feelings always, heart-break, insanity, and death.

Now, Hamlet is pictured as one of the most suspicious of men, and in particular at this juncture about his mortal enemy the King. In addition, he is very proud and very revengeful, as he admits, and there is every indication that he has been passionately fond of Ophelia. When therefore she persistently denies herself to him in private, though doubtless a regular attendant at the functions of the court, his suspicions are excited, his pride wounded, his anger aroused; and, with "the pangs of despis'd love" in his heart, and in his mind a tumult of conflicting thoughts, he suddenly presents himself before her, resolved to know the truth. "What damned moments counts he o'er Who dotes, yet doubts, —suspects, yet fondly loves." In Quarto I she says: "He found me walking in the gallery, all alone"; that is, in the gallery of the King's palace, — (compare lines 673 and 803), —and of course within reach of the King; and, though Shakespeare afterwards transferred this scene to her chamber in her father's house, it may not be overlooked that the remarkable interview of which Ophelia tells was conceived originally as occurring on the impulse of the moment and under stress of feeling caused apparently by Hamlet's unexpected and dumbfounding discovery:

"He took me by the wrist and held me hard.
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long time stayed he so.
At last — a little shaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down —
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turned
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me."

In that harsh grip is anger, in that long study of her face the search for truth, in his silence the wounded pride that cannot utter

his suspicions, in the triple nod the confirmation of their verity, in the sigh the efflux of his love, in the hand-shaking a farewell, and in the retroverted face a hope yet lingering but doomed to disappointment. For Ophelia still utters no word of explanation, and Hamlet the lover leaves her forever.

The renunciation of Ophelia at this interview is generally conceded, but the reason assigned for it is the incompatibility of Hamlet's passion for her with his mission of revenge;—a most unsatisfactory explanation, because after the Ghost's command was laid on him he still pursued her, for it was after that that she says: "I did refuse his letters and denied his access to me." There is apparently an interval of two months between Acts I and II of Hamlet, and during this period Hamlet has evidently been brooding over his father's murder and considering the means of executing his dread command, and he has doubtless been vexing his soul over the conduct of Ophelia until he can stand the strain no longer. In immediate sequence in the play his silent interview with her follows upon her denial of herself to him, and an echo of the bitter feeling then aroused in him is subsequently heard, when he tells her that the prologue to the players' scene is brief "as woman's love";—sometimes mistakenly supposed to refer to the Queen, whose defection did not occur for more than thirty years after her marriage. If Hamlet's belief in an intrigue between her and the King be assumed, it fully explains his conduct before, at, and after his renunciation of Ophelia, and it would seem that no other theory can explain it adequately.

When Othello is brooding over the supposed delinquencies of Desdemona, tortured by commingled love and hate, in his wrath he strikes her. Afterwards he demands: "Let me see your eyes; look in my face"; and as she does so, and he searches there for her innocence and finds it not, he bitterly adjures her: "Swear thou art honest," though all the while assured that she is "false as hell." And he weeps and laments over her at the very moment that he determines upon an eternal separation. Othello's interview with Desdemona and this interview of Hamlet's with

Ophelia are identical in outline, and they differ in detail only as the character of the two men differ. Shakespeare has told us in words that Othello is jealously suspicious of Desdemona, and with equal faithfulness he has depicted jealous suspicion in the acts of Hamlet.

This mute interview between Hamlet and Ophelia reminds one of the "Dumb Shew," which precedes the scene from the drama of 'Gonzago's Murder'; and as in the latter instance the Duke and Duchess afterwards put into words the thoughts which the pantomime foreshadows, so on examination will this be found to be the case in the second interview between Hamlet and Ophelia, which immediately follows upon his great soliloquy.

This second interview concludes Scene i of Act III in Quarto II and in the Folios, but in Quarto I it is in Act II, and logically it belongs there. Act I of 'Hamlet' was designed to disclose the relation of the several characters to each other, and the command imposed on Hamlet to avenge his Father's death upon the King; and Act II was originally intended to exhibit Hamlet erratically making ready to obey the Ghost's command, and the various artifices which the King employs to detect his hidden purpose. When Ophelia tells her father of Hamlet's wordless interview with her, Polonius promptly goes to the King with the story of their amours and his termination of them, and with the announcement that Hamlet is mad for his daughter's love; and, after hearing his reasons for this opinion, being impressed by them, naturally the first thought of the King is: "How may we try it further?" To this Polonius replies: "I'll loose my daughter to him" during one of his walks in the gallery here, whilst you and I, unseen but seeing, will witness their encounter. In Quarto I the meeting between Hamlet and Ophelia follows at once, and when it fails Polonius undertakes to board him, and when that fails Rosencrantz and Guildenstern assay him. Afterwards Shakespeare saw fit to change the order of these scenes, but this particular scene may properly be considered now, and before others which it logically precedes.

In the interpretation of this interview, as of the former, commentators have been misled by the assumption that it is in some way connected with Hamlet's mission of revenge, and consequently they have found it, as has been suggested, a veritable *pons asinorum*. Apart from the three theories above referred to, there is an attempt to explain it on the hypothesis that when Hamlet meets Ophelia in the palace, whither he has been sent for by the King for the express purpose of meeting her, but "as 'twere by accident," he at once suspects the ruse, and therefore talks in the extraordinary manner recorded of him; that is, that he is rude and brutal, and refuses to yield to his feelings of affection, in order to deceive the King, who he well knows is within hearing, or to punish Ophelia, who he is assured is spying on him. But this theory seems to be wholly without support in the text. In the first place, there is not a word which indicates that he suspects the King's presence, and, on the contrary, the delivery of the soliloquy, the admission that he is revengeful and ambitious, and the covert threat to kill the King, all tend to prove that he does not suspect it. Further, such a suspicion could reasonably originate only in the fact that the King had sent for him, and that instead of the King he found Ophelia, but it is to be remembered that in Quarto I the King does not send for him, and that the meeting is in fact accidental. Conceding the suspicion, however, for argument's sake, whilst it might induce Hamlet to be reticent or cautious in his speech, it does not explain why Shakespeare put into his mouth the denunciatory language he employs, and this is after all the vital question. It cannot have been in order to deceive the King by concealing his love for Ophelia, for such concealment must necessarily undeceive him; the King, Queen, and Polonius are all deluded into believing him mad for Ophelia's love, and this test is expected to confirm them in it; but we know that in fact the King is undeceived, for his comment is: "Love! His affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, Was not like madness." Were he profuse in his protestations of love, the King might indeed be deceived into believing that it is not his conduct, but Ophelia's,

which troubles Hamlet ; for herein the situation differs from that narrated by Belleforest, the lady there being a mere vulgar temptress, whose preconcerted blandishments Hamlet shrewdly refuses to yield to. As for Ophelia's spying on him, it is untenable ; for she also expects that Hamlet will exhibit affection for her, and, were he to do so, instead of betraying his secret, she would aid him in concealing it. It seems plain from his inquiry that Hamlet sees Polonius during the interview, but it is not probable that he believes Ophelia to be cognizant of his presence ; her answer is a denial of such knowledge, and Hamlet's succeeding sarcastic speech is meant for the conscience of Polonius, not for hers. The worst that he could say to her is said before the discovery of her father, and before her falsehood, and hence the discovery and the falsehood do not serve to explain it. Nothing can explain it satisfactorily, but Hamlet's conviction that she has transferred her affections to the King.

After Hamlet has for some time been in the King's chamber, whether it is with or without the King's request, he meets Ophelia there, and he finds her apparently waiting for some one, and whiling away the time by reading. So it has been pre-arranged, and so it seems to him. Plainly she has not been waiting for him, for, though he himself has been waiting, she has not addressed him, and in the end he first accosts her. Indeed, it has been planned that their meeting shall seem to him to be "by accident," and, so seeming, the idea of her waiting for him is precluded. Hence to him, already suspicious of her integrity, she must have come to meet the King. But he has before this been convinced of such an intrigue, as above shown, and because of it has renounced her ; and accordingly he petitions her lightly, if not ironically : "Nymph, in thy orisons Be all my sins remember'd." Their meeting is on the same day as, or certainly not more than one day later than, the speechless interview ; but Ophelia ignores that, and ignores his petition also, and inquires into the state of his health "for this many a day,"—that is, since Polonius has separated them,



—to which he responds gravely, and without show of affection. Thereupon ensues the following conversation:

“ *Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver ;
I pray you now receive them.

“ *Ham.* No, not I ;
I never gave you aught.

“ *Oph.* My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take them again ; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.”

It seems clear that Ophelia returns these remembrances in pursuance of her father's orders, express or implied ; that Hamlet repudiates them because, proud and sensitive, he would blot their old associations from his memory ; and that Ophelia insists on their return with a sad and tender recollection of those music-vows of love that he has made so often. But why she should accuse him of unkindness towards her is not so clear, since it is she who has broken off their intimacy. Her meaning is not doubtful in Quarto I, where this reference to Hamlet's unkindness follows upon his comments on her honesty, and evidently refers to them. But in Quarto II Shakespeare changes the order of the conversation, and so apparently intends to make Ophelia's suggestion of unkindness refer to Hamlet's visit to her closet. Hence he had not only frightened her at that interview, as she informed her father, but he had hurt her, she realizes that he had renounced her, and in this gentle way she now upbraids him. But Hamlet, wrought to sudden fury by the reminiscence, like Othello, can see nothing but the supposed wrong which she has done him, and, like Othello, charges her with unchastity, without indicating the suspected man :

“ *Ham.* Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

“ *Oph.* My lord ?

“ *Ham.* Are you fair ?

"*Oph.* What means your lordship !

"*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit of no discourse to your beauty.

"*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

"*Ham.* Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof."

Though expressed figuratively, there can be no doubt of Hamlet's intention in this passage to warn Ophelia against some temptation then assailing her, which is attacking her virtue through the medium of her beauty, and which will probably prevail over it. It concerns her "honesty,"—a virtuous woman being honest in respect of others who have claims on her, and chaste in respect of herself,—and undoubtedly it refers to the temptation which assails all women who win unscrupulous admirers by their charms, and to which they sometimes succumb. In Ophelia's case it has been to Hamlet an impossible possibility that she could prove unfaithful to him, but here and now, since he has discovered her secret visit to the King, it has become reality.

Then, as the scene proceeds, Hamlet in a breath admits and denies his former love for her, thus plainly repudiating any present affection. (This conclusion is entirely consistent with his declaration "I lov'd Ophelia" in the grave-yard scene). Here he renounces her in words, as formerly he had renounced her by signs. Then he denounces himself and his "old stock" as being without virtue, and concludes the subject by declaring: "We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery." Here he unmistakeably warns her against the King, for of that old stock only they two are left. To the blandishments of both she has yielded, as he supposes, and since Hamlet no longer loves her, and the King but lusts after her, her only safe retreat is in a nunnery. In those old days a nunnery was often the only refuge for a woman who was fancied by a king, if she would retain her purity.

At this juncture Hamlet discovers Polonius, as is evident by his suggestion that he had better remain at home when he desires to play the fool; if the remark were not intended for his ear, it would be absurd. Of course he realizes that Polonius has been listening to their conversation, but he does not betray his knowledge, though the rest of his comments are perhaps more particularly intended for Polonius's ear. His words turn "wild and whirling," Ophelia notes the change, and her responses change in tone accordingly. He protests that though she marries she must lose that immediate jewel of her soul of which Iago prates, or that she will transform her husband into the horned monster of Othello's fears. And then he inveighs against wanton womankind in general, but in such terms as might befit the woman he supposes that she has become. He puts on "an antic disposition" for the benefit of Polonius, but under it all is the pointed notice to Ophelia that their past relationship can never be renewed, and the masked charge that it is her adoption of the ways of her frail sisters that has made him mad,—as her words indicate that she supposes him to be,—and that has wrecked the future happiness of both of them.

When Hero is charged by Claudio with unchastity, she fancies that something must be wrong with him, and says: "Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wild?" Of Othello's accusation Desdemona thinks that "something, sure, of state . . . Hath puddled his clear spirit." In a similar frame of mind Ophelia entreats: "Ye heavenly powers restore him," and bewails the overthrow of Hamlet's reason. These three tender hearted women are singularly alike in their mental attitudes under the accusation, and but too willing to extenuate the cruel blow and to forgive it. But both Hero and Desdemona defend themselves against the charge, whilst Ophelia, maintaining her habitual reticence, neither admits nor denies anything, and Hamlet's conviction of her wrongdoing with the King remains unchanged.

Thus far Hamlet has made no direct charge of the transfer of Ophelia's affections from him to another, but he seems to do this

at their next interview, which takes place at the time of the play of 'Gonzago's Murder.' There is a bitterness towards her in his speech, a brutality in his obscene allusions, and a degree of heartlessness in it all, which can be excused — if indeed it be deemed excusable — only on the theory that he believes her to have herself become a heartless, wicked woman. When he is commenting on the facts of the play, and Ophelia suggests that he is "as good as a chorus," he snarlingly replies: "I could interpret between you and your love if I could see the puppets dallying." Everything which Hamlet says is pregnant with meaning, and Ophelia evidently regards this as a keen thrust at her, which it plainly is. Both of them know that they two are no longer lovers, and each of them therefore understands that the allusion is to some other man with whom she treads "the primrose path of dalliance." As usual Ophelia does not deny the charge, and it would not be singular if Hamlet were to accept her silence as an admission of its truth. To whom she thinks that he refers does not appear, but there can be no doubt that his conviction is that her new lover is the King.

The next incident indicating this conviction is the interview in which Polonius undertakes with much complacency to "board" the Prince:

"*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

"*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

"*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

"*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

"*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

"*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

"*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

"*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion — Have you a daughter?

"*Pol.* I have, my lord.

"*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun. Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to it.

"*Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter. Yet

he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone." [*aside*].

There has been much discussion of this passage, but no satisfactory solution of it. It is a good sample of the enigmatic style of speech characteristic of Hamlet, which presumably the audiences of Shakespeare's day comprehended, which of course the astute Polonius did not understand, and which puzzles later generations because they have lost the ancient significance of certain words. Polonius is so prejudiced in favor of his theory that it was "the very ecstasy of love" that troubled Hamlet, that he does not even attempt to fathom his allusions. And yet Hamlet's last remark, warning him about his daughter, rivets his attention, and he demands to know what is meant by it ; but it is only for an instant, his illusion again diverts him from the matter, and the chance of explanation thus escapes.

Malone says that "fishmonger" was a cant term for a "wencher" ; and in Barnabe Rich's 'Irish Hubbub' is the expression "senex fornicator, an old fishmonger." Possibly this is its primary significance in Hamlet's mind, for shortly afterwards he satirically says of Polonius to the players : "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps." In several instances Shakespeare similarly alludes to "fishing" ; as in 'Measure for Measure,' i, 2, 91 : "Groping for trouts in a peculiar river" ; 'Winter's Tale,' i, 2, 195 : "And his pond fish'd by his next neighbor" ; and possibly in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' i, 4, 4 : "He fishes, drinks, and wastes the lamps of night in revels." The word "monger" in compound words, as used by Shakespeare, does not always mean a trader in the article, but sometimes one who merely indulges in the act ; as in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' ii, 1, 253 : "Thou art an old love-monger" ; in 'Romeo and Juliet,' ii, 4, 30 : "These strange flies, these fashion-mongers" ; and in 'Measure for Measure,' v, 1, 337 : "Was the Duke a fleshmonger ?" In common usage the word has this double significance, indeed, dependent upon whether its adjunct refers to a thing or to an act ; as, for example, cheese-monger and scandalmonger, and other similar compounds which

will readily suggest themselves. Hence "fishmonger" means both one given to "fishing" and a trader in fish. And doubtless the latter is its most important significance in Hamlet's mind, when Polonius denies that he is a fishmonger, namely that he is a trader in a food which from time immemorial has been supposed to be an aphrodisiac. Wherefore we are to understand Hamlet as meaning that Polonius is not so honest a man as the fishmonger that Polonius has in mind, or the senex fornicator that he originally had in mind, but that he is a fleshmonger,—a pander, as Tieck puts it;—"traders in flesh" such persons are termed in 'Troilus and Cressida,' v, 11, 46. It is supposed by Tieck that the allusion is to the way in which Polonius threw Hamlet and Ophelia together, by Friesen that it refers to his pandering to the desires of Claudius and the Queen before the old King's death, and by Doering that it points to his promotion of the o'er-hasty marriage of the King and Queen. But the foregoing discussion shows that the secondary thought in Hamlet's mind is that for some personal end Polonius permits Ophelia to accept the King's attentions, knowing the necessary effect of her youth and beauty on his licentious nature; for at his last interview with her he saw her father also, though apparently hiding from both of them, and therefore believes that he was cognizant of the fact that she had gone to the palace privately to meet the King. It is evidently this belief which inspires him with the contempt which he afterwards exhibits towards Polonius.

His next speech manifests this contempt in a notable degree, but it has been unappreciated because of the failure to perceive the significance of the word "sun." It is an argument intended to enforce what he had already said, and, supplying the omitted portion, the whole runs thus: You are not honest, and you cannot be honest; "for if the sun (in the sky) breed maggots in a dead dog, being a (heavenly) god kissing carrion," even so will the sun of this realm (the King) engender misdeeds in you, a corrupt man caressed by an earthly god. In characteristic fashion Shakespeare uses "sun" in a double sense, as he has just used "fishmonger,"

and again the occult reference is to Polonius as a procurer for the King.

§

And Hamlet follows this up by the warning concerning Ophelia ; " Let her not walk i' the sun (shine of the King's favor) ; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive (if she does so)." " Sun " in this passage means " sunshine " or " sunlight," as in ordinary usage it often does, but it is the light of the sun of royalty that he has just mentioned.

Hamlet's meaning is made so plain by this construction, that it scarcely needs argument to enforce it. It may however be remarked that, assuming its correctness in respect of the declaration that Polonius is not so honest as a fishmonger, its correctness as to the sun's breeding maggots in carrion and causing conception in Ophelia necessarily follows. The three enigmatical statements, thus interpreted, complement and explain each other, and therefore tend to prove each other ; and the proof is strengthened by the fact that they are the sequelae of a single thought, namely, his belief in an intrigue between Ophelia and the King. On the other hand, conceding such a belief, a man of Hamlet's character would most naturally think these thoughts, and utter them in characteristic style to Ophelia's father :— The King breeds corruption in you as does the sun in a carrion dog, you are risking your daughter's honor to win his favor, and the experiment will probably end in her dishonor. Hence Hamlet's alleged belief, deduced from his three interviews with Ophelia, and these three resulting comments tend to prove each other's correctness.

Again, the sun is plainly credited by Hamlet with a double function, namely, corruptly breeding life in a dead dog and in a living woman, and the only possible means of harmonizing the two statements, and of making sense out of the latter, is to assume that some man is typified by the second sun. It is generally admitted that an uncompleted argument is introduced by the particle " for," and, such being the case, it is a fair assumption that that also shall contain a reference to " the sun " as doing something which a man may do. On such an assumption, the argument is readily followed

up: "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog," so must "the sun" breed dishonesty in you, and so may "the sun" cause your daughter to conceive. These three propositions are consistent, the logical connection between them is perfect, and their reason and purpose is clear, if the term "sun" may figuratively indicate "the King."

Now, it is to be observed that Shakespeare not infrequently refers to kings as suns, and likens them to gods. When the King has pardoned her son, the Duchess of York exclaims: "A god on earth thou art"; 'Richard II,' v, 3, 136. "Kings are earth's gods," says Pericles; 'Pericles,' i, 1, 103. And again he says of the King, his father, that he "Had princes sit like stars about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence," *Ibid.*, II, iii, 40. In 'Henry VIII,' i, 1, 6, Buckingham, referring to the meeting of the Kings of England and France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, styles them "Those suns of glory, those two lights of men." And Norfolk tells of the wondrous deeds done there, "when these suns (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged The noble spirits to arms"; *Ibid.*, i, 1, 33. Again, adverting to the manner in which Cardinal Woolsey overshadows all other men in the King's favor, Buckingham says: "I wonder That such a keech can with his very bulk Take up the rays o' th' beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth"; *Ibid.* i, 1, 56. When the Cardinal has procured the King to arrest him, Buckingham foresees his speedy death, and again uses this metaphor in a passage which has been much misunderstood, *Ibid.*, i, 1, 236: "I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on By dark'ning my clear sun"; that is, whose body was even that moment entombed by the darkening of the King's countenance against him; he was already a dead man. (Compare the thought: "Darkness does the face of earth entomb When living light should kiss it"; 'Macbeth,' ii, 4, 10).^{*} In like manner, in 'King John,'

^{*} In 'The Broken Heart,' John Ford, 1633, Calantha, addressing the dead body of her betrothed husband, says: "Now turn I to thee, thou shadow Of my departed lord." Antony refers to his dead body as "a



ii, 1, 500, the Dauphin of France refers to himself as King, when he says to his father that his shadow, visible in the eye of the Princess, "Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow." In Richard II,' iii, 2, 50, the King, likening himself to the sun, says that, as the "eye of heaven" reveals the dark deeds of night when he fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, "So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke . . . Shall see us rising on our throne, the east, His treasons will sit blushing in his face." And again, *Ibid.*, iv, 1, 260, transferring the metaphor to Bolingbroke, he wails: "O, that I were a mockery King of snow Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke, To melt myself away in water-drops." In '1 Henry IV,' iii, 2, 79, the King speaks of "sunlike majesty, When it shines seldom in admiring eyes." In 'Richard III,' i, 1, 1, Gloster says, referring to the King: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York." In 'Hamlet,' i, 2, 67, the King asks Hamlet: "How is it that the clouds still hang on you?" and he ironically replies: "Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun." Here again "sun" means "sunshine," and Hamlet, choosing to understand the King literally, and referring to the fact that clouds are dissipated by a genial sun, sneeringly protests that he is too much in the sunshine of royalty to have clouds hanging about him. Referring to a different effect of the sun's warmth, Prince John speaks of "The man that sits within a monarch's heart And ripens in the sunshine of his favor"; '2 Henry IV,' iv, 2, 12. There are other similar uses of the word "sun," which need not now be cited.

The last reference to Ophelia's supposed relation to the King occurs when Polonius comes to announce the presence of the players:

"*Ham.* 'O Jephthah, judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou!

"*Pol.* What treasure had he, my lord?

mangled shadow"; 'Antony and Cleopatra,' iv., 2, 27. Shakespeare elsewhere refers to disembodied spirits as "shadows"; as in 'Richard III,' i, 4, 53; *Ibid.*, v, 3, 216; 'Cymbeline,' v, 4, 97; and 'Titus Andronicus,' I, 1, 126.

"*Ham.* Why 'One fair daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well.'

"*Pol.* Still on my daughter [*aside*].

"*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

"*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

"*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

"*Pol.* What follows then, my lord?

"*Ham.* Why, 'As by lot, God wot.'"

Here Hamlet again mystifies Polonius about his daughter, quoting from an old English ballad. Jephthah is pilloried in history as the man who sacrificed his daughter in payment for his worldly success. Shakespeare also refers to him in '3 Henry VI,' v, 1, 91: "To keep that oath were more impiety than Jephthah's when he sacrificed his daughter." Hamlet dubs Polonius "Jephthah," because he believes that he has paid for political preferment by yielding his daughter to the King. And when Polonius says that, if he is to be called Jephthah, he admits that like Jephthah he loves his daughter, Hamlet replies in characteristic vein, "Nay, that follows not"; meaning that it follows instead that like Jephthah he has sacrificed her. But when Polonius presses him to say what does follow, he conceals his real meaning, as his custom is, and diverts the old man's mind by answering the line from the ballad. As was the case with regard to Ophelia, Hamlet is reluctant to make the open charge against her father.

Thus in every instance in which Hamlet comes in contact with Ophelia, or refers to her, his actions and his words consistently point to the fact that he renounces her because he believes her to have thrust him aside while engaging in an intrigue with the King. And the fact that from this point of view there is a connected story of their relations told by the several interviews above discussed, that Hamlet's conduct and language in them all are adequately explained, and that a single belief of his accounts for each of them, is strong confirmation of the theory's correctness.

It is in harmony with the general scheme of the drama also, all of whose important movements hinge on "purposes mistook"; and it furnishes Hamlet with an adequate motive for his treatment of Ophelia, and removes from him the stigma of mere brutishness or insanity. Coleridge well says that there must have been "some profound heart truth" under the story, and the theory herein advanced seems to disclose it. *David A. McKnight.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 26, 1898.



CLEWS TO EMERSON'S MYSTIC VERSE.

(THIRD PAPER.)

"When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."—*Touchstone.*

THE phantasmal lords of life of the poem 'Experience,' which we considered at the close of the last paper, were presumably suggested to Emerson by the following lines from Tennyson's 'Mystic,' published in 1830 (Emerson imported these early volumets of young Tennyson, and never tired of praising them to his friends):—

"Always there stood before him, night and day,
Of wayward vary-colored circumstance
The imperishable presences serene,
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows but unwaning presences
Four-faced to four corners of the sky."

The "silent congregated hours," "daughters of time, divinely tall," with "severe and youthful brows," in this same poem of Tennyson gave Emerson his "daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days," congregated in procession. Tennyson's mystic, who hears "time flowing in the middle of the night" recalls Emerson's 'Two Rivers,' in which the living All, the Infinite Soul, is figured as a stream flowing through eternity:—

" I hear the spending of the stream,
Through years, through men, through nature fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and dream."

At the close of the poem 'Wealth' there is a bit of scientific nature-ethics which is a little obscure. The greater part of the poem is a series of graphic pictures, detailing the process of world-development through the geologic ages down to the advent of man. Suddenly, at the end, — just as at the end of the prose essay on the same subject, — he remembers his manners and makes his bow to the august Soul, kindles a light in the Geissler tube of nature, sets it aglow interiorly with spiritual law : —

" But, though light-headed man forget,
Remembering Matter pays her debt :
Still, through her motes and masses, draw
Electric thrills and ties of Law,
Which bind the strength of Nature wild
To the conscience of a child."

The logical link connecting this part with the rest has dropped out in the poem, but is clear enough in the essay. The lines mean simply this : that, though man may forget to obey the laws of the universe, Nature never forgets her debt of obedience ; she bites and stings the transgressor and caresses and soothes him who obeys. In her own submission to law she has that artlessness and quasi-moral sense that affines her to the moral nature of a child. The "awful victors" and "Eternal Rights" of 'Voluntaries' are only "remembering Matter" in another mask : with all their innocent obedience they are themselves terrible executors : —

" They reach no term, they never sleep,
In equal strength through space abide ;
Though, feigning dwarfs, they crouch and creep,
The strong they slay, the swift outstride."

In the following high pantheistic strain the seer chants the old rune that God is all : —

" The living Heaven thy prayers respect,
House at once and architect,
Quarrying man's rejected hours,



Builds therewith eternal towers ;
Sole and self-commanded works,
Fears not undermining days,
Grows by decays,
And, by the famous might that lurks
In reaction and recoil,
Makes flame to freeze and ice to boil ;
Forging, through swart arms of Offence,
The silver seat of Innocence."

—'Spiritual Laws.'

When the Living Universe builds a house, it builds it out of its own soul substance ; while man sleeps and loiters, the Unconscious ceaselessly toils. In the phrase "grows by decays," Emerson embodies, I believe, the law of the conservation of energy. The magazine of divine power is exhaustless ; does energy sink out of sight here, it is only to reappear yonder ; the tree decays, but out of its fertilizing substance new plants may spring up ; the coal under the steam boiler of the locomotive is consumed, but the swart goblin has lost no whit of his might : he just slips darkling up into the steam, makes the driving-rods his swift-shuttling arms, and, grasping with his steel fingers the felloes of the wheel, whirls you half a thousand miles over the green bulge of the earth ere set of sun. The mystic Power grows by decays ; and also, by "the famous might that lurks in reaction and recoil," reconciles apparent antinomies and opposites, and is the agent that visits evil upon the head of the evil doer and mercy upon the merciful. If a heavy body be rolled up an inclined plane, it acquires potential and kinetic energy just equal to the force expended in getting it there, and in reaction develops such a famous might that, if massive enough, it will knock you down if you stand in its way. If you lift the big pendulum of the clock in the corner, you also confer latent, or reactionary, energy upon it. Only it is of course hyperbolical for the poet to say that reaction is potent enough to actually freeze flame and make ice boil your kettle. That is only one of Emerson's rhetorical Chinese crackers, his startling thaumaturgic way of illustrating his thesis.

The key-thought of the essay 'Spiritual Laws,' to which the occult lines we are considering were prefixed, is, Be noble ; for, if you are not, your face and life will, by the law of reaction and return, publish your lapse. Punishment and reward are fruits that ripen unsuspected in the deeds of men.

The pertinency and application of many of Emerson's titles are not at once apparent.

In 'Merops' the bard affirms that in his high philosophical soarings he cares not whether he can at once ticket his intuitions and perceptions with names or not. Merops was changed into an eagle, says Ovid, and placed among the constellations, — hence, I suppose, is selected by Emerson as a good type of the kind of soaring thinker he is describing. That he also has in mind that Merops was the putative father of Phaëthon is shown perhaps by the allusion (in the last stanza) to Phaëthon's mishap : —

"Space grants beyond his fated road
No inch to the god of day,
And copious language still bestowed
One word, no more, to say."

'Alphonso of Castile' is a dramatic monologue containing a whimsical suggestion for compounding a Man out of ordinary weak-timbered manikins by killing nine in ten of them and "stuffing nine brains in one hat." It is put into the mouth of Alphonso, King of Castile, born in 1221, called *El Sabio*, "The Wise." He was a man who suffered much in his life. He wrote a famous code of laws, and first made the Castilian a national language by causing the Bible to be translated into it. Emerson chooses him as the vehicle of his own whimsey about the condensed homunculus chiefly on account of one famous sentence attributed to him: "Had I been present at the creation, I could have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe." Emerson, in his rhymed soliloquy, put into Alphonso's mouth, sarcastically twits Nature with her depleted stocks, her run-out strains of lemons, figs, roses, and men. The remedy proposed in the case of man, and outlined above, has the true Emerson-Swift bouquet, is colored and veined with a right Shakespearian scorn of the mob.



'Mithridates' is a monologue put into the mouth of Mithridates the Great, King of Pontus, who is said to have discovered an antidote for poisons which made him poison-proof against his many enemies : —

" I cannot spare water or wine,
Tobacco-leaf, or poppy, or rose ;
From the earth-poles to the line,
All between that works or grows,
Everything is kin of mine.

Give me agates for my meat ;
Give me cantharids to eat ;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes."

As late as 1787 "mithridate" was the name for an antidote against poison included in the London pharmacopœia. In Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' Kitem, thinking he is poisoned, calls for mithridate and oil. It was composed of many ingredients and given in the form of electuaries. In our modern pharmacopœias we have plenty of antidotes against virulent poisons ; *c. g.*, atropine for the deadly amanita mushroom. And counter-poisons are often used, as the tincture of foxglove for aconite, atropine for morphia, or morphia for belladonna. According to the tradition, Mithridates gradually inured his system to counter-poisons, and became poison-proof. At any rate, Emerson uses him for his metaphor, which, in untropical speech, is this : "I am tired of the namby-pamby and goody-goody ; give me things strong and rank ; give me evil for a change and a spur.

"Too long shut in strait and few,
Thinly dieted on dew,
I will use the world, and sift it,
To a thousand humors shift it,
As you spin a cherry.
O doleful ghosts and goblins merry !
O all you virtues, methods, mights,
Means, appliances, delights,

Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,
Smug routine, and things allowed,
Minorities, things under cloud !
Hither ! take me, use me, fill me,
Vein and artery, though ye kill me ! ”

In brief, “ I have run the gauntlet of experience, sounded all the depths of passion, joy, woe, evil. I am dipped in Styx, more invulnerable than Siegfried, and strong now to use the world and be used by it.” The mood of the poem is the wild longing that sometimes comes over the good man to break loose and have his fling, come what may, cry, *Vive la bagatelle !* or run amuck and tilt at all he meets. It is needless to say that the staid Emerson never carried this mood farther than to smoke a cigar now and then, or take an Adirondack outing. His contemporary, the untrammelled Whitman, could both preach and practise (within the bounds of reason) the Mithridatic doctrine ; and he was a more many-sided and symmetrical man in consequence.

The last two lines of ‘ Mithridates,’ as printed from the autograph copy, were,—

“ God ! I will not be an owl,
But sun me in the Capitol.”

These lines Emerson wisely dropped.

‘ Forerunners ’ (“ Long I followed happy guides) ” mean one’s brave hopes and ideals of good to come, our dreams and aspirations. The lines

“ No speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails ”

Thoreau evidently utilized as text for his well-known fable in ‘ Walden ’ of the lost hound, bay horse, and turtle-dove.

The portrait of Hermione, the patient-sweet wife of Leontes in ‘ The Winter’s Tale ’ of Shakespeare, serves Emerson, in his poem ‘ Hermione,’ as the model of a perfect wife, and a more acceptable one to this age than Chaucer’s abject Griselda. Such a lady as Shakespeare’s Hermione, beautiful in person and of rare self-control and virtue, is an adumbration or epitome of the universal beauty.



Looking at nature, the American poet finds the features of his Hermione there: "mountains and the misty plains, Her colossal portraiture." I suppose that this sketch, tender and delicately toned as if with a silver point, is autobiographical, and is a shadowing forth of the character of Emerson's first wife, the ethereal souled Ellen Tucker, who died of consumption after only a year and a half of married life. When her "meteor glances came," he says, he was "hermit vowed to books and gloom," and dwelling alone. In the lines

"The chains of kind
The distant bind;
Deed thou doest she must do,"

he anticipates (does he not?) the telepathy of our days, — kindred minds seeking similar places and thinking like thoughts, although in this case, to be sure, the kindred soul is thought of as merged with the inorganic world, — the winds and waterfalls and twilight nooks.

Search the whole world through, you shall find no predecessor of Emerson the poet. The only verse resembling his in general style is that of the enigmatic 'Phoenix and the Turtle,' attributed to Shakespeare, and much admired by Emerson: —

"Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree.
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey."

Emerson's verses have also a slight Persian tinge now and then, caught from his studies of Saadi and Hafiz. In his fine lyric cry 'Bacchus,' in which he calls for a wine of life, a cup of divine soma or amrita, that shall sinew his brain and exalt all his powers of thought and action to a godlike pitch, —

"Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
.
.
.
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,

May float at pleasure through all natures ;

Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock,"—

he unconsciously gave his lines, I think, the outward form of some verses by Hafiz, in which that singer intimates that, give him the right kind of wine, and he can perform wonders as if with Solomon's ring or Jemschid's wine-cup mirror. Emerson himself in one of his early editions gives a spirited verse translation of Hafiz's poem. Mr. William R. Alger ('Specimens of Oriental Poetry,' Boston, 1856) translates Hafiz thus :—

"Bring me wine ! By my puissant arm
The thick net of deceit and of harm
Which the priests have spread over the world
Shall be rent and in laughter be hurled.
Bring me wine ! I the earth will subdue.
Bring me wine ! I the heaven will storm through.
Bring me wine, bring it quick, make no halt !
To the throne of both worlds will I vault.
All is in the red streamlet divine.
Bring me wine ! O my host, bring me wine !"

'Etienne de la Boëce' gets its title (with Emersonian variations) from the name of one of Montaigne's most intimate friends, — Estienne de la Boétie. Montaigne tells us about him in Chapter xxvii of his Essays, affirming that he would have accomplished miracles, had he lived. He died when only thirty-three at Bordeaux (1563). His scholarship was solid, his translations from the Greek excellent. He was so eager to read Greek that he copied whole volumes with his own hand. A French critic says, "Les qualités qui brillaient en lui imprimaient à toute sa personne un cachet distingué et un charme sévère." Yet he seems to have been something of an imitator of his great friend ; and it is in this aspect of his life that Emerson regards him, using him, perhaps somewhat unjustly to his powers and developing genius, as the type of a too imitative disciple :—



" I serve you not, if you I follow,
Shadowlike, o'er hill and hollow ;

Vainly valiant, you have missed
The manhood that should yours resist."

Probably most Americans, if asked to explain the relevancy of the title of Emerson's poem 'Guy,' would be unable to answer off-hand. The verses celebrate the lucky man : —

" The common waters fell
As costly wine into his well.
The zephyr in his garden rolled
From plum-trees vegetable gold.
Stream could not so perversely wind
But corn of Guy's was there to grind."

The reference, of course, is to a man well known in England,— Thomas Guy (d. 1724), founder of Guy's Hospital in London. He was the George Peabody of his day. Beginning life as a book-seller, he made a good deal of money in printing Bibles, but acquired most of his enormous fortune by financial speculations. He was extremely economical ; for example, always ate his dinner on his shop counter, first spreading out a newspaper to catch the crumbs. His charities were boundless. To his hospital he gave \$1,000,000 ; and at his death his will was found to contain an enormous number of special benefactions, including bequests to over ninety cousins. Emerson in his poem compares Guy to Polycrates, who was King of Samos some five hundred years before Christ. He says that Polycrates "chained the sunshine and the breeze"; that is, the very elements seemed to be in his pay. This run of luck was without a break up to his death ; his fleet of a hundred ships was the largest then known ; he conquered all his enemies, and amassed great treasure. His ally, Amasis, King of Egypt, was so alarmed at his prosperity, fearing the envy of the gods, that he advised him to make some noteworthy sacrifice. The story goes that Polycrates accordingly threw his emerald signet-ring into the sea, but it came back to his kitchens in the belly of a large fish,

as in the Arabian Nights story. The fears of Amasis were finally justified; for the Persian satrap Orætes enticed Polycrates to the mainland, and crucified him.

'Xenophanes' embodies poetically the doctrine of the earnest old Greek agnostic and monist of that name, that God, or the All, is uncreated, immovable, and one,—not immovable in its parts, but as a whole, and just because it is all. Xenophanes saw the grandeur and incomprehensibility of the universe, he violently opposed what seemed to him the disgraceful polytheism of Homer, and anticipated the modern atomic theory and the doctrine of the unity of life as revealed by the spectroscope and the discovery of the conservation and mutual convertibility of forces. Or, as Emerson puts it in his haunting numbers,—

"By fate, not option, frugal Nature gave
One scent to hyson and to wall-flower,
One sound to pine-groves and to waterfalls,
One aspect to the desert and the lake.
It was her stern necessity."

The title of the poem 'Hamatreya' seemed at first to baffle a perfect and indubitable explanation. The word can be found in no English or foreign dictionary that the largest libraries afford. We are indebted, however, to Col. T. W. Higginson (*The Critic*, Feb. 18, 1888) for not only giving us a clew to the title, but for pointing out the portion of the Vishnu Purana (Wilson's translation, 1840) on which Emerson based his 'Earth Song' in 'Hamatreya,' and, in fact, got the hint for the whole poem; namely, at the close of Book IV. Maitreya is a disciple of Parasara, who relates to Maitreya the Vishnu Purana. Among other things he tells Maitreya of a chant of the Earth, who said, "When I hear a king sending word to another by his ambassador, 'This earth is mine: immediately resign your pretensions to it,' I am moved to violent laughter at first; but it soon subsides in pity for the infatuated fool." Again, the Purana says, "Earth laughs, as if smiling with autumnal flowers, to behold her kings unable to effect the subjugation of themselves"; which is Emerson's



"Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs."

And again : "These were the verses, Maitreya, which Earth recited, and by listening to which ambition fades away, like snow before the sun." Here are Emerson's lines :—

"When I heard the Earth-song,
I was no longer brave ;
My avarice cooled
Like lust in the chill of the grave."

Colonel Higginson suggests that Emerson may also have had in mind, in writing 'Hamatreya,' Psalm, xlix. 11. As he rightly says, the title evidently is meant to give a hint of the Hindoo source of the argument of the poem. It is in line with the uniform custom of Emerson in giving historical catch-words, especially proper names, as his titles. After an exhaustive search through all the Hindoo scriptures, I have reached a conviction which approaches absolute certainty that Hamatreya is Emerson's imperfect recollection of Maitreya or that he purposely coined the word. Emerson, it is nearly certain, read the Vishnu Purana, translated by H. H. Wilson (a large and costly work), by the copy then in the Harvard Library or the Boston Athenæum, perhaps taking brief notes, but omitting to write down "Maitreya." In his exhaustive index of proper names, appended to the Vishnu Purana, Wilson has no such word as Hamatreya, nor does it occur anywhere in the book. To clinch the argument, Prof. Charles R. Lanman, the well-known Sanskrit scholar of Harvard University, writes me that "Hamatreya is not a Sanskrit word." "The Atreyas," he says, "were the descendants of Atri." "It is an easy mistake to make *Hamatreya* out of *Maitreya*. I really think you will have to assume a simple slip here."

Emerson is not wilfully obscure. But he comes dangerously near to being so in the demand he often makes upon his readers for out-of-the-way knowledge. 'Casella' is the title of an Emersonian quatrain,—

"Test of the poet is knowledge of love,
For Eros is older than Saturn or Jove.
Never was poet, of late or of yore,
Who was not tremulous with love-lore."

The reference is to Dante's friend Casella ("Casella mio"), whom he meets in Purgatory, and who sweetly sings (as of yore on earth he was wont) a canzone by Dante himself,—"*Amor, che nella mente mi ragiona*." Emerson's favorite poet, Milton, in his sonnet to Henry Lawes, alludes, as Mr. Norton points out, to this friendship:—

"Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

The title *ἀδάκρυν νεμόνται αἰῶνα* is from Pindar, I believe. Emerson took it from *The Dial*, where (July, '43) it appears as the motto to a poem by Charles A. Dana on 'Manhood.' It means, literally, "They pass a tearless life"; or, very freely rendered, "They live a life of smiles,"—a sentiment explained by the first lines,—

"A new commandment, said the smiling Muse,
I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach."

Even in so slight a matter as choosing a name for his verses 'To Rhea,' Emerson's philosophical belief is glimpsed; for Rhea was the mother of gods, and such he believed all women to be. The thought of this remarkable poem, which its author feigns to have received from the thousand chattering tongues of the poplar-tree, is extremely subtle and somewhat difficult to formulate. The analysis is this. If you, a wife, have lost your supremacy in your husband's affections, take a strange and noble revenge, not by hating, but, in a kind of calm altruistic despair, endowing him with all the gifts and blessings at your command. The poem is headed 'To Rhea' (Rhea being the wife of the cruel Saturn, who devoured his own children) as to a wife whose husband had merely "drank of Cupid's nectar cup," married her from sex-instinct alone, and then, the "bandages of purple light" fallen from "his

eyes," treated her with indifference. But she continues to love him ; and more the poet gives her the advice just noted, illustrating by the supposed case of a god loving a mortal maid, and warily knowing that she, with her inferior ideals, can never adequately requite his love, yet nobly endowing her with all gifts and graces, which are the hostages he pawns for freedom from "his thrall." He does this in an altruistic spirit, in order by her to "model newer races" and "carry man to new degrees of power and comeliness." But what thrall? We must walk warily here. In order not to seem to give his verses an autobiographical cast (although the god, the "wise Immortal," of them is really such a type as the seer Emerson himself), he withdraws into dim recesses and speaks in subtlest metaphors. The thrall, I think, is the bondage a lover or husband is in to his beloved, in whom the solecisms and disenchantments of possession have supplanted the poetic illusions of romantic love. The man of supreme wisdom, by the magic of self-sacrifice and boundless profusion of gifts turns the trap or prison in which nature has caught him into a bower of Eden. By the road of generosity he escapes. He cunningly builds up in her mind gratitude and friendship in place of the lost romanticism. There is in this treatment of love a touch of the cold-blooded philosophy of the Emersonian critique of friendship. But if it is not a marriage of ideal kind, such as that of the Brownings, which he celebrates, he at least embodies in his verse the shrewd love-philosophy of the practical-poetical Englishman, united to the average woman for the furtherance of the ends of the species.

Mr. George Brown, in his Emerson primer, thinks that the key-thought of 'Rhea' is in these lines from 'The World-Soul' about the gods : —

" To him who scorns their charities
Their arms fly open wide."

But the parallelism somewhat halts. For mark : In the one case Napoleon's maxim is embodied, that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. The one who scorns the favoritisms and alms of Heaven, and yet, will he nill he, receives its aid, is really the

strong God himself in mask, the noble and resolute man executing his will in time and space. But in the case supposed in 'Rhea,' of husband and wife, the ones who scorn love are those not deserving of gifts at all (although Nature finds her account in them), but persons who receive gifts in charity from one altruistically nobler than themselves. It is just this idea of sublime self-sacrifice that gives to 'Rhea' its strange subtlety and its uniqueness among poems on love. There is a consolatory under-thought in the palimpsest, too. By his illustration of the god and the mortal maid the poet wishes Rhea to divine that, if wives make moan over husbands' lost love, husbands no less often have reason to lament the cooled affection of wives.

The central idea in 'Uriel' is that there is no such thing as evil. This thesis is put into the mouth of Uriel, one of the seven archangels, because he was the "interpreter" of God's will. So Milton says, in the *locus classicus* on Uriel in Book III of 'Paradise Lost.' He also says he was

"The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heav'n."

His station was in the all-viewing sun. Uriel, in Milton, tells how, when the universe was yet chaos,

"Or ever the wild Time coined itself
Into calendar months and days,"

he saw the worlds a-forming, — earth, sun, and stars. Emerson (or "Sayd") takes Milton at his word, and leads us back into that dark backward and abysm of time, and lets us overhear a conversation between Uriel and the other seraphs. At his speech "the gods shook," because if there is no sin, if all comes round to good, even a lie, then good-bye gods, hells and heavens, and their punishments. But note that, though the All turns your wrong to good in the end, yet you, an individual, suffer for your wrongdoing.

In a genial paper in the *Andover Review* for March, 1887, Dr. C. C. Everett says that Dr. Hedge suggested to him that 'Uriel' probably took its origin in the discussions of the Boston Associa-

tion of Ministers on the theme (then rife), "There is no line in nature": all is circular, and by the law of reaction every deed returns upon the doer. At any rate, it was written in 1838, soon after his Divinity School Address. ('Emerson in Concord,' by Edward Emerson.)

The god of boundaries in ancient Rome — Terminus — gives his name to the cheeriest of monodies or anchoring songs sung by the gayest of old sailors on the sea of eternity, and at last approaching port. Terminus, like Hermes, the Greek god of bounds, was shown in his statues without hands or feet, to indicate that he never moved. Was Emerson a little rusty in his classical lore, or did he boldly and knowingly defy classical verities when he says the divinity came to him "in his fatal rounds"? He seems to have attributed to Terminus patrolling functions like those of his own New England village fence-viewers. Or, rather, speaking in noble and more adequate terms, has he not added to the world's mythologies a new and poetical deity, — the god of the bounds of human life, a kind of avant-courier or Death's dragoman to announce to men their approaching end? 'Terminus' was written about 1866, when Emerson was in or near his sixty-third year, and sixteen years before his death. *William Sloane Kennedy.*



A DEFENCE OF BROWNING'S LATER WORK.

IF a defence of Browning's work were to include all he has written since the date when Edmund Gosse said his books were chiefly valuable as keeping alive popular interest in the poet, and as leading fresh generations of readers to what he had already published, it would needs begin as far back as 1868; and considering the amount of work done since that time would require at least a volume to do the subject justice.

Fortunately it has long been admitted that Homer sometimes nods, though not with such awful effect as was said to attend the nods of Jove — Hence, in spite of Mr. Gosse's undoubted eminence

as a critic, we may dare to assume that in this particular instance he fell into the ancient and distinguished trick of nodding.

If Mr. Gosse were right, it would practically put on a par with a mere advertising scheme many poems which have now become household favorites. Take, for example, 'Hervé Riel.' Think of the blue-eyed Breton hero whom all the world has learned to love through Browning, tolerated as nothing more than an index finger to 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin!' Take, too, such poems, as 'Donald,' whose dastardly sportsmanship is so vividly portrayed that it has the power to arouse strong emotion in strong men, who have been known literally to break down in the middle of it through excess of feeling; 'Ivan Ivanovitch,' in which is embodied such fear and horror that weak hearts cannot stand the strain of hearing it read; the story of the dog Tray who rescued a drowning doll with the same promptitude as he did a drowning child — at the relation of whose noble deeds the eyes of little children grow eager with excitement and sympathy. And where is there in any poet's work, a more vivid bit of tragedy than 'A Forgiveness!'

And would not an unfillable gap be left in the ranks of our friends of the imaginative world if Balaustion were blotted out? The exquisite lyric girl, brave, tender and with a mind in which wisdom and wit are fair playfellows.

As Carlyle might say, "Verily, verily Mr. Gosse, thou hast out-Homered Homer, and thy nod hath taken upon itself very much the semblance of a snore."

These and many others which might be mentioned as having appeared since the date when Mr. Gosse autocratically put up the bars to the poet's genius are now so universally accepted that any defence of them would be absurd.

There are again others whose tenure of fame is still hanging in the balance like 'The Red Cotton Night-cap Country,' 'The Inn Album,' 'Aristophanes' Apology,' 'Fifine at the Fair'; but as they have had already some able defenders, I shall not attempt any defence of them further than to say, in passing, that the longer I know them, and the more I read them, the more I am



impressed with their masterly portrayal of human motives as they either reflect a given social environment or work contrary to it. Only a genius of the greatest power could have grasped and moulded into palpitating life beings of the calibre of the brilliant complex and illogical Aristophanes, or the dunderheaded, well meaning and equally illogical Miranda and set them to act out their little parts in a living historical environment — one in decadent Athens with her petty political and literary rivalries and dying religion; the other in ultramontane France where superstition and materialism were fighting for the mastery. Such art as is illustrated in these poems on in 'Fifine at the Fair' or in 'The Inn Album,' may not be of the kind to give one direct ideals for the conduct of life; but it represents the most splendid realism from which as from life itself deep moral lessons may be drawn. There is an actuality of realism in these poems of Browning's that puts into the shade, that of the great apostle of realism, Zola, for his realism too often presents what I venture to call obverse idealism — evil apotheosized, not evil struggling toward good as it invariably appears in life.

Among the poet's later works, 'Ferishtah's Fancies' and 'The Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day' have perhaps been more obscured by mists of non-appreciation than any others. I shall, therefore, confine myself for the present to making here and there a rift in these mists in the hope that some glimpses of the splendor of the giant form behind them may be gained.

Without particularizing either critics or criticism, it may be said that criticism of these poems divides itself into the usual three branches, — one which objects to their philosophy, one which objects to their art, one which finds them difficult of comprehension at all. This last criticism may easily be disposed of by admitting it as in part true. The mind whose highest reaches of poetic inspiration are ministered unto by such simple and easily understandable lyrics as 'Twinkle, twinkle little star' might not at once grasp the significance of the Parleying with George Bubb Dod-

ington. Indeed, it may be surmised that some minds might sing upon the starry heights with Hegel and fathom the doctrine of the equivalence of being and non-being and yet be led into a slough of despond by this same cantankerous George.

But a poetical slough of despond may be transfigured in the twinkling of an eye — after a proper amount of study and hard thinking — into an elevated plateau with prospects upon every side, grand or terrible or smiling.

Are we never to feel spurred to any poetical pleasure more vigorous than dilly-dallying with Keats while we feast our eyes upon the wideness of the seas? Or lazily floating in a lotus land with Tennyson, say, among the meadows of the Musketaquid, in canoes with silken cushions? Beauty and peace is the reward of such poetical pleasures. They fall upon the spirit like the "sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odor," but shall we never return from the land where it is always afternoon? Is it only in such a land as this that we realize the true power of emotion? Rather does it conduce to the slumber of emotion; for progress is the law of feeling as it is the law of life, and many times we feel,—yes—feel—with tremendous rushes of enthusiasm like climbing Matterhorns with great iron nails in our shoes, with historical and archæological, and philosophical Alpen-stocks in our hands, and when we reach the summit what unsuspected beauties become ours.

Advancing a step more seriously into the subject, I may say that these two series of poems form the key-stone to Browning's whole work. They are like a final synthesis of the problems of existence which he has previously made analyses of from myriad points of view in his dramatic presentation of character. It has been said that in these poems his philosophy loses its intuitional and assured point of view, to become hard-headed and doubting. But does not a careful comparison with his early work disprove this assertion?

In his two early poems, 'Pauline' and 'Paracelsus,' before the poet's personality became merged in that of his characters, he



presents us with his poetic creed and his theory of the universe in no mistakable terms. In 'Pauline' we get a direct glimpse of the poet's own artistic temperament, and may literally put our fingers upon those qualities which were to be a large influence in moulding his work.

As described by himself the poet of 'Pauline' was

"Made up of an intensest life
Of a most clear idea of consciousness
Of self, distinct from all its qualities,
From all affections, passions, feelings, powers ;
And thus far it exists, if tracked, in all :
But linked in me to self-supremacy,
Existing as a centre to all things,
Most potent to create and rule and call
Upon all things to minister to it."

This sense of an over-consciousness is the mark of an objective poet—one who sympathizes with all the emotions and aspirations of humanity,—interprets their actions through the light of this sympathy, and at the same time keeps his own individuality distinct. The poet of this poem discovers that he can no longer lose himself with enthusiasm in any phase of life ; but what does that mean to a soul constituted as his ? It means that the way has been cleared for the birth of that greater, broader love of the fully developed artist-soul which, while entering into sympathy with all phases of life, finds its true complement only in an ideal of absolute Love.

This picture of the artist aspiring toward the absolute by means of his large human sympathy may be supplemented by the theory of man's relation to the universe involved in 'Paracelsus' where it is shown that the Absolute cannot be fully realized by mankind either through knowledge or love. Aprile's doctrine has an element of fatalism in it. He sees and loves God in imperfection, but does not seem to have much notion of progress. On the other hand, Paracelsus sees God only in perfected Mankind, until he is really made wise to know that

“ Even hate is but a mask of love's
To see a good in evil and a hope
In ill success,”

and so is led to combine his own former standpoint with Aprile's by perceiving God and God's love in progress from lesser to ever greater good, and that evil and failure are the spurs that send man onwards to a future where joy climbs its heights “forever and forever ”

From this point in his work Browning, like the Hindu Brahmah, becomes manifest not as himself, but in his creations. The poet whose portrait we get in ‘Pauline’ is the same poet who sympathetically presents a whole world of human experiences to us, keeping his own individuality for the most part intact, and the philosopher whose portrait is drawn in ‘Paracelsus’ is the same who interprets these human experiences in the light of the great life-theories therein presented.

But as the creations of Brahmah return into himself, so the human experiences Browning has entered into artistic sympathy with return to enrich his completed view of the problems of life, when like his own Rabbi Ben Ezra, he reaches the last of life for which “the first was planned” in these ‘Fancies’ and ‘Parleyings’.

Though these two groups of poems undoubtedly express the poet's own mature conclusions, they yet preserve the dramatic form. Several things are gained in this way. First, the poems are saved from didacticism, for the poet expresses his opinion as an individual and not as a seer, trying to implant his theories in the minds of disciples. Second, variety is given and the mind is stimulated by having opposite points of view presented, while the thought is infused with a certain amount of emotional force through the heat of argument.

It has, of course, been objected that philosophical and ethical problems are not fit subjects for discussion in poetry. It should be remembered, however, that there is one point the critic of *Æsthetics* has not yet learned to realize; namely, that the law of



evolution is differentiation, in art as well as in cosmic, organic, and social life. It is just as prejudiced and unforeseeing in these days to limit poetry to this or that subject, or say that nothing is dramatic that does not deal with immediate action, as it would have been for Homer to declare that no poem would ever be worthy the name that did not contain a catalogue of ships.

These facts exist ! We have dramas dealing merely with action, dramas, in which character development is of prime importance ; dramas, wherein action and character are entirely synchronous ; and those in which the action means more than appears upon the surface, like Hauptmann's 'Sunken Bell,' or Ibsen's 'Master Builder,' then why not dramas of thought and dramas of mood when the brain and heart become the stage of action instead of an actual stage. Surely, such dramas are a natural development of this Nineteenth Century. As the man in 'Half Rome' says

"Facts are facts and lie not, and the question 'How came that purse' the poke o' you admits of no reply.'" Art has a great many forms of drama in its poke already, so we would better be careful how we make authoritative statements on the subject.

Another advantage, gained from the dramatic form and this is most important, is that the poet has been enabled by means of it to hold the mirror up to the turmoil of thought that has racked the brains and hearts of the last half of the Nineteenth Century. Victorian England in its thought phases lives just as surely in these poems as Renaissance Italy in its art phases in 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' 'Andrea del Sarto,' 'Pictor Ignatus' and 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at St. Praxed's ;' and this is true though the first series is cast in the form of Persian Fables and the second, in the form of Parleyings with worthies of past centuries.

We who have grown up under the dispensation, so to speak, of the doctrine of evolution, now acknowledged to be the guiding principle in every department of knowledge find it hard to enter into the spirit of that mid-century Sturm and Drang period which resulted upon the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' This book is the landmark of the century, and commemorates at

once the triumph of knowledge, and its failure. The triumph of science in the realm of phenomena, its failure to pierce into the ultimate causes of these phenomena. What a hard fight scientific methods of investigating the phenomena of nature and life had had up to that time, in the teeth of opposition from the less instructed religious world, has been summarized for us in the fascinating pages of Andrew D. White's 'Warfare Between Theology and Science.' One by one, Science won the outposts held by prejudice and conservatism. It had to be admitted that the earth was not flat and that it did not float upon an infinite sea supported on the back of a tortoise. It had to be admitted, even, that it did not occupy the chief seat in the synagogue of the firmament, but went rolling about the sun like any common little asteroid. Finally, the great guns of science were trained upon man himself and he was forced to retire from his lofty position of Lord of Creation to the much more humble one of outcome of creation.

To a large proportion of mankind it seemed as if, should these things be admitted as truth, the whole fabric of society must fall to pieces and religion become a mockery. Those who felt so fought, as for their life, against the conclusions of science. There was a large minority, however, which, intellectually constrained to accept the conclusions of science, yet differed much in temperament and were by consequence, affected in very different ways by the new truths. There were men like Matthew Arnold who no longer believed in the revelations of the past, yet who clung to the beauty of religious forms, in despair at the thought of the wilderness life would be without them. There were others like George Eliot, who became positivists, and gained comfort only in the thought of a religion of humanity and an immortality of nothing more tangible than human influence. There were those like William Morris who accepted cheerfully this life as being all and who devoted their energies to making it as lovely as possible and working to make it more lovely for the future. There were still others, like Clifford, entirely hopeless, but who like Childe Roland put the slug horn to their lips, and lived brave, noble lives in the certainty

of coming annihilation ; a divine melancholy seized upon some, such as we see reflected in much of Tennyson's verse.

But there were a few who beheld the triumph of science undismayed, for they saw that her sway could not pass beyond the realm of phenomena, that the failure of the intellect to penetrate behind the mysteries of nature and life must be the saving of religion. Herbert Spencer is among scientists undoubtedly the greatest of this type of mind. Whatever misunderstandings and vituperations he may have been subjected to, from the positivist who thinks him inconsistent for his religious tone to the religionist who dubs him an atheist, the fact still remains that his was the genius that stood out against the advancing flood of materialism saying "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." He it was who declared that underlying phenomena was an Infinite power that transcended all human faculties of imagination, and that this fact was the most certain intuition of the human mind.

So great an upheaval of thought, changing, as it finally has, man's whole outlook upon the universe from one more or less static with fixed codes of morals and standards of art to one that is dynamic and progressive, brought in its wake the consideration of many ethical as well as philosophical problems.

Nothing bears upon the grounds of moral action more disastrously than blind fatalism, and while there have been many evil forms of this doctrine in the past there has probably been none worse than the modern form because it seems to have scientific sanction in the doctrines of the conservation of energy, the persistence of heredity and the survival of the fittest, and tends to positive atrophy of the will. Even wise and thoughtful men nowadays take such a philosophic view of events that they hesitate to throw in their voice on either side in the solution of a national problem because things are bound to follow the laws of development either way. This is equivalent to admitting that you are simply a heap of burnt out ashes in the furnace of life, and that you have no longer any part to play in the combustion that leads to progress. In the first of 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' a strong plea

is made for those human impulses that lead to action. The will to serve the world is the true force from God. Every man, though he be the last link in a chain of causes over which he had no control, can at least have a determining influence upon the direction in which the next link shall be forged. Ferishtah appears upon the scene, himself, a fatalist, leaving himself wholly in God's hands until he is taught by the dream God sent him that man's part is to act as he saw the eagle act, succouring the helpless, not to play the part of the helpless birdlings who were taken care of. Another phase of the same thought is touched upon in 'A Camel Driver.' The discussion turns upon punishment and the point is, if, as Ferishtah declares, the sinner is not to be punished eternally, then why should man trouble himself to punish him. The answer amounts to this. Man must regard sin from the human point of view as something evil and to be got rid of and must, therefore, will to work for its annihilation. It follows then that the sinner should be punished as that is a means for teaching him to cease sinning.

Another doctrine upon which the Nineteenth Century belief in progress as the law of life has set its seal is that of the pursuit of happiness, or the striving for the greatest good of the whole number including oneself. With this Browning shows himself in full sympathy in 'Two Camels,' wherein Ferishtah contends that only through the development of individual happiness and the experiencing of many forms of joyousness can one help others to happiness and joyousness, while in 'Plot Culture,' the enjoyment of human emotion as a means of developing the soul is emphasized.

The relations of good and evil have also had to be re-considered in the light of Nineteenth Century thought, the dualism of the past not being compatible with the evolutionary doctrine that good and evil are relative, a phrase which we sometimes forget must be understood in two ways : — first, that good and evil are relative to the state of society in which they exist, and what may be good in one phase of society, may become evil in a more developed phase. Second, were it not for evil, we should never be able to appreciate

the superiority of good and so to work for good, and in working for it to bring about progress. To his pupil worried over the problem of evil Ferishtah points out in 'Mihrab Shah' that evil in the form of bodily suffering has given rise to the beautiful sentiments of pity and sympathy. But though it be recognized that good comes of evil, shall evil be encouraged? No! Ferishtah declares, Man bound by man's conditions is obliged to estimate as fair or foul Right, wrong, good, evil, what man's faculty adjudges such," therefore the man will do all he can to relieve the suffering of poor Mihrab Shah with a fig-plaster. The answers, then, that Browning gives to the ethical problems of the century growing out of the acceptance of modern scientific doctrines, are, in brief, that man shall use that will-power of which he feels himself possessed, and which really distinguishes him from the brute creation, in working against whatever appears to him evil; while the good for which he shall work is the greatest happiness of all.

What of the philosophical doctrines to which Browning gives expression in the remaining poems of the group? We find it insisted upon in 'Cherries', 'The Sun', in 'A Bean Stripe also Apple Eating', and especially in that remarkable poem 'A Pillar at Sebzevar' that knowledge fails. Knowledge the golden is but lacquered ignorance, as gain to be mistrusted. Curiously, enough, this contention of Browning's has been the cause of most of the criticisms against him as a philosopher, yet as far as I have been able to discover, there has been no deep thinker of this century, and there have been many in other centuries, who has not held in some form or another the opinion that intellect was unable to solve the mysterious problems of the universe. Even the metaphysicians who build very wonderful air castles on *à priori* ideas declare that these ideas cannot be matters of mere intellectual perception, but must be intuitions of the higher reason. Browning, however, does not rest in the assertion that the intellect fails. He draws immense comfort from this failure of knowledge. Though it is to be distrusted as gain, it is not to be mistrusted as means to gain. "Friend" quoth Ferishtah in 'A Pillar at Sebzevar'

"As gain — mistrust it! Not as means to gain :
Lacquer we learn by : cast in firing-pot,
We learn, — when what seemed ore assayed proves dross —
Surelier true gold's worth, guess how purity
I' the lode were precious could one light on ore
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process : knowledge means
Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach."

For men with minds of the type of Spencer's, this negative assurance of an infinite ever on before is sufficient, but human beings, as a rule, will not rest satisfied in such cold abstractions. Though Job said thousands of years ago "Who by searching can find out God," mankind still continues to search.

Now comes Browning and says that it is in that very act of searching that the absolute becomes most directly manifest. From the earliest times of which we have any record man has been aspiring toward God. Many times he has thought that he had found God, but later discovered it to be only God's image built up out of his own human experiences. This search is very beautifully described in the *Fancy* called 'The Sun,' under the symbol of the man who seeks the prime giver that he may give thanks where it is due for a palatable fig. This search for God Browning calls Love, meaning by that the moving, aspiring force of the whole universe, and many are its manifestations, from the love that goes forth in thanks for benefits received, through the aspirations of the artist toward beauty, of the lover toward human sympathy, even of the scientist toward knowledge, to the lover of humanity like Ferishtah, who declares "I know nothing save that love I can boundlessly, endlessly."

The poet argues from this that if mankind has with ever increasing fervor aspired toward a God of Love, and has ever developed toward broader conceptions of human love, it is only reasonable to infer that in his nature God has something which corresponds to human love, though it transcend our most exalted imagining of it. In John Fiske's recent book 'Through Nature to

God' he advances a theory identical with this, evidently unaware that Browning had been before him, for he claims it as entirely original. Fiske's originality consists in his having based his proof upon analogies drawn from the evolution of organic life in following out the law of the adjustment of inner to outer relations. For example, since the eye has through æons of time gradually adjusted itself into harmony with light, why should not man's search for God be the gradual adjustment of the soul into harmony with the infinite spirit. Other modern thinkers have advanced the idea that love was the ruling force of the universe; nor need we confine ourselves to the moderns, for like nearly every phase of thought, it had its counterpart or at least its seed in Greek thought. Thus we find that Empedocles declared that the ruling forces of the universe were Love and Strife and that the conflict between these was necessary for the continuance of life. As far as I know, however, no other thinker or poet has emphasized with such power the thought that the only true basis of belief is the intuition of God that comes from the direct revelation of feeling in the human heart, and which has been at once the motive force of the search for God and the basis of a conception of God's nature. A natural corollary of such a theory is that every conception man has had of the Infinite had its value as a partial image since it grew out of the divine impulse planted in man, but that in the Christian ideal, the highest symbolical conception was attained through the mystical unfolding of love in the human soul.

The thought of the 'Fancies' is optimistically rounded out in 'A Bean Stripe also Apple Eating' in which Ferishtah argues that life, in spite of the evil in it, seems to him on the whole good, and he cannot believe that evil is not meant for good ends since he is so sure that God is infinite in love.

From all this it will be seen that our poet accepts with Spence-rians the negative proof of God growing out of the failure of intellect, but adds to it the positive proof derived from emotion.

It was a happy thought of the poet to present such problems in Persian guise, for Persia stands in Zoroastrianism for the dualism

which Ferishtah denies in his recognition of the part evil plays in the development of good, and through Mahometanism for the Fatalism, Ferishtah learned to cast from him. The Persian atmosphere is preserved throughout not only by the introduction constantly of Persian allusions traceable to the great Persian epic the Shah Nameh, but by the telling of fables in the Persian manner to point the morals intended. With the exception of the first *Fancy*, which is derived from a fable of Bidpai's, we have the poet's own word that all the others are inventions of his own, but they are none the worse for this. These clever stories make the poems lively reading, and we soon find ourselves growing fond of the wise and clever Ferishtah, who like Socrates is never at a loss for an answer, no matter what bothersome questions his pupils may propound.

If we see the thoughtful and brilliant Browning in the '*Fancies*' proper, we perhaps see even more clearly the emotional and passionate Browning in the lyrics which add such variety and charm to the whole. This feature is also borrowed from Persian form, a beautiful example of which has been given to English readers in Edwin Arnold's '*Gulistan*' or '*Rose Garden*' of the poet Sa' di. In fact Sa' di's preface to his '*Rose Garden*' evidently gave Browning the hint for his humorous prologue, in which he likens the poems to follow to an Italian dish made of ortolans on toast with a bitter sage leaf, symbolizing sense, sight and song

"Sage-leaf is bitter-pungent—so's a quince :
Eat each who's able !
But through all three bite boldly—lo, the gust !
Flavor—no fixture—
Flies, permeating flesh and leaf and crust
In fine admixture.
So with your meal, my poem masticate
Sense, sight, and song there !
Digest these, and I praise your peptics' state,
Nothing found wrong there."

Similarly Sa' di says "Yet will men of light and learning, from whom the true countenance of a discourse is not concealed, be

well aware that herein the pearls of good counsel which heal are threaded on strings of right sense; that the bitter physic of admonition is constantly mingled with the honey of good humor, so that the spirits of listeners grow not sad, and that they remain not exempt from blessings of acceptance."

A further interest attaches to these lyrics because they form a series of emotional phases in the soul-life of two lovers whom I think, we may be justified in regarding as Mr. and Mrs. Browning themselves. I always think of them as companion pictures to 'The Sonnets from the Portuguese.' In these the sun-rise of a great love is portrayed with intense and exalted passion while the lyrics in 'Ferishtah's Fancies' reflect the subsequent development of such a love, through the awakening of whole new realms of feeling, wherein love for humanity is enlarged, criticism from the one beloved, welcome; all the little trials of life dissolved in the new light; and divine love realized with a force never before possible. Do we not see a living portrait of the two poets in the lyric 'So the head aches and the limbs are faint'? Many a hint may be found in their letters to prove that Mrs. Browning with just such a frail body possessed a fire of spirit that carried her constantly toward attainment while he, with all the vigor of splendid health could with truth have frequently said "In the soul of me sits sluggishness." These exquisite lyrics which, whether they conform to Elizabethan models or not, are as fine as anything ever done in that line, are crowned by the epilogue in which we hear the stricken husband crying out to her whom twenty years earlier he had called his "lyric love" in a voice doubting, yet triumphing in the thought that his optimism is the light radiating from the halo which her human love had irised round his head.

In 'The Parleyings' the discussions turn principally upon artistic problems and their relation to modern philosophy, four out of the seven being inspired by artist, poet, or musician. The forgotten worthies whom Browning rescued from oblivion, make their appeal to him upon various grounds that connect them with the present. Bernard de Mandeville evidently caught Browning's fancy because in

his satirical poem 'The Grumbling Hive' he forestalled, by a defence of the Duke of Marlborough's war policy, the doctrine of the relativity of good and evil. One might have imagined that this subject had been exhausted in 'Ferishtah's Fancies,' but it seems to have had a great fascination for Browning, probably because the idea was a new one and he felt the need of thinking his way through all its implications. Fresh interest is added in this case because the objector in the argument was a contemporary of Browning's—Carlyle, whose well-known pessimism over the existence of evil is graphically presented. Browning clenches his side of the argument with an original and daring variation upon the Prometheus myth led up to by one of the most magnificent passages in the whole range of his poetry, and probably the finest example anywhere in literature of a description of nature as interpreted by the laws of cosmic evolution. He describes the effect of the sun-light in developing the life upon the earth, tracing it as far as the mind of man. But the mind of man is not satisfied with the purely physical and phenomenal.

"What avails sun's earth-felt thrill
To me? Mind seeks to see,
Touch, understand, by mind inside me,
The outside mind—whose quickening I attain
To recognize—I only."

But Prometheus offered an artifice whereby man's mind is satisfied. He drew Sun's rays into a focus plain and true. The very sun in little: made fire burn and henceforth do man service. Denuded of its scientific and mystical symbolism Browning makes the Prometheus myth teach his favorite doctrine, namely that the image of love formed in the human heart by means of the burning glass supplied by sense and feeling is a symbol of infinite love.

Daniel Bartoli, an extremely superstitious old Jesuit of the 17th century is set up by Browning in the next poem, simply to be knocked down again on the ground that all the legendary saints he worshipped could not compare with a real woman the poet knows. The romantic story of this lady is told in Browning's most fasci-

nating narrative style, so rapid and direct that it has all the force of a dramatic sketch. Her claim upon his admiration consists in her recognition of the sacredness of love which she will not dishonor for worldly considerations, and finding her betrothed love incapable of attaining her height of nobleness, she leaves him free. This story only bears upon the poet's philosophy as it reflects his attitude toward human love, which he considers so clearly a revelation, that any treatment of it not absolutely noble and true to the highest ideals is a sin against heaven itself.

George Bubb Dodington is the black sheep of these later poems and gives the poet an opportunity to let loose all his subtlety and sarcasm; and the reader a chance to use his wits in discovering that the poet *assumes* to agree with Dodington that when one is serving his state, he should at the same time have an eye to his own private welfare, that he *pretends* to criticise only Dodington's method of attaining this — which is to disclaim that he works for any other good than the state's, nobody would ever believe that. He then gives what purports to be his own opinion on the correct method of successful statesmanship — that is, to pose as a superior being with a divine right to rule, treating everybody as his puppet and entirely scornful of their opinion of him. If he will adopt this attitude he may change his tactics every year and the people instead of suspecting his sincerity will think that he has wise reasons beyond their insight for his changes. Browning is said to have had Lord Beaconsfield in mind when he described this proper method for the statesman. Be that as it may the type is not unknown in this day. Having discovered all this, the wit of the reader may now draw its inferences — which will doubtless be that the whole poem is a powerful, intensely cynical argument, against what we to-day call imperialism and in favor of liberal government which means the development of every individual so that he will be able to see for himself whether this or that policy be right instead of depending upon the leadership of the over-man, whose intentions are unfortunately too seldom to be trusted.

The poet Browning calls out from the shades is Christopher

Smart, who was celebrated for having only once in his life composed a great poem, 'The Song of David,' that put him on a par with Milton and Keats. Perhaps we might not altogether agree with this decision, but critics have loved to eulogize its great beauties and whether Browning actually agreed with their conclusions or not makes little difference, for the fact furnishes him with a text for discussing the problem of beauty versus truth in art. Should the poet's province simply be to record his visions of the beauty and strength of nature and the universe, that come to him in moments of inspiration such as that which came once to Christopher Smart? "No," says Browning, whose feet are always firmly based upon the earth. These visions of poets should not be considered ends in themselves but the materials for greater ends. He asks such poets if they would

"Play the fool,
Abjuring a superior privilege?
Please simply when your function is to rule —
By thought incite to deed? Ears and eyes
Want so much strength and beauty, and no less
Nor more, to learn life's lesson by."

He goes on to insist that the poet should find his inspiration in the human heart and climb to heaven by its means, not investigate the heavens first. He evidently does not sympathize with Emerson's attitude that the poet has some mysterious connection with the divine mind which enables him to become at one bound a seer who may henceforth lead mankind. Rather must the poet diligently study mankind and teach as a man may through this knowledge. Space does not permit me to dwell on the beautiful opening of this poem which recalls the imaginative faculty of the visions in 'Christmas Eve' and 'Easter Day.'

In 'Francis Furini' the subject is the nude in art, and Browning vows he will never believe the tale told by Baldinucci that Furini ordered all his pictures of this description burned. He expresses his indignation vigorously at some length, showing plainly his own sympathies then makes Furini pray a very beautiful prayer, then

deliver before a supposed cultured London audience a long and decidedly recondite speech containing an attack upon that species of agnosticism that allies itself with positivism and Furini's refutation. The upshot of it all is that Furini declares the only thing he is certain of is his own consciousness and the fact that it had a cause behind it, called God.

" Knowledge so far impinges on the cause
Before me, that I know—by certain laws
Wholly unknown, what'ere I apprehend
Within, without me, had its rise : thus blend
I, and all things perceived in one effect."

Readers of philosophy will recognize in this an echo from Descartes. This fact of the human consciousness he further develops into an argument that the painter should paint the human body, just as it was argued the poet should study the human heart.

A Philippic against Greek art and its imitation is delivered by the poet in the 'Parleying with Gerard de Lairese' whom he makes the scape-goat of his strictures, on the score of a book Lairese wrote in which was described a walk through a Dutch landscape transmogrified by classic imaginings. To this good soul an old sepulchre, struck by lightning became the tomb of Phaeton, and an old cart wheel half buried in the sand near by, the Chariot of the Sun. In a spirit of bravado Browning proceeds to show what he himself could make of a walk provided he condescended to illuminate it by classic metaphor and symbol, and a remarkable passage is the result. It occupies from the eighth to the twelfth stanzas. It is meant to be in derision of the grandiloquent, classically embroidered style but so splendid is the language, so haunting the pictures, the symbolism so profound that it is as if a God were showing some poor weakling mortal how not to do it — and through his omniscience must perforce create something wondrously beautiful. The double feeling one has about this passage only adds to its interest. After thus classicizing in a manner that might make Euripides himself turn green with envy, he nonchalantly remarks—

" Enough, stop further fooling,"

and to show how a modern poet greets a landscape he flings in the perfectly simple and irresistible little lyric

“Dance, yellows, and whites and reds.”

The poet's strictures upon classicism are entirely in line with his philosophy, placing as it does the paramount importance on living realities.

“‘Do and no wise dream,’” he exclaims
Earth's young significance is all to learn ;
The dead Greek lore lies buried in its urn
Where who seeks fire finds ashes.”

The ‘Parleying with Charles Avison’ is more a poem of moods than any of the others. The poet's love for music is reflected in his claiming it as the highest expression possible to man ; but sadness comes to him at the thought of the ephemerality of its forms, a fact that is borne in on him by the inadequateness of Avison's old March styled “grand.” He finally makes of music the most perfect symbol of the evolution of spirit of which the central truth remains always permanent, while the form though ever changing is of absolute value to the time when the spirit found expression in it.

Even this does not quite satisfy the poet's desires for the supremacy of music, and his final conclusion is that if we only get ourselves into a proper historical frame of mind, any form will reveal its beauty. This is a truth which needs especially to be recognized in music, for we too often hear people objecting to Haydn or Mozart and even Beethoven because they are not modern, never realizing that each age has produced its distinctive musical beauty.

But Browning means it of course to have the largest significance in relation to all forms of truth and beauty of which every age has had its living example — thus — his last triumphant mood is, “Never dream that what once lived shall ever die.”

I have been able to throw out only a few general suggestions as to these late masterpieces. There are many subtleties of thought and graces of expression which reveal themselves upon every fresh

reading, and each poem might well be made the subject of a special study.

I have said nothing about the Prologue and Epilogue to the Parleyings, not because I love them less, but because I love them so much that I should never be able to bring this paper, already too long, to a close if I once began on them. I hope, however, I have said enough not only to prove the point that these poems give complete expression to the thought of the age, but that Browning appears in them, to borrow an apt term from Whitman, as the "Answerer" of the age. That he has unquestioningly accepted the knowledge which science has brought and recognizing its relative character, has yet interpreted it in such a way as to make it subserve the highest ideals in ethics, religion, and art, and that far from reflecting any degeneration in Browning's philosophy of life, these poems put on a firmer basis than ever the thoughts prominent in his poetry from the first, and which constantly find illustration indirectly and sometimes directly in his dramatic poems.

I am just as unable to find any fault with their subject matter as with their form. The variety in both is remarkable. Religion and fable, romance and philosophy, art and science all commingled in rich profusion. Everything in language—talk almost colloquial, dainty lyrics full of exquisite emotion, and grand passages which present in sweeping images now the processes of cosmic evolution, now those of spiritual evolution, until it seems as if we had indeed been conducted to some vast mountain height, whence we could look forth upon the century's turbulent seas of thought, into which flows many a current from the past, while suspended above between the sea and sky like the crucifix in Simons' wonderful symbolic picture of the Middle Ages, is the mystical form of Divine Love.

Helen A. Clarke.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

GLIMPSSES OF PRESENT DAY POETS: A SELECTIVE READING COURSE.

II. A GROUP OF AMERICAN POETS.*

1. Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Readings from Stedman:—‘Hebe,’ ‘A Sea Change.’ New York Scenes: ‘Peter Stuyvesant,’ ‘Pan in Wall Street,’ ‘The Door Step.’ A Sheaf of Patriotic Poems: ‘The Pilgrims,’ ‘Old Brown,’ ‘Wanted a Man,’ ‘Treason’s Device,’ ‘Israel Freyer,’ ‘Cuba.’ (In ‘Poems’ Household Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.)

Query for Discussion.—Are Mr. Stedman’s local and patriotic themes inconsistent with the highest degree of lyric grace, or does his poetic gift appear to best advantage when enlivened by familiar home interests?

2. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Readings:—‘A Quest,’ ‘The House of Death.’ Sonnets: ‘The New Day,’ ‘One Dread,’ ‘Afar,’ ‘Love’s Empty House,’ ‘The Cup of Death,’ ‘Before the Shrine,’ ‘As in Vision,’ ‘Though We Were Dust,’ ‘Were but My Spirit Loosed Upon the Air,’ ‘The New Year Dawns,’ ‘Aspiration,’ ‘The Secret of Arcady,’ ‘Her Picture.’ (The first two selections and first three sonnets are in ‘Swallow Flights.’ New edition of poems of 1877 with additional poems; the four following are in ‘The Garden of Dreams’; and the four last sonnets and the other poems in ‘At the Wind’s Will.’ Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 each. For general review of work see, also, ‘The Poetry of Louise Chandler Moulton.’ Contemporary Writer Series in *Poet-love*. Vol. IV. New Series. Opening Number, 1900, pp. 114-125.)

Query for Discussion.—Is Mrs. Moulton too narrowly restricted to emotional themes and emotional means of expression for boun-

* For ‘I. A Group of British Poets’ see *Poet-love*, Vol. III. (New Series), End Year Number 1899. Pp. 610-612.

teous poetic cheer, or is the perfect alliance of her emotional range and workmanship the very source of her lyric excellence.

3. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Readings: — 'Unsung,' 'Nameless Pain,' 'Quits,' 'Andromeda,' 'Baby Bell,' 'An Untimely Thought,' 'Bagatelle,' 'Palabras Carinosas,' 'On an Intaglio of Head of Minerva.' Sonnets: 'Books and Seasons,' 'The Poets,' 'On Reading William Watson's "The Purple East."' (In *Poetical Works*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.)

Queries for Discussion. — Does Mr. Aldrich escape the usual penalty for laying emphasis on delicacy of finish so that the result is satisfying in its happy precision? Or does he seem cold and elaborately superficial? Does he, so to speak, carve cherry-stones oftener than he engraves cameos?

4. Louise Imogen Guiney.

Readings: — 'Peter Rugg,' 'Open Time,' 'The Still of the Year,' 'Hylas,' 'The Kings,' Alexandrina, I, x, and xiii. 'The Martyr's Idyl,' 'Sanctuary,' 'Arboricide,' 'To the Outbound Republic,' 'The Perfect Hour,' 'Deo Optimo Maximo,' 'Borderlands.' (From 'A Roadside Harp' are selected the first five poems and the Alexandrina, from 'The Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems' the others. \$1.00 each. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Queries for Discussion. — Is Miss Guiney's scholasticism too dominant in her work? Does she lack human warmth? Or are her restraint and good taste the index of deeper feeling? Does her cultured thought and chaste concentrated power of expression lift her above the ranks of the minor poets?

5. Richard Hovey.

Readings: — 'Spring,' an Ode, 'The Wander-lovers,' 'Taliesin,' Second, Third, Movements. Sonnets: 'Love in the Winds,' 'After Business Hours,' Act V from 'The Marriage of Guenevere.' ('Spring' first published in *Poet-love*, is included in 'Along the Trail' (\$1.25), which also contains the sonnets here selected. 'Taliesin' also originally published in *Poet-love*, Vol. VIII, old series, January, February, and June, 1896, pp. 1-14, 63-78, 292-

306, is recently published in 1 vol. uniform with 'The Marriage of Guenevere' (\$1.50). 'The Wander-lovers' appears in 'Vagabondia.' Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. A general review of Hovey's work will be the second of the 'Contemporary Writer Series' in next *Poet-lore*.)

Queries for Discussion. — Has Hovey's way of telling the story of Guenevere and Launcelot an advantage realistically over Tennyson's, but none either poetically or ethically? (See on this query, 'The Disloyal Wife in Literature: Comparative Study Programme,' *Poet-lore*, Vol. I., new series, pp. 265-274, Spring Number, 1897.) Does Hovey attain greatness by his liveliness and human quality joined to varied and skilful metrical effects? Is 'Taliesin' his best work, or is his best work done in his short pieces?

6. Bliss Carman.

Readings: — 'Spring Song,' 'A More Ancient Mariner,' 'Envoy,' 'Beyond the Gaspereau,' 'Behind the Arras,' 'The Cruise of the Galleon,' 'A Song before Sailing,' 'The Lodger,' 'Beyond the Gamut,' 'The Ships of St. John,' 'The Marring of Malyn.' (The first, second, and third are in 'Vagabondia'; the fourth in *Poet-lore*, Vol. I., new series, pp. 321-329, Summer Number, 1897; the next five in 'Behind the Arras' (\$1.50); the others in 'Ballads of Lost Haven' (\$1.00). Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

Query for Discussion. — Is Carman better in his earlier descriptive lyrics, or better in his later symbolical lyrics because these being richer in interest are stronger to hold the deeper reader?

7. Hannah Parker Kimball.

Readings: — 'Revelation,' 'The Smoke,' 'The Sower,' 'Consummation,' 'Glory of Earth,' 'Primitive Man,' 'Man to Nature,' 'Eavesdroppers,' 'Social Appeal,' 'The Quiet Land Within,' 'The Saving of Judas Iscariot.' (The first four of the poems named are in 'Soul and Sense,' 75 cents; the last in *Poet-lore*, Vol. I., new series, pp. 161-168, Spring Number, 1897; the others in 'Victory and Other Poems.' Boston: Copeland & Day, now Small, Maynard & Co.)

Queries for Discussion.—Does Miss Kimball's portraiture of Judas Iscariot reveal a capacity for dramatically creating development in character? Are her lyrics too grave, or is it their especial blend of high seriousness and intellectual insight with unforced expression which gives them unusual richness?

The Editors.



SONGS FROM THE GHETTO AND A VISION OF HELLAS.

CONCEIVED amid the heat and discomfort of the sweating-shops, born in poverty and squalid surroundings, growing up with hunger and despair and failure, and at last an honored guest at the table of ease and culture—such is the history of the 'Songs from the Ghetto' by Morris Rosenfeld. Mr. Rosenfeld was born of poor parents in Poland in 1862. Wandering in search of work in England and Holland, he at length found a scanty means of support as a tailor in the sweating-shops of New York. Of miserable origin, poorly educated, struggling for the barest necessities of life, there was yet in him a poet's soul, struggling for expression.

The poems of Mr. Rosenfeld, written in the Judeo-German dialect, which he has brought to great literary perfection, have been collected, translated into English prose and edited by Professor Leo Wiener, instructor in Slavic languages at Harvard.

The songs in this little volume are very beautiful, but whether they sing of labour or nature, of the shop or the country, there is in every one a strain of sadness, the melody of each is broken with tears. For the beauty of which the poet sings, the birds and the flowers, are only dreams from which he wakes to the misery in his life. It is not the bitter sadness of hate and rebellion, but the sadness of the Jewish race, resigned and oppressed, expecting no happiness among an alien people, but looking for a life of peace in a new Jerusalem.

"Again your lime will be fragrant, and your orange will gleam," he comforts the wanderer, "again God will awaken and bring you

thither. You will sing Shepherd songs as you will herd your sheep ; you will live again, live eternally, without end. After your terrible wanderings you will again breathe freely ; there will again beat a hero's heart under the silent mountain Moriah."

The songs are not all of labour, or of the sorrows of the Jews. In lighter vein is 'The Nightingale to the Labourer,' 'The Creation of Man'—which contains the pretty idea that the poet alone was given wings, and an angel stood always "ready day and night to attach the wings to him whenever his holy song will rise."

The last song in the little volume, called 'In the Wilderness,' is typical of the poet's spirit ; but not, we believe, of his place in the world. For the world is always ready to listen to a song that carries with it the impress of truth and beauty.

"In a distant wilderness a bird stands alone and looks about him, sadly, and sings a beautiful song.

"His heavenly-sweet voice flows like the purest gold, and wakens the cold stones and the prairie wide and deserted.

"He wakens the dead rocks and the silent mountains round about,—but the dead remain dead, and the silent remain silent.

"For whom, sweet singer, do your clear tones resound ? Who hears you, and who feels you ? And whose concern are you ?

"You may put your whole soul into your singing. You will not awaken a heart in the cold, hard rock !

"You will not sing there long,—I feel it, I know it : your heart will soon burst with loneliness and woe.

"In vain is your endeavour, it will not help you, no ! Alone you have come, and alone you will pass away !"

'A Vision of New Hellas' is one of the books that is destined to be more important than interesting, more noteworthy than popular. The conception is certainly very beautiful and very wonderful even if the author does not always reach the height of expression towards which he aims. But it is a book which can only appeal to the few, who are ready to search beneath the covering of fantastic imagery and strange verse forms which clothe a high poetic purpose and ideal. Even those who come to the work with a knowledge of the songs of old Hellas and the philosophy of Plato must feel deeply grateful for the elucidating of the meaning



of the book in an argument which the author has kindly supplied to forestall the vain imaginings of the uninitiated.

The poet's aim is as serious as was that of Milton or Dante—"to realize as best he can such visions of beauty as may be vouchsafed to him," that through his work he may "make richer the human world in things of the spirit that quicken and delight."

In contemplation the poet rises above the mists of sordidness which rise from the struggle of trade and industry, beyond the clouds of pessimism and religious doubt, and on the Pisgah heights of Hellenic culture he sees a vision of the new life that shall come to man.

Through the beautiful world-myth, the story of Demeter and Persephone and Dionysus, the poet is taught the lesson of the immortality of the race, of its ceaseless progression toward a nobler and more beautiful future. To celebrate their happiness at the discovery that Aidoneus, dread King of Death, is none other than the Lord of Life "leader of the blessed to the highest heaven," they resolve to bring about the redemption of the world.

This is made possible through the union of Aphrodite, Beauty of Form, with Apollo, Light of the Mind. From them shall spring a new race of Gods, typifying the new ideals which shall uplift man until he is fitted for fellowship at the banquet of the Immortals. Thence will rise "a nobler, a larger mankind," wakened at length from "the night of toil, unhallowed by joy in the task." Through Aphrodite will come "feeling and loving — and art that bids death defiance," and through Apollo "seeing and knowing and man's life-mastering science." Thence shall come

" The lover's rapture Elysian,
The poet's fury, the prophet's vision,
The serene world-sight of the thinker."

This vision typified the future regeneration of America and through her of the race. From the sordid reality of present conditions man must advance ever nearer to the "eternal ideal"; from mean conditions, inspired by lofty emotions and holy enthusiasms, shall come new standards of life and of art.

Mr. Guthrie's work indicates in its form some of the characteristics of the new literary art. Though his theories are undoubtedly good, the expression is as yet too crude to form much idea of its possibilities. Whatever may be the age of the author, his work indicates a certain inexperience and lacks the grasp and finish of the skilled workman. His work is too reminiscent; he has not sufficiently assimilated his sources and impressed them with his own individuality, giving them a distinctive unity of conception and expression. Though we are quite willing to accept his assurance that he "did not intend his work to resemble any known performance," we are continually reminded of passages in other writers who had inspired him. At times we are struck with admiration at his power for catching the very trick of his model.

His work is as "oddly suited" as was Portia's lover. For he suggests to us — Homer and the Greek tragedians of course in theme and expression; Milton and Dante with their lofty ideals; Piers Ploughman dreaming about his "fair field full of folk." For the conception he owes much to Shelley's 'Prometheus,' whose theme is very similar, but his methods are more modern, with verse theories of Whitman, philosophy of Browning, a Wagnerian idea of rhythm, making each rhythmical theme represent a peculiar mood or image, which is frequently very effective but sometimes forced.

Harriott S. Olive.

(Songs from the Ghetto, by Morris Rosenfeld. With Introduction, Prose Translation, and Glossary. By Leo Weiner, Instructor in the Slavic Languages at Harvard University. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.—A Vision of New Hellas—Songs of American Destiny. William Norman Guthrie. Clarke Publishing Company. Chicago: \$2.50.)



COL. HIGGINSON'S 'CONTEMPORARIES' AND MRS. HOWE'S 'REMINISCENCES.'

COLONEL HIGGINSON might have added to his 'Contemporaries' as a sub-title: 'Our Nineteenth Century Roll of Honor,' for he makes mention, either brief or extended, in his book, of nearly all the men and women of the age who would be entitled to a place



on such a roll. It gives one's patriotism a thrill, on looking down the list, to see how long and splendid a one it is, to note what fine thoughts, emotions, and achievements stand representative in the brief sketches of the period of our national existence which the author has observed and shared in. Patriotic fervor for the past, and, arguing from the past, a renewed hope in the national future, are the dominant feelings the book begets. Not that the author has emphasized the bequests of statesmen and reformers to the country, to the neglect of other influences. The volume contains nineteen sketches; and the poet, the philosopher, the scientist, the man of private though beneficent life, have all places therein; yet all is woven into a whole with one aspect, the national one.

All of the sketches are, as the preface states, reprinted pieces first published in different periodicals any time during the past fifty years. Since from this point of view the volume can have little or no consecutiveness, it is noteworthy that a picture of the times is nevertheless obtained unbroken in its continuity. Every sketch, however fragmentary a part of the life of its subject, has the vigor of its surroundings; and the papers upon the men and women of the Abolitionist period and the Civil War, though most of them have been somewhat revised for their present publication, have the heart-beats of the "times that tried men's souls" throbbing in them true and loud.

One paper, upon John Brown's Household, printed in 1859 and quite unaltered, preserves by the splendid restraint of its simple language the very spirit of the iron endeavor and concentrated force it describes.

The value of an author's judgment upon his contemporaries, is unquestioned; the advantage of a personal share in the lives and actions of the men who form his theme, added to our already confidence in his critical judgment, give it worth over other proved biography. On the deeds of many of the men whose work he commemorates, Fame has yet to pronounce lastly: their services are too recent for a perfect judgment. But testimony such as this will surely have value in a decision.

One feels a little inclined to quarrel with the author that there is so little "I" in his book, that there are so few really personal glimpses, but of course this is too much to ask of a book which is really a compilation of scattered sketches; and perhaps Colonel Higginson will remedy the lack in the future.

It is seldom that one has the pleasure of reading so satisfying and delightful a piece of autobiography as Mrs. Howe's '*Reminiscences*.' One hardly knows, when the last page is turned, which of two capacities of the mind has been more completely filled and brimmed over: that of intellectual appreciation, or the well where abides the feeling of delighted enthusiasm which is inspired by our friend. We respond to the pleasure the reading gives us with a really personal sense of gratitude.

The subject matter of the book could not have been of other than deep interest. Mrs. Howe's long and beautiful life has been lived in surroundings of the highest culture of her time; the events of which she has written are those which will take their place in the history of the century just closing; and finally, the men and women who were her friends and in whose labors she shared, were the men and women whose opinions have largely moulded the events. But it is not all this, of unfailing interest though it must be, that gives the book its finest quality, and that makes one wish to read it over the moment one has read it through. It is, instead, that we have learned so much of a beauty-gifted and beauty-giving life in words at once so simple and so satisfying. Cheeriness and healthiness — if by the latter word one may express a certain poise and normalness of outlook — are the characteristics of the narrative. The great and the small of life each receive their just due; perhaps it is by her treatment of the small that we are best assured we have read into an intimacy with Mrs. Howe. That perennial question as to the feminine lack of humor, which has lately been re-threshed in the newspapers, should receive final and silencing reply — had it ever deserved a reply at all — in the '*Reminiscences*.' The narrative twinkles with keen appreciation of the humorous, the ludicrous, even of the deliciously nonsensical;

also abounding in that larger sort of humor which does not consist in seeing the point to a joke, but which makes life bearable and judgments tender under conditions least likely to keep them so.

Assuredly Mrs. Howe did not put together the recollections of her life with primarily didactic purpose, just as assuredly she did not write them down primarily for the benefit of the American young woman. Yet in view of the cause to which she has given the work of her latter years, it is permitted me to say that no greater encouragement could be given it for the future than the words from which we learn her personal services to it and to the other causes which she has aided with brain and hands throughout her life.

Helen Tracy Porter.

(Contemporaries, By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899. \$2.00. Reminiscences: Julia Ward Howe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. \$2.50.)



LIFE AND LETTERS.

—THE last scenes in the present-day epoch of commercialism promise to be like the last scenes in the old-time epoch of feudalism, picturesque, violent, and significant rendings and tearings of the whole body politic prior to a re-formation on the basis of a larger unity. Then they portended the unification of England under the Tudors, or the unification of France under the eleventh Louis. Now they portend—what?

Some larger, more spiritual unity, it may be guessed, that shall quietly and with unprecedented swiftness make use of the materialistic objects which the short-sighted leaders of commercialism now have in mind, and after a manner they no more dream is implied in their success than the royal dynasties of England and France dreamed that the bloody heads of kings would be the fruit of the new nationality.



—To the leaders of the commercial world-movement, their

materialistic objects are ends in themselves, very substance of very substance. But the Time-spirit already laughs them to scorn and tosses them, as mere tools out of place, to some more convenient corner of her spacious work-shop, where they make but one with a mass of other such tools awaiting the mastery of her history-shaping hand.

The tumults of South Africa and China are but signs of the vaster tumult in which these tumults shall be devoured and assimilated.



—In the world of faith, too, how restless is the aggregate organism! Ruptures and dissolutions are splitting and fusing orthodoxies and heterodoxies.

And in the withdrawn and secret world of the human consciousness the ferment of new desires and potencies, opposed by all the organized and settled forces of opinion, is permeating thought, and stirring the slumbering soul to try the unguessed faculties of its idealism, as if the real king of the total Unquietness held there his throne.

The world of politics and commerce, the world of faith and intelligence tend, it would seem, already, towards that synthetic development foreseen in 1855, by one whom the obtuse world may yet have reason enough to recognize as one of the clearest-brained statesmen of the nineteenth century, though her trade was poetry not politics — Elizabeth Barrett Browning, when she said of the future :

“What I expect is a great development of Christianity in opposition to the churches, and of humanity generally in opposition to the nations.”



GOETHE'S IPHIGENIE AT HARVARD.

It is an age of the universality of genius. Not only the treasures of our own literature in our own day, but the best that has

been written in all lands in all ages, the best that is being thought and sung in every tongue to-day is ours. And the test of what is good is no longer that it appeals to the people of a certain period or race, but that it appeals to and expresses the spirit of humanity, that it fills a place in a *Welt-Litteratur*.

A striking instance of the power of the present to interpret the spirit of the past was the performance of Goethe's *Iphigenie* at Harvard on the sixty-eighth anniversary of Goethe's death. Professor Kuno Franke, writing in the *New York Evening Post*, speaks of *Iphigenie* as "the worthiest production of artistic genius to represent German ideals to a distinctly academic audience at the foremost of American universities." This it seems to us *Iphigenie* emphatically is *not*. In conscious imitation of Greek tragedy in the literary form and expression, as well as in the details of the story, it is Greek; in its psychological treatment, in the idea that personal salvation comes only through self-sacrifice, it is distinctively modern, but not German, in subject, expression or treatment.

Although the choice of *Iphigenie* as a representative German play was not justified, certainly nothing could have better expressed the genius of the greatest of German poets. The greatness of Goethe! — that was the fact of all others demonstrated by the performance of *Iphigenie*. He has given us a play which realizes the ideals of the Greek poets and sculptors, a play instinct with the deepest reverence of the Greek religion, yet at the same time a play which expressed the deepest emotions of a great spiritual revolution in his own life; a play which may be considered as a presentation of the very spirit of that Christianity which findeth its soul in losing it. One of its leading critics says of *Iphigenie* — "its ideals are not those of Greece or of Germany, or of any nationality or time, but rather the realization of the highest and noblest aspirations of mankind in all lands and all tongues."

A universal literature is but the child of a universal religion, of that yearning toward the good and beautiful and true which has been the guiding star of man since the world began. The struggle

in his own soul ; the mystic meaning of a pagan faith, that in passing has touched all succeeding ages with some measure of its radiant beauty ; the poet's vision of the future spiritual triumph of the race ; all these Goethe united in one artistic expression, and the result is one of the great poems of the world.

The presentation of the play at Harvard was a marvellous exhibition of the power of a great artistic conception to carry an audience with it in enthusiastic appreciation of the spirit, without the necessity for an understanding of the medium of expression. Back of all expression is the spirit of its author, and as a beautiful voice interprets the meaning of the song written in an unknown tongue, so these German actors by the power of an art statuesque in its beauty, musical in expression, deeply spiritual in its interpretation of the poet's soul, revealed to the audience the wondrous charm of *Iphigenie*. In a foreign tongue they portrayed the emotions of mythical heroes long dead in a distant land, and as we watched and listened the mythical dead became living mortals, and we understood their suffering and their heroism, saw the agony of the spiritual struggle, realized the force of the great temptation, knew the joy of the final victory.

A great poet, a drama of transcendent power and beauty, actors of consummate art, an enthusiastic audience,— nothing was lacking to make the event a memorable one. *H. S. O.*



—AT a recent debate at the 'Philadelphia Browning Society' Miss Mary M. Cohen, the founder and first president of the Society and now one of its vice-presidents, opened the discussion with the following bright paper written to the question :—

Is Browning to be ranked as a legitimate member of the Victorian School ?

Certainly he is. If any one tries to prove that he is not entitled to the claim, it must be because the poet has so much more of brilliant mental make-up than most of the Victorian writers that the critics are dazzled.

They want to cut and fit a man's ability and achievement to a particular class of work, to press him down, as it were, into a jelly-mould and say, "There, take that shape and mind, not a drop of you is to spill over!" It is a good deal like a woman when asked her age; she often says, "I am twenty"; so she is, dear thing, and frequently much more, besides. Our poet is a Victorian poet and gloriously transcends them all. "If this be treason, make the most of it." My opponent is no doubt carefully writing down this challenge with a view to crushing me later, but unlike my sex in general, I do not want the last word, if I can only get the first. "He laughs best who laughs last" has always had rather a prejudiced sound in my ears; on the contrary, he who makes the first score has often a tremendous advantage. A charming young artist, a friend of mine, has thrown a certain light upon the subject of this debate: She said, "Victorian always suggests to me something house-keepery and mutton-choppy: Is Browning mutton-choppy?" I suppose that the adversary will answer this.

In one of the popular manuals of English literature, we find Tennyson and Browning described as the two masters of Victorian poetry. My definition of a poet of the Victorian School would be that he should combine a musical versification with ethical, philosophical and artistic thought. I believe that Tennyson is generally received as an example. If Shelley be accepted as a Victorian School poet, then it is absolutely certain that Browning, having absorbed Shelley until poetic inspiration was fused to a white heat, may be held to represent the Victorian School in gigantic and overwhelming form. Although it has been said that "until late years Browning has been entirely at variance with the tendencies of his time and for nearly forty years represented that opposition to the poetry of the age which has recently been made prominent by a small band of poetical innovators of whom Swinburne is the most extreme," still I feel justified in my claim. Browning incorporated the introspective philosophy of his period in his work, and also displayed in many of his writings the musical sweetness which is supposed especially to mark the Vic-

torian poets. Think of his poem of 'Saul,' forceful, yet melodious, suffused with the intense interest of the Biblical story, glorified by the superb imagery of a mind dwelling in a time of psychological inquiry. Almost the whole of 'Asolando' is musical. Remember the poem 'Reverie':

"I know there shall dawn a day
— Is it here on homely earth?
Is it yonder, worlds away,
Where the strange and new have birth
That Power comes full in play?"

Note the influence which contemporary events must have on a man like Browning: in 1851 the great Exhibition, the first of the series held later in different countries, and stimulating in its effects upon the intellectual, social and spiritual culture of the poet: in 1854 the Crimean War, conducted with France against Russia who had appropriated the Turkish principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, and made famous by such battles as Alma, Balaklava and Inkermann. In 1853 came Florence Nightingale with her reform in hospital service. In 1858 the Atlantic cable was laid. In 1888 came the "Philadelphia Browning Society." No one of the Victorian poets was mentally organized by these events, the last excepted, as was Browning. The critic Alexander has said "A man's work is determined not only by the character of his genius, but also by the conditions of his age. Homer would not write a great epic, were he alive now, nor Shakespeare great dramas."

'Prospice' is another instance of melodious verse, expressing thought exalted, philosophical and spiritual.

Who is not impressed with the strength and sweep of 'Cristina'?

"There are flashes struck from mid-nights, there are fire-flames noon-days
kindle,

Whereby piled-up honors perish, Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle."

We cannot ignore the graceful flow of 'Confessions':

"How sad and bad and mad it was —
But then, how it was sweet!"

I must also quote what seems to me a very vital tribute to his genius :

“ Browning is one of the very few men — Mr. Meredith excepted — who can paint women without idealization or degradation, not from the man’s side, but from their own ; as living equals, not as goddesses or as toys.” His poetry has been described as “ superb landscape painting in verse.” Swinburne differentiates Browning’s work as marked by decisive and incisive faculty of thought, sureness and intensity of perception, rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. ‘ The Ring and the Book ’ is the masterpiece of this great Victorian master.

If then it be remembered that Browning ranks high as a humorist, that he has brilliant and subtle qualities, that he could appreciate and translate into poetry the stirring events of both sacred and profane history ; that he drew Religion in all shapes to his side, that Mythology and Orientalism were his boon companions ; that he moulded Art to his purpose, allured Music by his call, won Philosophy by his gaze, looked Truth in the eyes ; there can be little or no doubt that he was the greatest of all the poets of the Victorian School and in his single person united all the highest characteristics of his literary contemporaries. Through him the Victorian School was raised to a height and deepened to a depth that without him it never would have had.

Mary M. Cohen.



—Is there anything that so forcibly brings home to us the foreign point of view or rather the point of tongue and point of ear that makes a Frenchman’s expression alien to ours, than to see how he explains the proper English pronunciation of English ? Here is the way, for example, that he elaborately spells out the sound of ‘ Much Ado About Nothing ’ in a dictionary of Foreign Names and Phrases : “ Meutch a-dou a-boutt ’ neuth’ igne.” And of course our point of ear is quite as droll to him.



AFTER ALL.

Scene.— A pathway in hell. On the right snow drifts, on the left the lake of fire. A few spirits are half visible.

Chorus of Spirits.

See them coming —

Flakes that drift,

Ashen mists

That shift and lift.

Shaken off,

Ghosts of pain,

Down from earth

They fall like rain.

Room for the lost ! —

There's room in hell.

Damned and tossed

With curse and knell,

Spewed from earth,

Refused in heaven,

Hail to the lost,

By torments driven !

Lo ! who cometh ? —

Wise was he.

The last fine secret

He would see.

Alone, aloof

From life and care,

He spun his cobwebs

In the air.

Hush and wonder !

One hath risen

To greet this wisp,

So blanched and wizen.

She who tore

Her soul in two,

Who dared the utmost

Life may do.

[*The spirits of a man and a woman meet.*]

She. Ah — you !

He. Yea, I.

She. How did you come ?

He. I slipped like sleet adown the wind.

She. You from your heights.

He. The dry years thinned

My soul. It grew too cold and numb

For earth.

She. So high and still you were

I used to think you need not stir

To enter paradise.

He. And now

The dry snow sifts me, and my brow

Chills the dark wind.

She. And I in flame

Bathe my hot wounds away.

He. At last

We who have lost may know the game.

She. Yea, we who missed the fateful cast,
Faltering when the angel passed,
May count his footsteps one by one
Down to our earth, back to his sun.

He. And we who never spake before
May utter pallid words.

She. And we
Whose wind-drawn senses feel no more,
May tell the ruinous heart-throbs o'er
That beat us down this bitter path.

He. We — pale inheritors of wrath,
Who might be treading, hand in hand,
Spaces afoam with wings.

She. If you,
That day when God was with us two,
Had given me the supreme command.

He. If you had stood less proudly there
Against the sun, had seemed aware
Of the desire that did not dare.

She. I who dared all !

He. If the red lips,
That smiled, had trembled once. If even
One quiver of the finger-tips
Had proved you woman —

She. If like a man
You had torn the veil —

He. We blurred God's plan —
Rust on the shining rim of heaven.

Chorus of Spirits.

Come and see them
Cringe and cower—
Fools who missed
The perfect hour !
Dumb and blind,
To them was given

Light, love, joy,
A glimpse of heaven.
In the full day
They lost the way.
Spurn them, laugh at them—
Saints astray!

She. I saw the open gates that morning,
Heard seraph songs.

He. I felt the warning.
From heaven to hell measured the fall.

She. We looked in the archangel's eyes
And dared not follow.

He. We are here.

She. How swiftly fell that black surprise!
I saw you not, and over all
A thick doubt grew, a foggy fear.

He. I turned and made me over-wise
With learning, called the loss of you
By the fond name of sacrifice;
And in my solitudes again
Dreamed I might find the truth for men.

She. And I wandered the dark world through,
Driven by that reckless need of love
Which maddens women.

He. While above
All need I urged my flattered soul.

She. I drank the cup of drunkenness,
And lo, it cursed that could not bless—
Another woman's joy I stole.

He. Yea, when the uproar came to me,
I marvelled that such fire could be
In one who seemed so cold.

She. You lit
The fire.

He. If I had nourished it,
Out of my cold philosophy
It would have driven the chill.

She. Ah me !
Then the great fame you made —

He. Will die.
My truth was but another lie.
I had not lived, I could not know.

She. My bliss was but another woe.
Strained to my heart it turned to stone ;
And when God bade me let it go
I would not, though it dragged me prone
Down to these fires that melt it not
Where on my breast heavy and hot
It lies.

He. Hush ! do you hear the cries
Hurled from the wrath that never dies ?

Chorus of Spirits.

In winds of fire and sleet
Whirl on forever !
Never to part nor meet,
Forgetting never.
When the great ghosts wheel down
Cringe ye and cower !
Who chose the fiery crown
Shall wield the power.
Make way ! make way ! —
Intruders gray !
Slip through the drear shades
As ye may !
Flee in fear !
Come not near !
Slaves ! eternally
Shift and veer !

He. Warped and twisted and bent are we—
Dried hopes blown down the vales of pain.

She. Hush! do you hear that sound like rain
Of falling souls? Look, do you see?

He. And one with lightning armed?

She. Ah, me!

I know him, he has passed me by.

He. Flee from the whirlwind! Dive and fly!

She. Down! down! I hear you not. The gale
Blackens around me.

He. Lo, I fall!

Chorus of Spirits [approaching].

Somewhere or other
The mad world is spinning.
Our game now another
Gay crowd is beginning.
Ha, ha! they will botch it,
For God has control.
We nip it and notch it —
He plays for the whole.

He rumbled and grumbled —
We would not give ear.
Our power he has humbled
By pitching us here.
Since heaven is not for us
And earth's but a fool —
Since either would bore us
In hell let us rule!

Harriet Monroe.

THE DANGEROUS DESIRE FOR GROWTH IN A GLASS HOUSE.

BY VSEVOLOD GARSHIN. ,

IN a large city was a botanical garden, and in this garden stood a mammoth greenhouse. It was a structure of great beauty. Supported by stately spiral columns rose gracefully wrought arches crossed by a cobweb of iron framework set with panes of glass. Especially beautiful it appeared when lighted by the red glow of the setting sun. Then it was all aflame and red reflections played over it, as upon the numberless facets of a huge precious stone.

Through the thick transparent glass the imprisoned plants could be seen. They were crowded, notwithstanding the size of the greenhouse; their roots intertwining deprived each other of moisture and nutriment, while the branches of trees interfering with the huge palm leaves bent and broke them, and pressing in turn against the iron framework were themselves bent and broken.

The gardeners kept cutting the branches and tying up the leaves with wire to prevent free growth, but to little purpose. The plants needed plenty of room, their native clime and freedom. They were indigenous to the tropics, sensitive luxuriant growths; they were mindful of their home and lonely in their exile. No matter how transparent the glass might be, it was not the clear sky of their native land. At times, in winter, the glass was frozen over; then it was entirely dark in the greenhouse. The wind howled and beat against the framework and made it tremble. The roof was covered with high-piled snow. Then the plants stood and listened to the howling of the wind, and thought of a different wind, a warm moist one which had brought them life and health. And they longed to feel that breeze again, to have it swing their branches and play among their leaves. But in the greenhouse the

air was still ; only perhaps sometimes a winter storm would blow a pane of glass out and a bitter, frosty blast would penetrate the dome. Then under its icy touch, the leaves grew pale and drooped and withered. But the panes were quickly reset. The botanical garden was under the supervision of an excellent director, a very learned man, who allowed no disorder, notwithstanding the fact that he spent the greater part of his time in microscopical study in a small separate room of glass in the main building.

There was among the plants a Palm tree, taller and more beautiful than all the rest. The director, sitting in his little room, called it in Latin, *Attalea*. But this was not her real name ; only one devised by the botanists. Her real name the botanists did not know and hence it was not written in black on the small white wooden label nailed to her trunk. Once there came to the garden a visitor from that hot country where the Palm tree grew ; when he saw her he smiled, for she reminded him of his native land.

"Ah," said he, "I know this tree," and he called her by her real name. "Excuse me," replied the director from his little room where he was at the time intent on making a cross section of some tiny twig with a sharp knife, "excuse me, you are mistaken. The tree that you mention does not exist. This is *Attalea Princeps*, and it comes from Brazil."

"Oh, yes," said the Brazilian, "I admit that the botanists call her *Attalea*, but she has her own, real name."

"A real name is one given by science," drily replied the botanist, and then he shut the door of his little room so that he might not be disturbed by people who cannot understand that when a scientist speaks, they should keep silent and assent.

But the Brazilian stood and gazed long at the tree, and his mood grew sadder and more sad. He thought of his native land, its sun and skies ; of its luxuriant jungles full of wonderful beasts and birds ; of its deserts and its glorious southern nights. And the thought came to him again that he was not happy anywhere away from his native land though he had traveled over the whole world. He laid his hand on the Palm tree as if bidding her good-

by. Then he went out of the garden, and the next day sailed for home.

So the Palm tree was left alone. Her lot was even harder now, though before this incident it had been very hard. She rose far above the tops of the other plants, and they did not like her; they envied her and thought her proud. Her height afforded her only anxiety: besides, since she was all alone, while the others were in company, she better than the rest remembered her native sky; and she being nearer to that which took its place, the terrible glass roof, mourned more than they.

"Tell me, please, will they water us soon?" asked the Sage Palm who loved dampness. "It really does seem as though I should dry up to-day."

"What you say surprises me, little neighbor," said the Cactus. "Are you not really satisfied with the enormous amount of water which they pour on you? Look at me! very little moisture is given me, but I am fresh and juicy all the same."

"We are not used to such economy in our family," answered the Sage Palm. "We cannot grow in such arid soil as you Cacti do. We are not used to live from hand to mouth. Besides, I can assure you that no remarks of yours are needed." Hereupon the Sage Palm relapsed into an offended silence.

"As for me," interposed the Cinnamon, "I am tolerably contented with my lot. True, it is rather lonely here, but I am at least sure that nobody will strip me up."

"But they did not strip us all," said a woodeny-looking Fern. "Certainly to many even this prison may seem a paradise after the wretched existence they led in freedom."

The Cinnamon forgetting that it was she who had been stripped took offence and began to argue the question. Some of the plants took her part, some the part of the Fern and a heated discussion ensued. If they could have moved there would surely have been a battle.

"Why are you quarreling so?" said the Attalea. "What good does that do you? You only increase your unhappiness by

bickering and wrangling. You would better stop arguing and turn your thoughts to something practical. Listen to me! Grow taller and broader, spread out your branches, lean against the framework and glass. We can burst through our prison and we shall be free; if just a single branch presses against the glass, they will be sure to cut it off, but what can they do to a hundred strong and venturesome limbs? It is necessary only to work more earnestly and the victory will be ours."

At first nobody seemed inclined to argue with the Attalea; all remained silent as if in doubt. Finally the Sage Palm seemed to come to a decision.

"This is mere folly!" she declared.

"Folly! folly!" spoke up all the trees there, and all together began to demonstrate to the Attalea that her proposition was utter nonsense. "Nonsense!" cried they, "mere nonsense."

"The framework is very strong and even if we break it, what good will that do? Men will come with hatchets and saws, cut the branches off, repair the framework and everything will be as it was before, except that we shall be all wounded and maimed."

"Very well, have it your own way," replied the Attalea, "I know what I must do. I shall not interfere with you; live as you choose, snarl at each other, wrangle over daily portions of water, and stay forever under your glass dome. I will work out my own salvation. I want to see the sky and sun unhindered by these bars and these glass frames — and I shall see them!"

Proudly did the Palm tree overlook with her green top the forest of her companions, spread beneath her. No one of them dared to address her; only the Sage Palm whispered to her neighbor.

"Well, we shall see, we shall see how they will cut off that lofty head of yours, my proud friend."

All the evening the plants kept quiet, nursing their resentment against the Attalea on account of her haughty words. One

little creeping vine alone was not angry with the Palm tree nor offended by her speech. This was the most forlorn and neglected little plant in the greenhouse; spongy and pale she crept along with drooping leaves. There was nothing noticeable about her, and she was kept merely to cover bare spaces. This poor little vine wound herself about the foot of the great Palm tree, heard her sentiments and approved them. She did not know about the South but she, too, liked air and freedom; she, too, felt the greenhouse a prison. "If I, a worthless shriveled little vine suffer so much without my gray sky, without the pale sun and cold rain of my inhospitable land, what must be the feelings of so beautiful and stately a tree in imprisonment." So thinking, she lovingly wound herself around the Palm tree and sighed approvingly, "Why am I not a large tree? I would follow her advice. We would grow together, and together we would go forth to freedom. Then the other plants would see that Attalea is right."

But she was not a large tree, only a small shriveled vine, and all she could do was to twine closer around the trunk of the Palm and whisper love and good wishes for the success of her project.

"To be sure, my native land is not so warm as yours; our sky is not so clear and the rains are not so copious as they are in your country, but all the same we have skies and a sun and wind. We have not such luxuriant plants as you and your companions are with such enormous leaves and lovely flowers, but still fine trees do grow there too — pines and firs and birches. I am only a little vine and shall never get to freedom, but you are so large and strong. Your trunk is hard and you need grow but little to touch the glass roof. You will break it and go forth into God's light. Then you will tell me whether everything there is so beautiful as it was. Even that will content me."

"Why, little vine, don't you want to get out too? My trunk is hard and strong; lean on me. I can carry you out just as well as not."

"No, how can I! Look how shriveled and weak I am; I can't lift even one of my tendrils. No, I am not a fit companion for

you. Grow, be happy. But I beseech you, when you get your freedom think sometimes of your little friend !”

Then the Palm began to grow more vigorously. Already visitors were astonished at her great size, and now she grew taller and taller every month. The director considered this swift growth due to his superintendence and praised himself on the knowledge he had displayed in the construction of the greenhouse and the care of the plants.

“Yes, just look at the *Attalea Princeps*,” said he. “Such rapid growth is seldom seen even in Brazil. I have taxed all my resources to make the plants develop in a hot-house with the same ease as in a state of nature, and I feel I have achieved a measure of success.” Thereupon with a well satisfied air, he gave the hard trunk a blow with his cane which resounded through the building. Oh, if she could have shrieked, what a burst of anger would have met the director’s ears.

“He imagines that I am growing for his pleasure,” thought the *Attalea*. “Let him think so.”

Then she grew and grew, using all her sap in stretching upwards and depriving her roots and leaves of their rightful share. At times it seemed to her that the distance to the dome did not diminish. Then she exerted all her strength. The framework got nearer and nearer and at last a young leaf touched the cold glass and iron.

“See,” cried the plants, “see where she is! Will she really dare !”

“How she has grown,” said the woodeny *Paraotina*.

“What of it, if she has grown! She can’t be seen. Now, if she could only grow as stout as I am,” said the thick-set *Zikad* with her barrel stem. “And why does she stretch up so. She will not accomplish anything. The bars are firm and the glass thick.”

Another month passed. Still the *Attalea* grew. At last she steadily pressed against the panes. There was no room for further growth. Then the stem began to bend. The leaves at its extremity were crumpled, the cold wires of the framework sank into

the sensitive young leaves, cut and disfigured them, but the tree was obstinate. She showed no pity for the leaves nor regard for anything outside her aim. She pressed upon the bars which were already yielding though made of strong iron.

The little vine watched the struggle and her emotion almost choked her.

"Tell me, does it really not hurt you? If the bars are so hard is it not better to desist?" she asked the Palm tree.

"Hurt! What does hurt mean, when I want freedom? Didn't you encourage me yourself?" answered the Palm tree.

"Yes, I did encourage you but I did not know that it was so hard. I pity you, you suffer so."

"Keep quiet, you weak creature. Do not pity me. I shall find liberty or death."

At this moment a crash was heard. A thick iron bar had burst. Pieces of glass were scattered everywhere. One of them hit the hat of the director, who was going out of the greenhouse.

"What is this?" cried he, noticing the falling pieces. He ran some little distance off and looked up at the roof. Through the glass dome proudly stood erect the green crown of the Palm tree.

"Is this all?" thought she. "Is it only for this that I have toiled and suffered so long? Was to achieve this my greatest aim?"

It was late Autumn when the Attalea straightened up her head through the opening. Rain mixed with sleet was falling, and the wind was chasing dark clouds over a dreary sky. They seemed to put their icy arms around her. The trees were bare and corpse-like. Only the pines and firs wore mantles of dark green.

Soberly they looked upon the Palm tree. It was as if they said, "You will freeze. You do not know what frost is. You cannot endure it. Why did you leave your hot home?"

Then Attalea knew that for her all was over. She was chilled to the marrow. She would go back. But she could not go back. She must stay out in the cold wind and feel its icy breath and the stinging touch of the snow. She must look at the sullen sky and

barren nature, at the bare uninviting back yard of the garden, the great lonely city looking through the fog, and wait, till down below in the greenhouse her fate should be decided on. The director ordered the tree to be cut down. "We could build a separate dome over it," said he, "but it would give but temporary relief. The tree would outgrow it and ruin everything again."

Then ropes were tied to the Palm tree so that she should not injure the walls of the greenhouse in her fall. And the ax was applied to the very root. The little vine winding around the trunk would not forsake her friend and she too felt the ax. When the Palm tree had been dragged out of the greenhouse her unsightly stump, leaves, and small branches lay scattered, torn, and defaced by the ax.

"Throw this rubbish out," said the director. "It was growing yellow and disfiguring the place. Plant something new here."

With a skillful twist of the spade, one of the gardeners cut out a whole tangle of vine growth.

He cast it into a basket, carried it out and threw it directly on the Palm tree, lying in mud and already half covered with snow.

Translated from the Russian by V. Romberg.



THE LAST ENCORE.

TREDENICK was not too recently from Paris to gauge correctly the enthusiasm of a Yankee audience. He was a little intoxicated, as usual, by the success of his playing—the leading feature of the recital. Still a half cynical expression mingled with his conventional smile as he bowed under the applause that followed his final number. The applause was prolonged into an encore. He went on again, determined to give his adorers something worth losing their heads over.

He knew that Leonora was in the room, and, seeing himself

for the first time through her eyes, he was doubly sensitive to the seductive charm of his violin; and every phrase of its music was a riddle or challenge flung at her. But he had missed, though being on the watch for any sign that should reveal her mysterious personality, the usual thrill of contagious excitement, and was unaware of the splendor of his own playing. It should have been ten times as fascinating as usual.

Years ago, while Tredenick was in Vienna — when the musical journals discovered him — an American woman had written claiming relationship. Thus originated a correspondence which had proved interesting in the extreme. Her letter revealed a mind of delicate beauty, in wonderful harmony with his own. He replied, with prompt and exhaustive confidences, and waited anxiously for the return mail. Her answer was what he hoped for — he had found a friend, a twin sister, a spiritual mate! Their hearts responded to each other with all the sensitive fervor of two intense, self-conscious creatures, freed by circumstances from the necessity of reconciling their imaginative passion with any workable scheme of living. The relation at once became charged with mysterious possibilities. It was intimate from the first, like kinship rather than friendship, and full of psychic incidents and thrilling intuitions. Astonished at their experiences, they had gone to extremes in the half-premeditated madness of unacknowledged love, before either dared to imagine that the little drama in which the other figured imaginatively, could ever have any objective presentation. By degrees it dawned upon Tredenick that, for some blessed reason of her own, Leonora thought she loved him. After this, things quickly approached a climax. The apparently impassable barrier between them — the separation that had made their wild dream last unchanged year after year until it had acquired an actuality of its own — now gave away. Tredenick announced with glee that he was coming back to America. At this Leonora seemed to take fright, and all he had from her was one brief note acquiescing in his arrangements for a meeting. They had not yet seen each other, and as she denied him any sign

of her presence to-night he was full of anxiety and impatience. He could not afford to let it spoil his playing, but it did spoil his enjoyment.

After the encore and before the applause following it had died away, a tall, beautiful woman in a light opera cloak rose from her seat and deliberately left the hall. He felt at once that the person who thus singled herself out for his notice was none other than she! But why did she go?—he asked himself with a disappointment not all naive—why not stay and meet him after the programme, as women often did? He stepped forward and bowed to right and left. At least half of the thousand eyes that had been fastened upon himself were now following her, as she made her way toward the door, coolly admitting by her exit that, Tredenick's numbers through, the programme for her was ended. He suddenly became intensely eager to explore her motives. At sight of her in the flesh, environed by the familiar scenery of his objective life, he resolved with a throb of triumph that Leonora was a woman—only a woman after all, a woman to be made love to, played with, mastered, petted, understood—like any other woman. If a woman cared so much for a man, though, wouldn't she sit out the programme at all hazards, rather than commit herself in this fashion? No, it was the sign he had been waiting for, and a more significant one than he had dared expect!

A few minutes later he found himself entering her house. She was an heiress, as he knew, and lived alone with one relative, as distant as himself, for chaperone—more pensioner than chaperone, for Leonora was old enough to live alone if she chose. She was older than himself, and if wealth had not benumbed her ambition, she might have been as great a musician.

Leonora stood in the drawing room, where she had taken off her wraps. She was in evening dress, and turned the profile of an exquisite face and bust toward the little dark violinist as he came upon her from behind. He laid down his instrument—he had it with him because he had always thought she would want him to play at their first meeting—and felt himself spring forward.

Instantly she faced him and her arms went about him, not timidly but as if by an unquestioned impulse. He kissed her. They murmured incoherent greetings and moved together to a little sofa where they could sit side by side. Their hands clung together as if they loved each other — yet with shy expressiveness, like the hands of little children too much frightened to speak. They looked at each other in delight. They were perfectly happy, and, though half consciously afraid of each other, perfectly unembarrassed. It was too soon for anything but sympathy and ecstatic babbling of an emotional duet. Even then they were aware that they had forgotten themselves — that in their places were two enamoured children with the souls of butterflies; but each noticed with brief surprise that the other seemed satisfied to have it so, and nothing seemed worth thinking of just then. They felt their hearts beat with a pleased sense of novelty, as if they were just born. Indeed, life had acquired a new meaning when those two looked at each other through mortal eyes. How had they lived apart so long?

The man was the first to become conscious of the situation. He laughed, and carrying her hand to his lips, stood up that she might look at him from a different point of view. She understood the movement. It brought her back to where she had been when he entered the room — trying to fit into her imaginative drama the figure of the little dark-eyed musician. A momentary disappointment darkened her face. He saw it and it hurt a little; but if he had been Antinous her disappointment would have been the same — perhaps greater. It was not physical beauty that she wanted to find in him. This too he recognized in passing, but only momentarily. Then he determined to make his unclassic mouth kiss her disillusionment into subjection; and having kissed her again, with a new masterfulness, he let her look at him again.

“I think — it is you,” she said, as if in doubt.

“Oh, it is!” he exclaimed tremulously. “My pictures flatter me, of course, but you made allowance for that.”

“I had my own idea.—How do I seem?” she added, anxious

to prove whether the absence of flattering pictures of her had allowed him to form a truer conception.

"I knew you when you stood up to leave the hall. I don't know what I thought you looked like before that. I simply *felt* it was you!" His voice broke with a trembling cadence on the *you*, and he sat down a few feet away, his eyes still dwelling on her. Her picture he had never seen.

"I am sure it is you, Elie," she said, using the French form of his plain, old-fashioned name. But when he would have kissed her again she drew away, blushing painfully.

"Why not?" cried Elie. "Are we to be like strangers, after our intimate letters? Those letters, Leonora!"

"I didn't expect that we should meet as lovers!"

"How else? You have all but accepted me!"

"No!"

"You admitted that you loved me!"

"I know it," she acknowledged, looking down and beginning to play nervously with her fan. "But I didn't realize that I was saying it to a man. I don't understand your being just an ordinary man — just a —"

"I'm not an ordinary man," the violinist interpolated. "I'm a genius. My *clothes* are ordinary!"

"I guess you're right," Leonora reflected, interpreting him. "It is hard to look beyond externals. We seem far too conscious of them just now, though, — that is why we seem suddenly to have grown strange. It never occurred to us that our bodies were opaque, did it? Now we are together at last — we two, and it — is — disappointing to find that we have to think about clothes and personality, instead of looking right into each other's souls!"

"I know it," he answered helplessly.

"Shut your eyes and think of me as a mere soul," she suggested; and when he smiled, — "Well, a far away friend, as far as Boston is from Paris, and — not a woman!"

"Not a woman, Leonora! You, not a woman! That might have been comparatively easy when we were actually as far apart

as Boston and Paris, — but now that I have seen the writer of those letters — ”

“Seen her clothes,” Leonora corrected him seriously.

Tredenick laughed outright. “So you want your lover to think of you as a mere soul! Do you think of me as a mere soul?”

“Yes!”

“Of course — but is that answer as accurate as it is logical?”

She stirred impatiently. “Mere soul is above flattery.”

“Flatter me a little, as an experiment.”

“If you would have me compliment your exterior, I’ll admit that I am not altogether above caring for — clothes. I can see what others see! I was more moved than I wanted to be.”

“This evening? Oh, that was the music! Of course you liked it. You haven’t complimented me yet! You weren’t even conscious of the man behind the music, — you deliberately went out! I thought at first that you meant me to follow you, but I don’t believe you did.” Leonora did not say whether she did or not. “You know, women sometimes cry and want to hug a person, and carry on.”

Leonora smiled at last, and his heart took note of a new sweetness in her. “The hawk thought because the nightingale sang so *wunderschoen* it must be excellent eating. You’re a nightingale, Elie, but I’m not a hawk!”

“No, you’re a nightingale, too.”

“There’s a distinction between genius and personality,” said Leonora. “Genius belongs to the eternal essence of our being.”

“Of which personality is the veil,” added Elie. “But those who know this are quite as apt to make mistakes, when it comes to their own friendships, as anybody else.”

“I have thought of that, since our friendship emerged from its crýsalis. Friendship may be impersonal, but — ”

“Not love,” said Elie.

“It is so easy to worship personality!”

“So hard to worship anything else,” he amended. “No, dearest lady, I haven’t come across the sea for nothing. I’m here



to offer you this" — he struck his chest — "and to claim *that*," opening his arms.

"Oh, I don't like your way of putting it!" Leonora cried.

"I should insult you by pretending to think you suspect me of laying a trap for your money," he said, a little stiffly. Her look stopped him. Presently he hazarded another guess. "Perhaps I am too sure of you?"

"I love you!" she exclaimed. "But why don't you talk as you used to write?"

"Why don't I? I don't know. I can't. I don't know why I can't!"

"Neither do I," said Leonora. "But I feel that we are measuring the distance between us and estrangement. How close together we have lived in thought! There was no shadow between our hearts. I have longed to see you, — as if it would be the same! Can't it be the same? If not, I would rather you went away again, Elie!"

"Is imagination better than reality?" he demanded with a smile.

She made an impatient gesture. "It *was* reality, or there is no reality in this!"

"An imaginative passion for a woman I never saw, and never expected to see —"

"Oh, no! That was not it,—that wasn't what you called it!"

"What did I call it?" he demanded, with another of his easy smiles.

"*You* know," she retorted. Her eyes met his, and their look softened.

"I know I do," he said. "But it seems as if no lips but yours could speak such words aloud without profaning them!"

She looked her acceptance of the apology, but her lips did not frame the words. He waived the point. Both felt that they were at one in depths beyond their reach, yet the very fact that those depths, into which their letters had often sunk, were now beyond

reach, was irritating. They had arrived at the point where, if their minds had not been truly akin, they would have quarrelled, after which regretful love would have driven them to each other's arms, to become reconciled on any terms. The man, whose self-knowledge was less theoretical than the woman's, was even now anticipating this conclusion. Leonora's next words seemed to open a way to the conclusion he desired, other than through the quarrel he was willing to forego.

"Do you love me as much as you thought you did?"

"More," he responded promptly,—but he hastened to qualify this æsthetically correct reply in the interest of truth. "You were an ideal,—till I saw you I loved nothing so well as my ideal of you. I loved your soul, your thoughts. Now that I know you —"

He paused, suddenly realizing that he did not know the woman before him any better for having looked at her for half an hour. If he truly loved her, he loved not otherwise than before they met. He had been borne along upon the tide of their reciprocal sentiment, until their sympathy had seemed to reach a depth beyond the power of words to sound. Now, with her living ear waiting for words, verbal expression must be forthcoming, whether it reached the depths or not. And after all, a conventional declaration afforded, at this crisis, a natural and rather pleasant means of getting back to comfortable altitudes.

Leonora listened to the declaration as if to an unexpected problem. She was by no means willing to acknowledge their imaginative love a device of the mistress of artifices who presides over human nuptials;—both, indeed, had taken pains to have it understood that theirs was no common love. Elie now seemed ready to decline upon the lower level. She felt estrangement begin to paralyze her heart. She looked at him, but no words would come. Tredenick smiled and drew her to him.

For a moment her lips met his, and her heart seemed about to be at one with his on any terms. A current of strong emotion swept her against his bosom. She felt their spirits meet on the plane of feeling, like two subterranean streams, married in the

warm darkness of the under world. They comprehended each other instantly in this wordless contact. But had these two come together only to act the part of foolish lovers, rushing on their fate with shut eyes, it would be to play themselves false—to make themselves the laughing stock of Cupid! On the other hand, to doubt Elie's good faith would be to confess herself the dupe of the silliest intrigue. No, he had been guileless as she, in their correspondence. Their love must be rescued from these illusions of the hour.

She released herself from his arms, and turned away. He saw that she was not satisfied with his terms, and dropped his hands in mock despair. "I am taking an unfair advantage of you, Elie," she said, "let me go and change my dress." "Well," he consented, laughing at the subtlety of her mood. But when she was gone he sighed. The same slightly cynical expression came into his face that had greeted the too easy success of his music earlier in the evening. He felt that an experience awaited him for which no opera house triumph, however brilliant, could have spoiled his appetite, yet he turned away from the reality to the old exquisite dream of her, as he had habitually turned to her from the sensational delights of his Paris life. His thoughts dwelt among hers, he breathed again the warm and mystical atmosphere of the heights they had, in spirit, scaled together, and he half disdained the woman he had held just now in his arms. The ideal was, after all, better than the real! To try to make them one was to lose both. Such communion as he had had with the writer of those wonderful letters, is attainable only on the highest planes of consciousness, in the impersonal intimacy of souls. With the recognition of each other's personality each became aware of the spirit's imprisonment in its shell of matter,—they turned dumb,—their minds no longer mingled with the freedom of light, but flashed briefly and intermittently, as if through stretches of darkness, their appeals in the bald and concrete sign-language of sensation. They could not talk as they had written—no human beings could! However deeply rooted might be the affinity of

their minds, the conventional restraints of human intercourse, inbred in them, forbade its expression in the unveiled crudities of speech.

This was no doubt the cause of Tredenick's dissatisfaction. It was no fault of Leonora's,—she too was disappointed. She cried to herself as she went up stairs that their meeting had been a mistake, for the mystery of their spiritual kinship was not to be revealed to flesh and blood. She was prepared to send him away again, in the hope that their affinity, freed from the illusions of the senses, might sometime manifest itself as before. Neither of them questioned the reality and the enduringness of the love which had revealed itself so gloriously during their separation. Elie, less subjective than she, dismissed his ideal, willing to let the woman of flesh and blood take its place, regretful only that the future must differ from the past in lacking the dream he had comforted himself with in Paris,—the dream that in her arms he should become eternal and divine, master of the music whose mystic language seemed somehow wrapped up with a past belonging to them both. "The violin," he had written, "is a witch who knows by heart the inmost mystery of the soul. She is always threatening to tell it, she does tell it, but in a forgotten tongue. Over and over in a hundred forms she whispers it, laughing at the jealous fury of her master. I suspect, Leonora, that it all means *you*. When I see you I shall know." To-night he should hold the witch to him with bitter enjoyment, making her tell the tale again with sphinx-like boldness, the tones drawn out by his graceful bow reproducing something faithfully remembered, but not understood. He no longer expected Leonora to furnish the interpretation.

He took the instrument from its case and mechanically touched the strings, tuning them. He held it in his hands when Leonora came down stairs, having changed her evening gown for a plain dark skirt and waist. The fire had died out of his eyes, and he looked up wistfully over his violin, as she drew near. She sat down.

"Play for me," she said. "If we talk we shall begin fencing. Let us be quiet and simple. Try to — remember."

"When I'm playing," Tredenick responded, "I sometimes

remember things that happened before I was born." And he turned a little away from her, raising his bow-arm.

Soft, major, antiphonal; piercing sweet, rapturous, enchanting, — a romance whose like Leonora had never heard. Elie was whispering to her soul, telling her what no mortal could tell in words. Well might he fancy that he remembered things which happened before he was born! He was transfigured, — he seemed Love's very self in its eternal essence, spiritual, idealized, pure and sincere as light. Leonora listened with sighs of keen delight. There was something about him that she felt was not of earth; he was immeasurably distant; he did not know that he was hers. When he paused and the movement changed, she thought he drew nearer. He became conscious of her presence. He turned, and his eye met hers. With a beautiful, triumphant smile and an arm-length gesture, he dashed into a fascinating *allegro*. Her heart began to beat in time with the capricious measure. As if in a dream, she moved toward the piano, and her fingers touched the keys in a faint and wandering accompaniment. Elie led her through the mazes of the eccentric movement. He was one of those men who need only look at a woman and she will follow in unquestioning faith. He led her, as she had led him, by the magic of a charming mind. When the *allegro* was finished her hands fell into her lap, her head drooped, and her whole figure seemed to wither. The violin was silent for a moment, while the player fixed his eyes on Leonora. Then he pitched headlong into a still more agitated *tempo*, seeming to challenge her to follow; but she accompanied him no longer. She seemed to be watching from some ethereal vantage the wanderings of two souls, unconsciously but inseparably linked by fate. They pass through the varied phases of their earth-life, each swaying the other by subtle influences beyond the reach of consciousness. They approach each other, and to the affinity that holds them in spiritual bonds imperishable as themselves, is added the mysterious force of personal magnetism. They feel the strength of Titans, — they strain and soar, until they compass the ideal. They experience the ineffable

charm of disinterested love. Then — crash ! They pitch downward to the lower plane, where the fogs of sense envelop them. Down, down they sweep, together ; passionate, delirious strains arise from their perplexed and tortured breasts. Down, down ! Complaining, upbraiding ; separation, anguish, despair, death. The music told it all. Finally there was drawn over their woe the pall of unconsciousness. The violin was the one thing left in the whole world. It trembled and paused. It spoke again, falteringly, — gave forth a few pleading notes, and was still.

Tredenick passed his hand across his eyes. Leonora sighed. He put down the instrument and drew her lightly to his bosom, laying his cheek upon her hair. Her hand crept along his arm until it touched his head, where it rested, softly holding him. Their eyes were full of sadness. Finally she sighed again, and spoke.

"You remembered ! You have expressed the unutterable." He did not answer. "Where did you learn all that ?" she went on, after a pause. "In Paris ?"

"No," said Elie, calmly. "That is something I learned in a past incarnation. But I never comprehended it till now. It is what happened to us, before we were born, Leonora !"

"Either that," she answered, pulling herself together, "or it is a subconscious memory of race experience. It might have happened on a grand scale, in the evolution of man !"

"I don't know," Elie rejoined, reflectively. "You seem to have understood,—and how could you understand unless you had lived it, and how could you have lived it with any one but me ?"

Her answer was a light-hearted laugh. He echoed it sweetly.

"Well, any way," he argued, "you and I need never go through that experience again ! We have lived it for the last time. I have played something like that before, without understanding it ; but I shall not play it again, ever !"

"No," said Leonora.

A. L. Mearkle.

TO THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK.

FANTASIA.

At the hour when, self-moved, the tremulous-soft curtains of the night have drawn aside, and the white fire of dawn is blending into palest gold, when the nimble Fancy steals on tip-toe from the still-slumbering Will, to work her blissful miracles through time and space, I found a little magic flower, dropt in her haste upon the threshold of the dark.

Methought I leaned from out the window of a swift ærial car, beaked for stemming ethereal tides and now hovering above the clouds near the summit of a mountain slope. Down in the hold of the car I hear the muffled whirr of the lightning-drudge; aloft streams the gay pennant.

Look down and see how the clouds are slowly parting; and shimmering in the sunlight, lo! an Eden of verdure sparkling with the drops shed by a retreating shower and overarched by the insubstantial gold and crimson of the rainbow, Iris' scarf.

Hark! how from some bower of leaf and bloom floats up the joyous carol of a bird, just heard, and no more, and sweet to my ear as the husky passioning of Italian nightingales in May. It is the rich warble of my merle of the ivory bill, my grosbec with the crimson splash on breast of snow, my gay King Charlie cavalier (hark to his whistle debonair and nonchalant, caught in the fresh morning tide of time!)

Strong and dauntless spirit, defiant of fate, how my soul, emulous, yearns for the secret of your joy! Wing-enfranchised lover of the air, to whom the god of the illimitable blue has given the freedom of his cloud capt city, couleur de rose upon your breast is the tincture and type of your soul. Spokesmen of the speechless Spirit, enmeshed in time are you and your myriad fellows; flying voices of the nameless Power that toils in the gloom of satellite and sun.

William Sloane Kennedy.

THE LETTERS TO SADIE.

HE had smiled when his friend cried out that the letters were the best things that he had ever done, smiled wearily as a man worn old in the bitter discouragements of fault finding in those of indifference, and in those most feared, of light praise too high. The merit in these scraps he saw clearly, for he knew his heart and soul, his highest self had given life, glowing, cheery life, to the words. But there was no plot, he protested: "A mere prose idyl of the dreaming poetaster, love letters to a maiden of fancy — passionate, murmuring, pleading, domineering — there is no art, no life in them."

The loving smile of his friend threw a light on him; he knew that what he was saying was not the truth. In a flash he saw that there was a plot — a "story" — that there was art — poetry — that there was character and life, his character and all his toiling life of pain in those letters. He looked back over that life.

The farm scene leaped up before his eyes. He saw the little orchard, the girl in blue gingham, the eyes — gray eyes that thrilled him now; he watched the quivering lips that essayed to flout the country boy. Now he could see rising, spreading, the cloud that had frightened them away, hand in hand, running silently to the barn. Then he watched the bashful group of children at a party, and remembered the long walk home by her side.

A day of joy beamed out on him — a St. Valentine's day. They had been talking, really talking, seated on the porch steps of a vacant house in town, and rising, they had turned — as tho' ruled that moment by an unknown power — had turned, and each had kissed the other. Mutely they parted. Not until last winter had he written the poem of that St. Valentine's day.

It was twenty bitter years that he looked over to gaze on that boy and girl. Years of struggle began when he said good-bye and left the country. A drudge in a factory, a lad who dreamed



and studied ; a clerk in a drug store, a youth who dreamed and wrote, and was piteously lonesome. Through all that he had carried his sensitive heart.

Then there came the day soon after his mother died when there was a trial held within him, and he judged himself free to leave the store and to work for himself. What work it had been ! Six years of writing without one success that he deemed worthy,—in print. By the hour he had talked to himself of his “realism” ; he had studied the most miserable people in the great city ; had suffered for them, and suffered with them, and had conceived great works of love. To cover the cost of these works, and to keep himself alive he had gone through drudgery that kept all the sores of his heart bleeding. Doing things for the newspapers he had struck deep into the awful contrasts of life, and felt ever the dread that this life of his was a weak concession and a lie. Had he cringed before that man who seemed so great, who was so pitiful ? He studied his hands — were they yet clean ? The work he knew good and worthy was not read — not published.

In spare moments away back in the term of his clerkship he had begun writing those scraps — “Letters to Sadie.” After years of routine, without a friend, long days and nights without a congenial acquaintance he had turned back to the old time of boy love and sunshine. Behind the counter he had scribbled on sheets laid over the leaves of a heavy treatise. He had written dreams until his hungry, sallow face glowed. Light fancy played with tender metaphors. This beauty from his soul was his only joy, and through many painful, lonely hours he wrote on and on to this ideal maiden, fancy born. Not only behind the counter, but at night, often very late at night, away up in his attic closet where he had to sit upon his cot to get comfortable light, he jested with Sadie. He never thought of sending a line to the real Sadie. The old life was lost to him, and he did not know whether she lived or not — it was not in his nature to think of that.

The little follies of the world these two — Sadie and the dreamer — laughed at softly from the quiet corner where they hid

and watched. How merry he was even through the cold nights when he had to pull his blankets over his shoulders and write with a torn glove on his hand! He told her of the pretty young lady smiling musingly to herself on the crowded street. They conversed about the adventure of the little girl, and the blind man who played the accordion.

He fancied Sadie standing in reverent awe before the picture that he drew of an old, old woman who trudged into the great city with a little bunch of wild flowers held up tight against her bosom. So he went from a laugh to a closer look as in a hushed voice he told of better things; tender little sketches were there, done by the wistful young man who all alone and apart from the world, so loved and studied it.

It all read as though conceived on a bright April day in the orchard, with a tender maid smiling at his side.

The fall to the reality of his barren life, the tread through the long day after an hour with Sadie, at times so wrenched his heart that the merriment was missing in the beginning of his next letter. There was the wail of a heart bereft, a passionate cry for love that he might turn to and see, and touch; the dreamer's pant for a little reality. And what a cry it was! Of noble passion loosed a moment from man's restraint, free to disclose itself, and to gain sympathy and love. But in a moment the wildness was under cover again, lest she be frightened, and he was jesting with tender reassurance.

When he struck out for himself, a free lance, who was often hungry, always shabby, and during the Fall and Winter months, always cold, he had written more boldly of love. How real it had seemed to him!

One winter night he sat by his table in the garret room, a blanket around his shoulders, a lamp at his hand. That day he had met a great disappointment, but for the moment failure and cold and hunger, and the black fear of sickness were put away, and with dashing strokes he wrote:

"I'm 'keeping company with you regular' now, girlie."

Then as he smiled bravely on the words, his light flickered and

became dim, he smelt the burning wick, he glared about the low, bare hovel, and at the bulky manuscript laying on his cot. With a wild sob he sprang to his feet.

Illness, and a term at the hospital followed. Another year of work, the dread that it was ignoble to do what he did always cutting in his heart. Winter came again, and the long nights alone — alone. And through it all he wrote, often as merrily as at first, to Sadie. Now, however, the note of a deep passion was held longer; through all his dreams, through all his gallant jests at failure, rang the true love he bore for the maid of his fancy. Scattered among the letters were verses singing her charms and his devotion.

Poverty, hunger, cold, a series of battering discouragements, loneliness and weary heart-sickness at last bore him down. He had lain for weeks near death, raving of his aims and his failures, of a great heart and its loneliness; of all that he had long held so close in his soul. Then he awoke to himself and found a friend. One evening when there was still great fear for his life he had begged pencil and paper. With weak fingers he traced some lines, and for hours at intervals, kept on writing. When he had finished he had made his poem on that far off St. Valentine's day, and smiling he lay back and slept.

With a friend now, the whole world was changed. He wrote on with renewed vigor. But failure still met his best efforts; only the bread-money, newspaper work was read. His friend had studied all his works depicting the struggles of the poor — without enthusiasm. And now that friend chancing upon the hidden note books and scraps holding the "Letters to Sadie," cried out in wondering joy that they were beautiful, and the best work he had done. Work! He smiled as he reviewed the years and saw himself working at those letters.

"Work!" He was on his feet in a moment of illumination; "why it is that work that has kept me alive!" In deep tones that trembled thrillingly he repeated his poem of the St. Valentine's day.

Now he saw that there was a chance for winning fame and com-

fort ; the fame and comfort that he would employ to gain his highest prize. At first the thought of publishing these letters startled him, for the girl he had left when she was nine, and he twelve years old, was now to him the most sacred woman in the world. But for long he had burned to make people read what he deemed truth at its highest, and now in a flash he saw that the best, the most noble and true of his thoughts, gleamed out from these letters.

On a sudden impulse when his friend had left him after a talk about the letters, he went up to his glass and gazed long on the man he seemed. He was bald, and the wrinkled, hungry face looked old, the eyes were the dull lights that belong to one who has been a slave in the galleys of mental labor.

"Only thirty-two years old ! Only thirty-two years old !" he whispered, grinning bitterly at the face.

Fame found him discouragingly serious. Impulsive maidens who had fluttered not a little over meeting this new lover poet, marked him as the season's grandest fraud. And the ugly, old young man who had won the world by love letters, but who could not find words for the beautiful girls who, because of his love, paid court to him — he, too, was disappointed. Most disappointed in women, for he had expected little from fame beyond the advantage of making close friends with noble men and women, and that of now being able to make the world read all his books ; of woman he had expected too much.

When the summer came he left the city he had conquered, and went back to the village where he had lived a boy. Boy friends and boy adventures rushed back over him as he read familiar names on signs and heard them on the lips of men. He passed unknown.

On the second day he found her. Under a great oak tree by the farm house and near the orchard where they had played together she sat, reading. Coming close he knew her, though doubtless the house and surroundings aided him much and of more help still was her charming attitude of pensive study as she rested

her chin on one hand and bent over the book. What a burden of joy all the old memories that fell upon him now ! She was startled when he came up softly to her side. Trembling, he begged a drink of water. His soul was crying out in tragic dismay that she, Sadie, was not beautiful. The real picture, after years of brilliant dreams, made a contrast that appalled him. There were lines of coarseness ; she was not lovely, not a creature of delicate sensibilities — she was not — not his Sadie !

Would this woman send him to the pump ? No — after a pause, and a word, she went herself, and she stood near him as he drank, her little hand playing nervously over the book she held. His eyes dropped from her face when he feared to study longer there, and he saw the book ; it was his own famous volume, his “Letters to Sadie.”

What did she think of the secrets that book told ? What dreams came to her of the boy playmate ? He looked in her face again, eager and fearful, and now he found her charm. Thoughts from the book now met their cause of being ; lines flashed across his mind, and he saw himself writing them through the cold nights and at intervals stolen from the dreary day's routine. He gazed deep into her eyes, and caught his breath. Yes, there was the gleam : —

“ Like the lights in bride's eyes
When they ring her wedding bell.”

And her lips ! It was true —

“ In repose your lips are sweeter
Than young mothers' twilight dreams.”

He held the glass out to her. His heart was beating wildly ; through his soul rang all the poetry that his life had dowered him with, and on his lips rested her name. But he could not make her hear, his, — “Sadie ! Sadie !”

A little girl ran out of the house and clutched at the woman's dress, a girl who brought the vivid picture of little Sadie, the real, before him.

"Moma! Moma! Papa says have supper early to-night! He's goin' to take us all down town to see the minstrel show!"

The book fell from the woman's hand. The author picked it up, handed it to her, and without a word, turned and made his way off down the road.

"Who's that, Moma? Is he one of the minstrels?" whispered the girl.

Edward Broderick.



THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.

CHAPTER I.

Of King Beli and Thorstein Vikingson and their Children.

THUS beginneth the tale, telling how that King Beli ruled over Sogn-land; three children had he, whereof Helgi was his first son, and Halfdan his second, but Ingibjorg his daughter. Ingibjorg was fair of face and wise of mind, and she was ever accounted the foremost of the king's children.

Now a certain strand went west of the firth, and a great stead was thereon, which was called Baldur's Meads; a Place of Peace was there, and a great temple, and round about it a great garth of pales; many gods were there, but amidst them all was Baldur held of most account. So jealous were the heathen men of this stead, that they would have no hurt done therein to man nor beast, nor might any man have dealings with a woman there.

Sowstrand was the name of that stead whereas the king dwelt; but on the other side the firth was an abode named Foreness, where dwelt a man called Thorstein, the son of Viking; and his stead was over against the king's dwelling.

Thorstein had a son by his wife called Frithiof: he was the tallest and strongest of men, and more furnished of all prowess than any other man, even from his youth up. Frithiof the Bold

he was called, and so well beloved was he, that all prayed for good things for him.

Now the king's children were but young when their mother died ; but a goodman of Sogn, named Hilding, prayed to have the king's daughter to foster : so there was she reared well and heedfully : and she was called Ingibjorg the Fair. Frithiof also was fostered of goodman Hilding, wherefore was he foster-brother to the king's daughter, and they two were peerless among children.

Now King Beli's chattels began to ebb fast away from his hands, for he was grown old.

Thorstein had rule over the third part of the realm, and in him lay the king's greatest strength.

Every third year Thorstein feasted the king at exceeding great cost, and the king feasted Thorstein the two years between.

Helgi, Beli's son, from his youth up turned much to blood-offering : neither were those brethren well-beloved.

Thorstein had a ship called Ellidi, which pulled fifteen oars on either board ; it ran up high stem and stern, and was strong-built like an ocean-going ship, and its bulwarks were clamped with iron.

So strong was Frithiof that he pulled the two bow oars of Ellidi ; but either oar was thirteen ells long, and two men pulled every oar elsewhere.

Frithiof was deemed peerless amid the young men of that time, and the king's sons envied him, whereas he was more praised than they.

Now King Beli fell sick ; and when the sickness lay heavy on him he called his sons to him and said to them : " This sickness will bring me to mine end, therefore will I bid you this, that ye hold fast to those old friends that I have had ; for meseems in all things ye fall short of that father and son, Thorstein and Frithiof, yea, both in good counsel and in hardihood. A mound ye shall raise over me."

So with that Beli died.

Thereafter Thorstein fell sick ; so he spake to Frithiof : " Kinsman," says he, " I will crave this of thee, that thou bow thy will before the king's sons, for their dignity's sake ; yet doth my heart

“speak goodly things to me concerning thy fortune. Now would I be laid in my mound over against King Beli’s mound, down by the sea on this side the firth, whereas it may be easiest for us to cry out each to each of tidings drawing nigh.”

A little after this Thorstein departed, and was laid in mound even as he had bidden ; but Frithiof took the land and chattels after him. Biorn and Asmund were Frithiof’s foster-brethren ; they were big and strong men both.

CHAPTER II.

Frithiof wooeth Ingibjorg of those Brethren.

So Frithiof became the most famed of men, and the bravest in all things that may try a man.

Biorn, his foster-brother, he held in most account of all, but Asmund served the twain of them.

The ship Ellidi, he gat, the best of good things, of his father’s heritage, and another possession therewith — a gold ring ; no dearer was in Norway.

So bounteous a man was Frithiof withal, that it was the talk of most, that he was a man of no less honour than those brethren, but it were for the name of king ; and for this cause they held Frithiof in hate and enmity, and it was a heavy thing to them that he was called greater than they : furthermore they thought they could see that Ingibjorg, their sister, and Frithiof were of one mind together.

It befell hereon that the kings had to go to a feast to Frithiof’s house at Foreness ; and there it happened according to wont that he gave to all men beyond that they were worthy of. Now Ingibjorg was there, and she and Frithiof talked long together ; and the king’s daughter said to him :

“A goodly gold ring hast thou.”

“Yea, in good sooth,” said he.

Thereafter went those brethren to their own home, and greater grew their enmity of Frithiof.

A little after grew Frithiof heavy of mood, and Biorn, his foster-brother, asked him why he fared so.

He said he had it in his mind to woo Ingibiorg. "For though I be named by a lesser name than those brethren, yet am I not fashioned lesser."

"Even so let us do then," quoth Biorn. So Frithiof fared with certain men unto those brethren; and the kings were sitting on their father's mound when Frithiof greeted them well, and then set forth his wooing, and prayed for their sister Ingibiorg, the daughter of Beli.

The kings said: "Not overwise is this thine asking, whereas thou wouldst have us give her to one who lacketh dignity; wherefore we gainsay thee this utterly."

Said Frithiof: "Then is mine errand soon sped; but in return never will I give help to you henceforward, nay, though ye need it never so much."

They said they heeded it nought: so Frithiof went home, and was joyous once more.

CHAPTER III.

Of King Ring and those Brethren.

THERE was a king named Ring, who ruled over Ringrealm, which also was in Norway: a mighty folk-king he was, and a great man, but come by now unto his latter days.

Now he spake to his men: "Lo, I have heard that the sons of King Beli have brought to nought their friendship with Frithiof, who is the noblest of men; wherefore will I send men to these kings, and bid them choose whether they will submit them to me and pay me tribute, or else that I bring war on them: and all things then shall lie ready to my hand to take, for they have neither might nor wisdom to withstand me; yet great fame were it to my old age to overcome them."

After that fared the messengers of King Ring, and found those brethren, Helgi and Halfdan, in Sogn, and spake to them thus: "King Ring sends bidding to you to send him tribute, or else will he war against your realm."

They answered and said that they would not learn in the days of their youth what they would be loth to know in their old age,

even how to serve King Ring with shame. "Nay, now shall we draw together all the folk that we may."

Even so they did ; but now, when they beheld their force that it was but little, they sent Hilding their fosterer to Frithiof to bid him come help them against King Ring. Now Frithiof sat at the knave-play when Hilding came thither, who spake thus : "Our kings send thee greeting, Frithiof, and would have thy help in battle against King Ring, who cometh against their realm with violence and wrong."

Frithiof answered him nought, but said to Biorn, with whom he was playing : "A bare place in thy board, foster-brother, and nowise mayest thou amend it ; nay, for my part I shall beset thy red piece there, and wot whither it be safe."

Then Hilding spake again :

"King Helgi bade me say thus much, Frithiof, that thou shouldst go on this journey with them, or else look for ill at their hands when they at the last come back."

"A double game, foster-brother," said Biorn ; "and two ways to meet thy play."

Frithiof said : "Thy play is to first fall on the knave, yet the double game is sure to be."

No other outcome of his errand had Hilding : he went back speedily to the kings, and told them Frithiof's answer.

They asked Hilding what he made out of those words. He said :

"Whereas he spake of the bare place he will have been thinking of the lack in this journey of yours ; but when he said he would beset the red piece, that will mean Ingibiorg, your sister ; so give ye all the heed ye may to her. But whereas I threatened him with ill from you, Biorn deemed the game a double one ; but Frithiof said that the knave must be set on first, speaking thereby of King Ring."

So then the brethren arrayed them for departing ; but, ere they went, they let bring Ingibiorg and eight women with her to Baldur's Meads, saying that Frithiof would not be so mad rash as to go see her thither, since there was none who durst make riot there.

Then fared those brethren south to Jadar, and met King Ring in Sogn-Sound.

Now, herewith was King Ring most of all wroth that the brothers had said that they accounted it a shame to fight with a man so old that he might not get a-horseback unholpen.

CHAPTER IV.

Frithiof goes to Baldur's Meads.

STRAIGHTWAY whenas the kings were gone away Frithiof took his raiment of state and set the goodly gold ring on his arm; then went the foster-brethren down to the sea and launched Ellidi. Then said Biorn: "Whither away, foster-brother?"

"To Baldur's Meads," said Frithiof, "to be glad with Ingibjorg."

Biorn said: "A thing unmeet to do, to make the gods wroth with us."

"Well, it shall be risked this time," said Frithiof; "and withal, more to me is Ingibjorg's grace than Baldur's grame."

Therewith they rowed over the firth, and went up to Baldur's Meads and to Ingibjorg's bower, and there she sat with eight maidens, and the new comers were eight also.

But when they came there, lo, all the place was hung with cloth of pall and precious webs.

Then Ingibjorg arose and said:

"Why art thou so overbold, Frithiof, that thou art come here without the leave of my brethren to make the gods angry with thee?"

Frithiof says: "Howsoever that may be, I hold thy love of more account than the gods' hate."

Ingibjorg answered: "Welcome art thou here, thou and thy men!"

Then she made place for him to sit beside her, and drank to him in the best of wine; and thus they sat and were merry together.

Then beheld Ingibjorg the goodly ring on his arm, and asked

him if that precious thing were his own. Frithiof said Yea, and she praised the ring much. Then Frithiof said :

“ I will give thee the ring if thou wilt promise to give it to no one, but to send it to me when thou no longer shalt have will to keep it ; and hereon shall we plight troth each to other.”

So with this troth-plighting they exchanged rings.

Frithiof was oft at Baldur's Meads a-night time, and every day between whiles would he go thither to be glad with Ingibiorg.

CHAPTER V.

Those Brethren come Home again.

Now tells the tale of those brethren, that they met King Ring, and he had more folk than they : then went men betwixt them, and sought to make peace, so that no battle should be : thereto King Ring assented on such terms that the brethren should submit them to him, and give him in marriage Ingibiorg their sister, with the third part of all their possessions.

The kings said Yea thereto, for they saw they had to do with overwhelming might : so the peace was fast bound by oaths, and the wedding was to be at Sogn whenas King Ring should go see his bethrothed.

So those brethren fare home with their folk, right ill content with things. But Frithiof, when he deemed that the brethren might be looked for home again, spake to the king's daughter :

“ Sweetly and well have ye done to us, neither has goodman Baldur been wroth with us ; but now as soon as ye wot of the kings' coming home, spread the sheets of your beds abroad on the Hall of the Goddesses, for that is the highest of all the garth, and we may see it from our stead.”

The king's daughter said : “ Thou dost not after the like of any other : but certes, we welcome dear friends whenas ye come to us.”

So Frithiof went home ; and the next morning he went out early, and when he came in then he spake and sang :

*"Now must I tell
To our good men
That over and done
Are our fair journeys ;
No more a-shipboard
Shall we be going,
For there are the sheets
Spread out a-bleaching."*

Then they went out, and saw that the Hall of the Goddesses was all thatched with white linen. Biorn spake and said : " Now are the kings come home, and but a little while have we to sit in peace, and good were it, meseems, to gather folk together."

So did they, and men came flocking thither.

Now the brethren soon heard of the ways of Frithiof and Ingibiorg, and of the gathering of men. So King Helgi spake :

" A wondrous thing how Baldur will bear what shame soever Frithiof and she will lay on him ! Now will I send men to him, and wot what atonement he will offer us, or else will I drive him from the land, for our strength seemeth to me not enough that we should fight with him as now."

So Hilding, their fosterer, bare the king's errand to Frithiof and his friends, and spake in such wise : " This atonement the kings will have of thee, Frithiof, that thou go gather the tribute of the Orkneys, which has not been paid since Beli died, for they need money, whereas they are giving Ingibiorg their sister in marriage, and much of wealth with her."

Frithiof said : " This thing only somewhat urges us to peace, the good will of our kin departed ; but no trustiness will those brethren show herein. But this condition I make, that our lands be in good peace while we are away." So this was promised and all bound by oaths.

Then Frithiof arrays him for departing, and is captain of men brave and of good help, eighteen in company.

Now his men asked him if he would not go to King Helgi and make peace with him, and pray himself free from Baldur wrath.

But he answered: "Hereby I swear that I will never pray Helgi for peace."

Then he went aboard Ellidi, and they sailed out along the Sognfirth.

But when Frithiof was gone from home, King Halfdan spake to Helgi his brother: "Better lordship and more had we if Frithiof had payment for his masterful deed: now therefore let us burn his stead, and bring on him and his men such a storm on the sea as shall make an end of them."

Helgi said it was a thing meet to be done.

So then they burned up clean all the stead at Foreness and robbed it of all goods; and after that sent for two witch-wives, Heidi and Hamglom, and gave them money to raise against Frithiof and his men so mighty a storm that they should all be lost at sea. So they sped the witch-song, and went up on the witch-mount with spells and sorcery.

CHAPTER VI.

Frithiof Sails for the Orkneys.

So when Frithiof and his men were come out of the Sognfirth there fell on them great wind and storm, and an exceeding heavy sea: but the ship drave on swiftly, for sharp built she was, and the best to breast the sea.

So now Frithiof sang:

*"Oft let I swim from Sogn
My tarred ship sooty-sided,
When maids sat o'er the mead-horn
Amidst of Baldur's Meadows;
Now while the storm is wailing
Farewell I bid you maidens,
Still shall ye love us, sweet ones,
Though Ellidi the sea fill."*

Said Biorn: "Thou mightest well find other work to do than singing songs over the maids of Baldur's Meadows."

"Of such work shall I not speedily run dry, though," said

Frithiof. Then they bore up north to the sounds nigh those isles that are called Solundir, and therewith was the gale at its hardest.

Then sang Frithiof :

*" Now is the sea a-swelling,
And sweepeth the rack onward ;
Spells of old days cast o'er us
Make ocean all unquiet ;
No more shall we be striving
Mid storm with wash of billows,
But Solundir shall shelter
Our ship with ice-beat rock-walls."*

So they lay to under the lee of the isles hight Solundir, and were minded to abide there ; but straightway thereon the wind fell ; then they turned away from under the lee of the islands, and now their voyage seemed hopeful to them, because the wind was fair awhile : but soon it began to freshen again.

Then sang Frithiof :

*" In days foredone
From Foreness strand
I rowed to meet
Maid Ingibjorg ;
But now I sail
Through chilly storm
And wide away
My long-worm driveth."*

And now when they were come far out into the main, once more the sea waxed wondrous troubled, and a storm arose with so great drift of snow, that none might see the stem from the stern ; and they shipped seas, so that they must be ever a-baling. So Frithiof sang :

*" The salt waves see we nought
As seaward drive we ever
Before the witch-wrought weather,
We well-famed kings'-defenders :*

*Here are we all a-standing.
With all Solundir hull-down,
Eighteen brave lads a-baling,
Black Ellidi to bring home."*

Said Biorn: "Needs must he who fareth far fall in with diverse hap." "Yea, certes, foster-brother," said Frithiof. And he sang withal:

*"Helgi it is that helpeth
The white-head billows' waxing;
Cold time unlike the kissing
In the close of Baldur's Meadow!
So is the hate of Helgi
To that heart's love she giveth.
O would that here I held her,
Gift high above all giving!"*

"Maybe," said Biorn, "she is looking higher than thou now art: what matter when all is said?"

"Well," says Frithiof, "now is the time to show ourselves to be men of avail, though blither tide it was at Baldur's Meadows."

So they turned to in manly wise, for there were the bravest of men come together in the best ship of the Northlands. But Frithiof sang a stave:

*"So come in the West-sea,
Nought see I the billows,
The sea-water seemeth
As sweeping of wild-fire.
Topple the rollers,
Toss the hills swan-white,
Ellidi wallows
O'er steep of the wave-hills."*

Then they shipped a huge sea, so that all stood a-baling. But Frithiof sang:

*"With love-moved mouth the maiden
Me pledgeth though I founder.
Ah! bright sheets lay a-bleaching,
East there on brents the swan loves."*

Biorn said : " Art thou of mind belike that the maids of Sogn will weep many tears over thee ? "

Said Frithiof : " Surely that was in my mind. "

Therewith so great a sea broke over the bows, that the water came in like the in-falling of a river ; but it availed them much that the ship was so good, and the crew aboard her so hardy.

Now sang Biorn :

*" No widow, methinks,
To thee or me drinks :
No ring-bearer fair
Biddeth draw near ;
Salt are our eyne
Soaked in the brine ;
Strong our arms are no more,
And our eyelids smart sore. "*

Quoth Asmund : " Small harm though your arms be tried somewhat, for no pity we had from you when we rubbed our eyes whenas ye must needs rise early a-mornings to go to Baldur's Meadows. "

" Well, " said Frithiof, " why singest thou not, Asmund ? "

" Not I, " said Asmund ; yet sang a ditty straightway :

*" Sharp work about the sail was
When o'er the ship seas tumbled,
And there was I a-working
Within-board 'gainst eight balers ;
Bctter it was to bower,
Bringing the women breakfast,
Than here to be 'mid billows
Black Ellidi a-baling. "*

" Thou accountest thy help of no less worth than it is ? " said Frithiof, laughing therewith ; but sure it showeth the thrall's blood in thee that thou wouldst fain be awaiting at table. "

Now it blew harder and harder yet, so that to those who were aboard liker to huge peaks and mountains than to waves seemed the sea-breakers that crashed on all sides against the ship.

Then Frithiof sang :

*"On bolster I sat,
In Baldur's Mead erst,
And all songs that I could
To the king's daughter sang ;
Now on Ran's bed belike
Must I soon be a-lying,
And another shall be
By Ingibiorg's side."*

Biorn said : "Great fear lieth ahead of us, foster-brother, and now dread hath crept into thy words, which is ill with such a good man as thou."

Says Frithiof : "Neither fear nor fainting is it, though I sing now of those our merry journeys ; yet perchance more hath been said of them than need was : but most men would think death surer than life, if they were so bested as we be."

"Yet shall I answer thee somewhat," said Biorn, and sang :

*"Yet one gain have I gotten
Thou gatst not 'mid thy fortune,
For meet play did I make me
With Ingibiorg's eight maidens ;
Red rings we laid together
Aright in Baldur's Meadow,
When far off was the warder
Of the wide land of Halfdan."*

"Well," said he, "we must be content with things as they are, foster-brother."

Therewith so great a sea smote them, that the bulwark was broken and both the sheets, and four men were washed overboard and all lost.

Then sang Frithiof :

*"Both sheets are bursten
Amid the great billows,
Four swains are sunk
In the fathomless sea."*

"Now, meseems," said Frithiof, "it may well be that some of us will go to the house of Ran, nor shall we deem us well sped if we come not thither in glorious array ; wherefore it seems good to me that each man of us here should have somewhat of gold on him."

Then he smote asunder the ring, Ingibjorg's gift, and shared it between all his men, and sang a stave withal :

*"The red ring here I hew me
Once owned of Halfdan's father,
The wealthy lord of erewhile,
Or the sea waves undo us,
So on the guests shall gold be,
If we have need of guesting ;
Meet so for mighty men-folk
Amid Ran's hall to hold them."*

"Not all so sure is it that we come there," said Biorn ; "and yet it may well be so."

Now Frithiof and his folk found that the ship had great way on her, and they knew not what lay ahead, for all was mirk on either board, so that none might see the stem or stern from amidships ; and therewith was there great drift of spray amid the furious wind, and frost, and snow, and deadly cold.

Now Frithiof went up to the masthead, and when he came down he said to his fellows : "A sight exceeding wondrous have I seen, for a great whale went in a ring about the ship, and I misdoubt me that we come nigh to some land, and that he is keeping the shore against us ; for certes King Helgi has dealt with us in no friendly wise, neither will this his messenger be friendly. Moreover I saw two women on the back of the whale, and they it is who will have brought this great storm on us with the worst of spells and witchcraft ; but now we shall try which may prevail, my fortune or their devilry, so steer ye at your straightest, and I will smite these evil things with beams."

Therewith he sang a stave :

*" See I troll women
Twain on the billows,
E'en they whom Helgi
Hither hath sent.
Ellidi now
Or ever her way stop
Shall smite the backs
Of these asunder."*

So tells the tale that this wonder went with the good ship Ellidi, that she knew the speech of man.

But Biorn said: "Now may we see the treason of those brethren against us." Therewith he took the tiller, but Frithiof caught up a forked beam, and ran into the prow, and sang a stave:

*" Ellidi, hail !
Leap high o'er the billows !
Break of the troll wives
Brow or tecth now !
Break cheek or jaw
Of the cursed woman,
One foot or twain,
Of the ogress filthy."*

Therewith he drave his fork at one of the skin-changers, and the beak of Ellidi smote the other on the back, and the backs of both were broken; but the whale took the deep, and gat him gone, and they never saw him after.

Then the wind fell, but the ship lay waterlogged; so Frithiof called out to his men, and bade bale out the ship, but Biorn said:

"No need to work now, verily!"

"Be thou not afeard, foster-brother," said Frithiof, "ever was it the wont of good men of old time to be helpful while they might, whatsoever should come after."

And therewith he sang a stave:

*"No need, fair fellows,
To fear the death-day ;
Rather be glad,
Good men of mine :
For if dreams wot aught
All nights they say
I yet shall have
My Ingibiorg."*

Then they baled out the ship ; and they were now come nigh unto land ; but there was yet a flaw of wind in their teeth. So then did Frithiof take the two bow oars again and rowed full mightily. Therewith the weather brightened, and they saw that they were come out to Effia Sound, and so there they made land.

The crew were exceeding weary ; but so stout a man was Frithiof that he bore eight men a-land over the fore-shore, but Biorn bore two, and Asmund one. Then sang Frithiof :

*"Fast bare I up
To the fire-lit house
My men all dazed
With the drift of the storm :
And the sail moreover
To the sand I carried ;
With the might of the sea
Is there no more to do."*

CHAPTER VII.

Frithiof at the Orkneys.

Now Earl Angantyr was at Effia whenas Frithiof and his folk came a-land there. But his way it was, when he was sitting at the drink, that one of his men should sit at the watch-window looking weatherward from the drinking hall, and keep watch there. From a great horn drank he ever : and still as one was emptied another was filled for him. And he who held the watch when Frithiof came a-land was called Hallward ; and now he saw where Frithiof and his men went, and sang a stave :

*"Men see I a-baling
Amid the storm's might;
Six bale on Ellidi
Seven are a-rowing;
Like is he in the stem,
Straining hard at the oars,
To Frithiof the bold,
The brisk in the battle."*

So when he had drunk out the horn, he cast it in through the window, and spake to the woman who gave him drink :

*"Take up from the floor,
O fair-going woman,
The horn cast adown
Drunk out to the end!
I behold men at sea
Who, storm-beaten, shall need
Help at our hands
Ere the haven they make."*

Now the Earl heard what Hallward sang; so he asked for tidings, and Hallward said: "Men are come a-land here, much forewearied, yet brave lads belike; but one of them is so hardy that he beareth the others ashore."

Then said the Earl, "Go ye, and meet them, and welcome them in seemly wise; if this be Frithiof, the son of Hersir Thorstein, my friend, he is a man famed far and wide for all prowess."

Then there took up the word a man named Atli, a great viking, and he spake: "Now shall that be proven which is told of, that Frithiof hath sworn never to be first in the craving of peace."

There were ten men in company with him, all evil and outrageous, who often wrought berserksgang.

So when they met Frithiof they took to their weapons.

But Atli said:

"Good to turn hither, Frithiof! Clutching ernes should claw; and we no less, Frithiof! Yea, and now may'st thou hold to thy word, and not crave first for peace."



So Frithiof turned to meet them, and sang a stave :

*"Nay, nay, in nought
Now shall ye cow us.
Blenching hearts
Isle-abiders !
Alone with yon ten
The fight will I try,
Rather than pray
For peace at your hands."*

Then came Hallward thereto, and spake :

"The Earl wills that ye all be made welcome here : neither shall any set on you."

Frithiof said he would take that with a good heart ; howsoever he was ready for either peace or war.

So thereon they went to the Earl, and he made Frithiof and all his men right welcome, and they abode with him, in great honour holden, through the winter-tide ; and oft would the Earl ask of their voyage : so Biorn sang :

*"There baled we, wight fellows,
Washed over and over
On both boards
By billows ;
For ten days we baled there,
And eight thereunto."*

The Earl said : "Well nigh did the king undo you ; it is ill seen of such-like kings as are meet for nought but to overcome men by wizardry. But now I wot," says Angantyr, "of thine errand hither, Frithiof, that thou art sent after the scat : whereto I give thee a speedy answer, that never shall King Helgi get scat of me, but to thee will I give money, even as much as thou wilt ; and thou mayest call it scat if thou hast a mind to, or whatso else thou wilt."

So Frithiof said that he would take the money.

CHAPTER VIII.

King Ring weddeth Ingibiorg.

Now shall it be told of what came to pass in Norway the while Frithiof was away: for those brethren let burn up all the stead at Foreness. Moreover, while the weird sisters were at their spells they tumbled down from off their high witch-mount, and brake both their backs.

That autumn came King Ring north to Sogn to his wedding, and there at a noble feast drank his bridal with Ingibiorg.

"Whence came that goodly ring which thou hast on thine arm?" said King Ring to Ingibiorg.

She said her father had owned it, but he answered and said:

"Nay, for Frithiof's gift it is: so take it off thine arm straight-way; for no gold shalt thou lack whenas thou comest to Elfhøme."

So she gave the ring to King Helgi's wife, and bade her give it to Frithiof when he came back.

Then King Ring wended home with his wife, and loved her with exceeding great love.

CHAPTER IX.

Frithiof brings the Tribute to the Kings.

THE spring after these things Frithiof departed from the Orkneys and Earl Angantyr in all good liking; and Hallward went with Frithiof.

But when they came to Norway they heard tell of the burning of Frithiof's stead.

So when he was gotten to Foreness, Frithiof said: "Black is my house waxen now; no friends have been at work here." And he sang withal:

*"Frank and free
With my father dead,
In Foreness old
We drank aforetime,*

*Now my abode
Behold I burned ;
For many ill deeds
The kings must I pay."*

Then he sought rede of his men what was to be done ; but they bade him look to it : then he said that the scat must first be paid out of hand. So they rowed over the Firth to Sowstrand ; and there they heard that the kings were gone to Baldur's Meads to sacrifice to the gods ; so Frithiof and Biorn went up thither, and bade Hallward and Asmund break up meanwhile all ships, both great and small, that were anigh ; and they did so. Then went Frithiof and his fellow to the door at Baldur's Meads, and Frithiof would go in. Biorn bade him fare warily, since he must needs go in alone ; but Frithiof charged him to abide without, and keep watch ; and he sang a stave :

*" All alone go I
Unto the stead ;
No folk I need
For the finding of kings ;
But cast ye the fire
O'er the kings dwelling,
If I come not again
In the cool of the even."*

" Ah," said Biorn, " a goodly singing ! "

Then went Frithiof in, and saw but few folk in the Hall of the Goddesses ; there were the kings at their blood-offering, sitting a-drinking ; a fire was there on the floor, and the wives of the kings sat thereby, a-warming the gods, while others anointed them, and wiped them with napkins.

So Frithiof went up to King Helgi and said : " Have here thy scat ! "

And therewith he heaved up the purse wherein was the silver, and drave it on to the face of the king ; whereby were two of his teeth knocked out, and he fell down stunned in his high seat ; but

Halfdan got hold of him, so that he fell not into the fire. Then sang Frithiof :

*"Have here thy scat,
High lord of the warriors !
Heed that and thy teeth,
Lest all tumble about thee !
Lo the silver abideth
At the bight of this bag here,
That Biorn and I
Betwixt us have borne thee."*

Now there were but few folk in the chamber, because the drinking was in another place ; so Frithiof went out straightway along the floor, and beheld therewith that goodly ring of his on the arm of Helgi's wife as she warmed Baldur at the fire ; so he took hold of the ring, but it was fast to her arm, and he dragged her by it over the pavement toward the door, and Baldur fell from her into the fire : then Halfdan's wife caught hastily at Baldur, whereby the god that she was warming fell likewise into the fire, and the fire caught both the gods, for they had been anointed, and ran up thence into the roof, so that the house was all ablaze : but Frithiof got the ring to him ere he came out.

So then Biorn asked him what had come of his going in there ; but Frithiof held up the ring and sang a stave :

*"The heavy purse smote Helgi
Hard 'midst his scoundrel's visage :
Lowly bowed Halfdan's brother,
Fell bundling 'mid the high seat ;
There Baldur fell a-burning.
But first my bright ring gat I.
Fast from the roaring fire
I dragged the bent crone forward."*

Men say that Frithiof cast a firebrand up on to the roof, so that the hall was all ablaze, and therewith sang a stave :



*"Down stride me toward the sea-strand,
And strong deeds set agoing,
For now the blue flame bickers
Amidst of Baldur's Meadow."*

And therewith they went down to the sea.

CHAPTER X.

Frithiof made an Outlaw.

BUT as soon as King Helgi had come to himself he bade follow after Frithiof speedily, and slay them all, him and his fellows: "A man of forfeit life, who spareth no Place of Peace!"

So they blew the gathering for the king's men, and when they came out to the hall they saw that it was afire; so King Halfdan went thereto with some of the folk, but King Helgi followed after Frithiof and his men, who were by then gotten a-shipboard and lying on their oars.

Now King Helgi and his men find that all the ships are scuttled, and they have to turn back to shore, and have lost some men: then waxed King Helgi so wroth that he grew mad, and he bent his bow, and laid an arrow on the string, and drew at Frithiof so mightily that the bow brake asunder in the midst.

But when Frithiof saw that, then he gat him to the two bow oars of Ellidi, and laid so hard on them that they both brake, and with that he sang a stave:

*"Young Ingibjorg
Kissed I aforetime,
Kissed Beli's daughter
In Baldur's Meadow.
So shall the oars
Of Ellidi
Break both together
As Helgi's bow breaks."*

Then the land-wind ran down the firth and they hoisted sail and sailed; but Frithiof bade them look to it that they might have

no long abiding there. And so withal they sailed out of the Sognfirth, and Frithiof sang :

*“ Sail we away from Sogn,
E'en as we sailed aforetime,
When flared the fire all over
The house that was my father's.
Now is the bale a-burning
Amidst of Baldur's Meadow :
But wend I as a wild-wolf,
Well wot I they have sworn it.”*

“ What shall we turn to now, foster-brother ? ” said Biorn.

“ I may not abide here in Norway,” said Frithiof : “ I will learn the ways of warriors, and sail a-warring.”

So they searched the isles and out-skerries the summer long, and gathered thereby riches and renown ; but in autumn-tide they made for the Orkneys, and Angantyr gave them good welcome, and they abode there through the winter-tide.

But when Frithiof was gone from Norway the kings held a Thing, whereat was Frithiof made an outlaw throughout their realm : they took his lands to them, moreover, and King Halfdan took up his abode at Foreness, and built up again all Baldur's Meadow, though it was long ere the fire was slaked there. This misliked King Helgi most, that the gods were all burned up, and great was the cost or ever Baldur's Meadow was built anew fully equal to its first estate.

So King Helgi abode still at Sowstrand.

CHAPTER XI.

Frithiof fareth to see King Ring and Ingibiorg.

FRITHIOF waxed ever in riches and renown whithersoever he went ; evil men he slew, and grimly strong-thieves, but husband-men and chapmen he let abide in peace ; and now was he called anew Frithiof the Bold ; he had gotten to him by now a great company well arrayed, and was become exceeding wealthy of chattels.



But when Frithiof had been three winters a-warring he sailed west, and made the Wick; then he said that he would go a-land: "But ye shall fare a-warring without me this winter; for I begin to weary of warfare, and would fain go to the Uplands, and get speech of King Ring: but hither shall ye come to meet me in the summer, and I will be here the first day of summer."

Biorn said: "This counsel is naught wise, though thou must needs rule; rather would I that we fare north to Sogn, and slay both those kings, Helgi and Halfdan."

"It is all naught," said Frithiof; "I must needs go see King Ring and Ingibiorg."

Says Biorn: "Loth am I hereto that thou shouldst risk thyself alone in his hands; for this Ring is a wise man and of great kin, though he be somewhat old."

But Frithiof said he would have his own way: "And thou, Biorn, shalt be captain of our company meanwhile."

So they did as he bade, and Frithiof fared to the Uplands in the autumn, for he desired sore to look upon the love of King Ring and Ingibiorg. But or ever he came there he did on him, over his clothes, a great cloak all shaggy; two staves he had in his hand, and a mask over his face, and he made as if he were exceeding old.

So he met certain herdsmen, and, going heavily, he asked them: "Whence are ye?" They answered and said: "We are of Streitaland, whereas the king dwelleth."

Quoth the carle: "Is King Ring a mighty king, then?"

They answered: "Thou lookest to us old enough to have cunning to know what manner of man is King Ring in all wise."

The carle said that he had heeded salt-boiling more than the ways of kings; and therewith he goes up to the king's house.

So when the day was well worn he came into the hall, blinking about as a dotard, and took an outward place, pulling his hood over him to hide his visage.

Then spake King Ring to Ingibiorg: "There is come into the hall a man far bigger than other men,"

The queen answered : " That is no such great tidings here."

But the king spake to a serving-man who stood before the board, and said : " Go thou, and ask yon cowl'd man who he is, whence he cometh, and of what kin he is."

So the lad ran down the hall to the new-comer and said : " What art thou called, thou man ? Where wert thou last night ? Of what kin art thou ?"

Said the cowl'd man : " Quick come thy questions, good fellow ! but hast thou skill to understand if I shall tell thee hereof ?"

" Yea, certes," said the lad.

" Well," said the cowl-bearer, " Thief is my name, with Wolf was I last night, and in Grief-ham was I reared."

Then ran the lad back to the king, and told him the answer of the new-comer.

" Well told, lad," said the king ; " but for that land of Grief-ham, I know it well : it may well be that the man is of no light heart, and yet a wise man shall he be, and of great worth I account him."

Said the queen : " A marvellous fashion of thine, that thou must needs talk so freely with every carle that cometh hither ! Yea, what is the worth of him, then ?"

" That wottest thou no clearer than I," said the king ; " but I see that he thinketh more than he talketh, and is peering all about him."

Therewith the king sent a man after him, and so the cowl-bearer went up before the king, going somewhat bent, and greeted him in a low voice. Then said the king : " What art thou called, thou big man ?"

And the cowl-bearer answered and sang :

*" PEACE-THIEF they called me
On the prow with the Vikings ;
But WAR-THIEF whenas
I set widows a-weeping ;
SPEAR-THIEF when I
Sent forth the barbed shafts ;*

*BATTLE-THIEF when I
Burst forth on the king ;
HEL-THIEF when I
Tossed up the small babies :
ISLE-THIEF when I
In the outer isles harried ;
SLAINS-THIEF when I
Sat aloft over men :
Yet since have I drifted
With salt-boiling carls,
Needy of help
Ere hither I came."*

Said the king: "Thou hast gotten thy name of Thief from many a matter, then; but where wert thou last night, and what is thy home?"

The cowl-bearer said: "In Grief-ham I grew up; but heart drave me hither, and home have I nowhere."

The king said: "Maybe indeed that thou hast been nourished in Grief-ham a certain while; yet also maybe that thou wert born in a place of peace. But in the wild-wood must thou have lain last night, for no goodman dwelleth anigh named Wolf; but whereas thou sayest thou hast no home, so is it, that thou belike deemest thy home nought, because of thy heart that drave thee hither."

Then spake Ingibiorg: "Go, Thief, get thee to some other harbour, or in to the guest-hall."

"Nay," said the king, "I am old enow to know how to marshal guests; so do off thy cowl, new-comer, and sit down on my other hand."

"Yea, old, and over old," said the queen, "when thou settest staff-carles by thy side."

"Nay, lord, it beseemeth not," said Thief; "better it were as the queen sayeth. I have been more used to boiling salt than sitting beside lords."

"Do thou my will," said the king, "for I will rule this time."

So Thief cast his cowl from him, and was clad thereunder in a

dark blue kirtle; on his arm, moreover, was the goodly gold ring, and a thick silver belt was round about him, with a great purse on it, and therein silver pennies glittering; a sword was girt to his side, and he had a great fur hood on his head, for his eyes were bleared, and his face all wrinkled.

"Ah! now we fare better, say I," quoth the king; "but do thou, queen, give him a goodly mantle, well shapen for him."

"Thou shalt rule, my lord," said the queen; "but in small account do I hold this Thief of thine."

So then he gat a good mantle over him, and sat down in the high-seat beside the king.

The queen waxed red as blood when she saw the goodly ring, yet would she give him never a word; but the king was exceeding blithe with him and said: "A goodly ring hast thou on thine arm there; thou must have boiled salt long enough to get it."

Says he, "That is all the heritage of my father."

"Ah!" says the king, "maybe thou hast more than that; well, few salt-boiling carls are thy peers, I deem, unless eld is deep in mine eyes now."

So Thief was there through the winter amid good entertainment, and well accounted of by all men; he was bounteous of his wealth, and joyous with all men; the queen held but little converse with him; but the king and he were ever blithe together.

CHAPTER XII.

Frithiof saves the King and Queen on the Ice.

THE tale tells that on a time King Ring and the queen, and a great company, would go to a feast. So the king spake to Thief: "Wilt thou fare with us, or abide at home?"

He said he had liefer go; and the king said: "Then am I the more content."

So they went on their ways, and had to cross a certain frozen water. Then said Thief: "I deem this ice untrustworthy; meseemeth ye fare unwarily."



Quoth the king: "It is often shown how heedful in thine heart thou wilt be to us."

So a little after the ice broke in beneath them, and Thief ran thereto, and dragged the wain to him, with all that was therein; and the king and the queen both sat in the same: so Thief drew it all up on to the ice, with the horses that were yoked to the wain.

Then spake King Ring: "Right well drawn, Thief! Frithiof the Bold himself would have drawn no stronger had he been here; doughty followers are such as thou!"

So they came to the feast, and there is nought to tell thereof, and the king went back again with seemly gifts.

CHAPTER XIII.

The King sleeps before Frithiof.

Now weareth away the mid-winter, and when spring cometh, the weather groweth fair, the wood bloometh, the grass groweth, and ships may glide betwixt land and land. So on a day the king says to his folk: "I will that ye come with us for our disport out into the woods, that we may look upon the fairness of the earth."

So did they, and went flock-meal with the king into the woods; but so it befell, that the king and Frithiof were gotten alone together afar from other men, and the king said he was heavy, and would fain sleep. Then said Thief: "Get thee home, then, lord, for it better beseemeth men of high estate to lie at home than abroad."

"Nay," said the king, "so will I not do." And he laid him down therewith, and slept fast, snoring loud.

Thief sat close by him, and presently drew his sword from his sheath and cast it far away from him.

A little while after the king woke up, and said: "Was it not so, FRITHIOF, that a many things came into thy mind e'en now? But well has thou dealt with them, and great honour shalt thou have of me. Lo, now, I knew thee straightway that first evening thou camest into our hall: now nowise speedily shalt thou depart from us; and somewhat great abideth thee."

Said Frithiof: "Lord king, thou hast done to me well, and in friendly wise; but yet must I get me gone soon, because my company cometh speedily to meet me, as I have given them charge to do."

So then they rode home from the wood, and the king's folk came flocking to him, and home they fared to the hall and drank joyously; and it was made known to all folk that Frithiof the Bold had been abiding there through the winter-tide.

CHAPTER XIV.

King Ring's Gift to Frithiof.

EARLY of a morning-tide one smote on the door of that hall, wherein slept the king and queen, and many others: then the king asked who it was that called at the hall door; and so he who was without said: "Here am I, Frithiof; and I am arrayed for my departure."

Then was the door opened, and Frithiof came in, and sang a stave:

*"Have great thanks for the guesting
Thou gavest with all bounty;
Dight fully for wayfaring.
Is the feeder of the eagle;
But, Ingibiorg, I mind thee
While yet on earth we tarry;
Live gloriously! I give thee
This gift for many kisses."*

And therewith he cast the goodly ring towards Ingibiorg, and bade her take it.

The king smiled at this stave of his, and said: "Yea, forsooth, she has more thanks for thy winter quarters than I; yet hath she not been more friendly to thee than I."

Then sent the king his serving-folk to fetch victuals and drink, and saith that they must eat and drink before Frithiof departed. "So arise, queen, and be joyful!" But she said she was loath to fall a-feasting so early.

"Nay, we will eat all together," said King Ring; and they did so.

But when they had drank a while King Ring spake: "I would that thou abide here, Frithiof; for my sons are but children and I am old, and unmeet for the warding of my realm, if any should bring war against it."

Frithiof said: "Speedily must I be gone, lord." And he sang:

*"Oh, live, King Ring,
Both long and hale!
The highest king
Neath heaven's skirt!
Ward well, O king,
Thy wife and land,
For Ingibiorg now
Never more shall I meet."*

Then quoth King Ring:

*"Fare not away,
O Frithiof, thus,
With downcast heart,
O dearest of chieftains!
For now will I give thee
For all thy good gifts,
Far better things
Than thou wottest thyself."*

And again he sang:

*"To Frithiof the famous
My fair wife I give,
And all things therewith
That are unto me."*

Then Frithiof took up the word and sang:

*"Nay, how from thine hands
These gifts may I have,
But if thou hast fared
By the last way of fate?"*

The king said: "I would not give thee this, but that I deem it will soon be so, for I sicken now. But of all men I would that thou shouldest have the joy of this; for thou art the crown of all Norway. The name of king will I give thee also; and all this, because Ingibiorg's brethern would begrudge thee any honour; and would be slower in getting thee a wife than I am."

Said Frithiof: "Have all thanks, lord, for thy good will beyond that I looked for! but I will have no higher dignity than to be called earl."

Then King Ring gave Frithiof rule over all his realm in due wise, and the name of earl therewith; and Frithiof was to rule it until such time as the sons of King Ring were of age to rule their own realm. So King Ring lay sick a little while, and then died; and great mourning was made for him; then was there a mound cast over him, and much wealth laid therein, according to his bidding.

Thereafter Frithiof made a noble feast, whereunto his folk came; and thereat was drunken at one and the same time the heritage feast after King Ring, and the bridal of Frithiof and Ingibiorg.

After these things Frithiof abode in his realm, and was deemed therein a most noble man; he and Ingibiorg had many children.

CHAPTER XV.

Frithiof King in Sogn.

Now those kings of Sogn, the brethren of Ingibiorg, heard these tidings, how that Frithiof had gotten a king's rule in Ringrealm, and had wedded Ingibiorg their sister. Then says Helgi to Halfdan, his brother, that unheard of it was, and a deed over-bold, that a mere hersir's son should have her to wife: and so thereat they gather together a mighty army, and go their ways therewith to Ringrealm, with the mind to slay Frithiof, and lay all his realm under them.

But when Frithiof was ware of this, he gathered folk, and spake to the queen moreover: "New war is come upon our realm; and now, in whatso wise the dealings go, fain am I that thy ways to me grow no colder."

She said: "In such wise have matters gone that I must needs let thee be the highest."

Now was Biorn come from the east to help Frithiof: so they fared to the fight, and it befell, as ever erst, that Frithiof was the foremost in the peril: King Helgi and he came to handy-blows, and there he slew King Helgi.

Then bade Frithiof raise up the Shield of Peace, and the battle was stayed; and therewith he cried to King Halfdan: "Two choices are in thine hands now, either that thou give up all to my will, or else gettest thou thy bane like thy brother; for now may men see that mine is the better part."

So Halfdan chose to lay himself and his realm under Frithiof's sway; and so now Frithiof became ruler over Sogn-folk, and Halfdan was to be Hersir in Sogn and pay Frithiof tribute, while Frithiof ruled Ringrealm. So Frithiof had the name of King of Sogn-folk from the time that he gave up Ringrealm to the sons of King Ring, and thereafter he won Hordaland also. He and Ingibiorg had two sons, called Gunnthiof and Hunthiof, men of might, both of them.

AND SO HERE ENDETH THE STORY OF FRITHIOF THE BOLD.



THE PLASTIC WORD.

"As if a new creation heard
Some divine and plastic word,
And trembling at its new-found being" . . .

'The Seraphim,' *E. B. Browning.*



THE earth is trodden to-day by the being conscious of the indwelling of an immortal soul, the intimate stranger of his very Self; a soul that utters to him secrets of eternity in the silences and sets upon his life the sacred seal of faith and promise.

Let the vision sweep backward and behold man in the first

wonder of his creation, before the first wild exultant rune was sung, before the great ear of mountain and sea heard the cry of his first song — before he knew himself a poet face to face with the finite and the infinite, and felt the truths — the mighty facts of mortality and immortality, or lifted himself

“To universal nature's depth and height
The tremor of an inexpressive thought
Too self-amazed to shape itself aloud.”

Man was, in the mist of that early dawn simply obstructing the unknown ; he roamed an unconscious, cosmopolite ; there was no perspective of any past in the mental shadows of which lay speechless and pulseless a plasmic concept, — no introspection to pierce the infinite, no moral reflex to tuition the conscience. The primitive habitant lived his hour, sufficed unto the animal within him. In time his cosmic relation begot necessity and his environment fostered it ; between himself and his fellow man a mutual interposition of meaning required application of sound to gesture to indicate desires, and thus motives and their objectivity were crudely understood. Had the primal creature been able, like Odin on his throne at Asgard, to discern the mind of his fellow man by mere envisagement, there had been, of course, no need of speech, but as the soul was not awakened and human need was not to be outwitted, thus from the stress of the immediate, sprang the genesis of the wondrous fabric of structural language. Man in the clearance of mental vision caught at angular consonant and rounded vowel wherefrom speech was drawn as remotely as is the note of a violin from the earth-hidden rootlets up through the growth of its native tree.

When the creature drifted hither and thither in the aggregation of tribal numbers, distance echoed dissentient voices, fragments of speech were seized upon, and forth from was builded a various and eviternal language.

“Words are the common property of all men, yet from words, Thou, Architect of Immortalities, pilest up temples that shall outlive the pyramids, and the leaf of the papyrus becomes a Shinar

stately with towers round which the deluge of ages shall roar in vain."

Since Ancient Skald and Mystagogue had power by song to wake the dead from their darksome abode, or since in other lands, under the Sacred Oak of Dodona the Oracle fluttered forth her prophetic leaves, — words bearing the balance of rhythm or the sorcery of portent were held as supernatural and potent. With the Norse peoples runic characters possessed meanings beyond the literal, cold credulity was by their power wrought to inspired outbursts of religious frenzy and vivid imagination was engrafted upon a mystic faith.

"The mythos is the undisclosed thought of the soul, the characteristic trail of the myth is to convert reflection into history," hence it is well to be "reverent before the superhuman."

Words disposed and combined in a certain manner had power to work wonders and foretell the future, there were runes to guard against poison, to dispel melancholy and to adjure evils; the same words were used in casting spells but in varied arrangement, being written up and down, from right to left or they followed the mystic midgard circle (symbol of a symbol). The 'Havé-Mal' says:

"I know a song which the sons of men ought to sing if they would become skillful physicians.

I know a song by which I soften and enchant the arms of my enemies, and render their weapons of no effect.

I know a song which I need only sing when men have loaded me with bonds, for the moment I sing it my chains fall into pieces and I walk forth in liberty.

I know a song useful to all mankind, for as soon as hatred inflames the sons of men, the moment I sing it they are appeased.

I know a song of such virtue, that were I caught in a storm, I can hush the winds and render the air perfectly calm."

This poem is called the 'Canticle of the Sublime.'

The sun of Asia melted into euphony the tongues of Europe. Greek and Celtic found the symphony of speech befitting climes of dreamy waters and radiant shores. Language from the Aryan nest, *Litú*-Slavic-Baltic, and Slavonic, spread its pinions, and settled

upon the lips of the Indo-Germanic peoples in harsher tones and more vigorous expression, and, later on, was subdued into the syllabic sweetness of the sunlit hills of Latin lands, vowel and consonant through linguistic disguise revealing the idiosyncrasy of a people or the influence of climate. Borne upon the drift of time the subtleties of sound reached formalization and attained to the classic.

Words are to the mind what feet are to the body, bearing it on into realms of congregate learning under the dictum of science or into the divergencies of philosophy. Words are to the soul what wings are to a bird, carrying melody of thought and utterance unto the heart of song. In Music words falter before the illimitable, peri-like the human voice trembles before the gateway of the infinite.

Xenocrates recognized three degrees of knowledge, *thought*, *perception*, *envisagement* (or intuition); *thought* busied itself beyond the heavens, *perception* with things in the heavens, and *intuition* with the heavens themselves. Man seeks forever to unfold the silence — to touch the stars — he is beholden to no power in his onward flight,— but feels that —

“ Many changes rise on
Their phantasmal mysteries.
They grow to an horizon
Where earth and heaven meet ;
And like a wing that dies on
The vague twilight verges,
Many a sinking dream doth fleet
Lessening down their secrecies,
And, as dusk with day converges,
Their orbs are tremulously
Over-gloomed and over-glowed with hope and fear of
things to be.”

‘ The Mistress of Vision,’ *Francis Thompson*.

The universal soul of the Hindus draws from its own essence the spirit, while the lower soul gives consciousness of self. No

sooner is speculation defined to reason, than Science dominates, and Truth seeks to promulgate its law. God speaks to us in many voices, in Music which is the speech of Heaven, it reaches the ear from innumerable vibrations, and "the heavens declare the glory of God."

In Holy Writ the heavens are spoken of as a book, a written scroll and we are told "that an understanding eye may distinguish that the stars in their groups form Hebrew letters, and according to the Qaballah (the esoteric doctrine of the ancient Hebrews) the stars severally and collectively were represented by letters of their alphabet and to read the stars was more than a metaphysical expression with them. Jews, Platonists, and Fathers of the Church believed in a celestial writing. The key, however, to the cypher in which the story is written has long been lost and so the mute speech wherein "Day unto day altereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge" no longer survives as a living language understood of the peoples — but the word of the Psalmist has come to be regarded as sacred imagery and oriental figurative speech.*

The legend of some 'Lost Word' has been the burden of a mystery weighing upon the centuries among many peoples. In the great 'Book of Spirits' is taught the all encompassing power of the mysterious *Aum*. Brahma alone could explain it, and it is all potent in the Yogi philosophy. Another word more sacred still there was, and this awful secret of which the Brahma held the key, was to be transmitted in a sealed casket to his successor. In Ancient *Suomi* they held to the belief in the missing message: — the rune of 'The Lost Word.' In the epic poem, the 'Kalevala,' the old magician Wainamoinen is told that the 'Lost Word' is in the mouth of the dead Wipunen, straightway he hastens to the tomb to recover the magic words of wisdom. On his return his brother, Ilmarinen asks him,

* See Albert Ross Parsons's work, 'New Light from the Great Pyramid.'

“Hast thou found the long-lost wisdom,
Hast thou heard the secret doctrine,
Hast thou learned the master-magic?”

and Wainamoinen replies:—

“I have learned of words a hundred,
Learned a thousand incantations,
Hidden deep for many ages,
Learned the words of secret doctrine,
Found the lost words of the master.”

A sentence is the incarnation of the idea, and words the sinews of its construction, as thought is the pulse of its being; inspiration breathes its spirit into the soul of the structure, the looming temple from the crude material. Letters as characters are the transvariant bits for the infinitudes of combination, as sounds they are the inflective notes of speech. A simple word is a sensate power awakened by inspirit of meaning which as intent convenes from the mystery of infinite relation. Language has been conquered and governed by the inevitable conditions of the past taking cast from tribal isolation. The sea, which was the battlefield of the Vikings, mingled its forceful roar and grasp of sound above confusion, filling the lungs and steeling the voice of those northern tongues, that even in invasion and dispersion left its impress of strength. The Jews we are told came out of Egypt still retaining a pure Semitic language. We glean knowledge from natural groups rather than from the limit of tribe or country; as a writer says: “We may have our heaven from the Sanscrit *hemala* inter-related to the Mæso-Gothic *himmins* and the old Norse *himini*.” “The ancient Egyptian preserved on the oldest monuments, as well as the late Christian manuscripts of the Copts, shows, according to Brugsch Bey, no traces of derivation from the African families. On the contrary primitive roots and essential elements point to an ultimate connection with the Indo-Germanic and Semitic languages, so we find it impossible to mistake the relative intercourse of these peoples.”

We have the hereditary title to words, but we ourselves give

them identical significance, — the garb of our thought. There is a mental individuality which marks the man and makes him feel at times, that—

“ His voice rose as some chief musician’s song,
Amid the old Jewish temple’s Selah-pause.”

This quality of mind, as distinctive as physical personality, confers what is termed style in literature. By it we recognize the peculiar interpretation a man gives which is his own, that fibre of self that tendrils about the subject and gives him equipoise. The temper of sensibility guides the bent of even a single word which in projection of tone reveals the color and shading of the soul — it may be the cry of Hagar in the wilderness or the heart-crooning “ *Wys-Wys* ” of the Lapland mother — the lament of the Russian *Gaplachke* or the Corsican *vocifrators*, the Greek *myrologists* or the sad Irish *keening*. The misplacement of a letter cost the lives of a portion of Hannibal’s army, a tragedy lay in the difference between *Casonium* and *Casilinum*.

Words are all things, the investiture of the beautiful, a mask of the vile. Words have saved the human race from base instinct by shaping and coloring the mind reflexly. Speech is the baptism of the material and the immaterial. Silence is the *répose* of speech. The beautiful smoulders in the poet’s soul until roused to living fire it leaps upon the mastery of expression, and the rare and hidden moments of life cry out from their night of solitude. The poet concentrates time and encircles the limitless, he calls down the gods and shakes the elements from out their hiding, — he awakens caverns — the might of creation is his own. Emerson says :

“ All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology. . . . As the eyes of Lynceus were said to see through the earth, so the poet turns the world to glass, and shows us all things in their right series and procession. For, through that better perception he stands one step nearer to things, and sees the flowing or metamorphosis ; perceives that thought is multiform ; that within the form of every creature is a force impelling it to ascend into a higher form ; and, following with his eyes the life, uses the forms which express that life, and so his speech flows with the flowing of nature.”

So Emerson calls the poet "The Namer" or "The Language-Maker."

"Though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius, . . . for the moment it symbolized the world to the first speaker and to the hearer."

Speech was never the outcast of Science, language was engathered into the fold, its possibilities weighed and from the purity of Greek and Latin root has sprung a luxuriance in the domain of Letters. An author confesses himself to the world and draws a magic circle about his personality. He turns the complexion of his affairs, the contour of the intellect to the public. Reverting to the old pride in the poets, when the person of the poet was sacred from turmoil and battle, we are told that after the defeat of the Athenians, the Sicilians spared anyone who could repeat the poetry of Euripides. The dignity of Edda and Saga was defended in its native Iceland and the 'Song of the Prophetess' rang out high and clear. Old Egypt took grandly to the poets three hundred years before Moses the Seer of Amen sang the praises of his God and King :

"I shine in the light of the morning sun through thy love,
And my heart is enraptured if thou directest thy noble step to my temple—"

The following inscription taken from the tomb of *Men-Kau-ra* is preserved in the Gallery of Antiquities in the British Museum :—

"O Osiris who hast become King of Egypt,
Son of Urania, heir of Kronos,
Over thee may she stretch herself and cover thee,
Thy divine Mother Urania in her name, as mystery of heaven,
May she grant thou shouldst be like God, free from all evils,
King *Men-Kau-ra* living eternally."

Song is the sublimation of speech ; the colorature of the voice is its shades of emotion, for a sound is an impalpable presence. We find a soul in the song when a song is in the soul of the singer. The voice betrays the passion as the tempest betrays nature, tone without sympathy is but a vagrance of sound. Song is the transcendence of expression, as the poem is the superlative note of lan-

guage. Speech is the incision of thought, its harmony is "to hear the silence open as a flower." A mere word has the wings of immortality and bears beyond, the soul's responsibility. So, the poet may touch the Sun and bring the "dust of golden lilies" to the feet of the world. The word is superior to the letters composing it, but the sense is superior to both. "The Word of God is the meaning of God — the word of Life is the significance thereof. Nature is the word — God is the sense." So, after all, the lines in 'Festus' are true :

"All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing, or, like the air
Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,
Sweeping miles broad, o'er the far western woods,
With mighty glimpses of the central light, —
Or may be nothing — bodiless, spiritless."

Anna Cox Stephens.



ELIZABETHAN WOMEN.

IF one is going to look back at the life of women in the past, the period called the Elizabethan age, by which is generally meant the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, has peculiar attractions. It has in the first place the interest of the Renaissance in general, that is, of the period when society in the modern sense reappeared, after having given place for a thousand years to the dust and darkness of barbarism and feudalism. Under the iron system of the Middle Ages women could play but little part away from their own hearth-stones. It was only with the gradual establishment of civil government and the arts of peace that the subtler pleasures and occupations of social life could make any progress, that men and women could meet together on a footing of equality,

that refinement of manners and keenness of intelligence could attain superiority over the coarser passions and brute force. It is a study of endless curiosity to watch the development of these things, to see how lust and greed gradually ceased to be the ruling motives of existence and gave way to desires perhaps equally selfish, but more delicate in their satisfaction, more varied and complex in their stimulus. The gorgeous glow of painting, the subtle witchery of language, the splendor of great festivals and costly pageants, the clash of quick wit and interchange of thought — all these began to fill the minds of men — and women — in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and occupied them with more joy and intensity of possession than they have ever done since, because then the delights were new and untried, mankind had been debarred from them for ages, and had not learned or had forgotten, the satiety and ennui which lurk hidden under the finer satisfactions of sense and thought even more than under the coarser pursuits of a barbarous period.

The age of Elizabeth is interesting, too, because, unlike the Renaissance epoch in Italy, and far more than the same period in France, it was an age of national greatness and glory. The England of Queen Elizabeth was, in the main, a free, a prosperous, and a united England. It was a nation which stood successfully for a great spiritual principle and was aware that it so stood. This consciousness gave individuality and distinction, not only to its literature, but to every Englishman and Englishwoman.

For the study of the life of women, the age of Elizabeth has this further advantage: the chief political and social figure was a woman. Queen Elizabeth can hardly be called attractive personally, much as we should like to think her so. She is a peculiarly unfortunate type of womanhood, inasmuch as her most feminine qualities were her worst qualities, and what was good in her was as unfeminine as possible. Nevertheless she was a great and in many ways a queenly lady, the sovereign of a mighty and triumphant people, and as such she must have exercised and doubtless did exercise an important influence on the position and life of



the women of her day; although her extreme jealousy both of beauty and of intelligence in her own sex made this influence much less than it might otherwise have been.

Lastly, the age of Elizabeth was the great age of English literature, and inasmuch as written records of one kind or another are our main dependence in any attempt to revive the life of the past, it is a great advantage to deal with a period that is illuminated by the keenest observation, the profoundest moral insight, and the broadest intellectual power, to say nothing of that imaginative richness and beauty in which Shakespeare and his great fellows stand supreme.

The poetry of Sidney and Spenser, the prose of Bacon and Burton, above all, the great Elizabethan drama from Marlowe to Shirley, offer an abundant field of investigation for the student of history. And so far as the drama is concerned, it is important to note that the supreme excellence of the Elizabethans lies in the direction most useful to the observer of human life. If we compare the Elizabethan Drama with the Spanish, for instance, we shall find the works of Lope and Calderon full of endless variety and ingenuity of plot and intrigue, but singularly poor and bare in treatment of character. The English dramatists, on the other hand, even Shakespeare, are most at fault in construction; but where no other literature in the world can for a moment be named with them is in the inexhaustible richness and fertility with which they created and poured forth human beings, men and women, of all occupations and all classes of society, crowding and jostling each other, now with tears and now with merriment, as men and women do on the great theatre of human life. It is true that this is a literature of men only, a literature rather peculiarly masculine: perhaps we should have got more light on the women of that day, if we had had a George Sand or a George Eliot to draw them for us. Yet no one will deny not only the essentials, but the fine flower of womanhood to Viola and Portia, to Desdemona and Imogen.

A comprehensive comparative account of the life of women in

different periods of history and among different peoples is, I believe, yet to be written, and could not fail to be most interesting. We should not, however, get much that would be satisfactory outside of the European nations. The life of women in the East has always been a secluded one and still continues to be so. The life of the women of ancient Greece is often spoken of as being the same; but a slight investigation shows that this was far from being the case, as, indeed, we see at once when we look at Greek literature and find the parts played by Helen and Penelope, by Clytemnestra, by Antigone, and by Electra. In Rome, also, women make a conspicuous figure in politics as well as in social life. The chapter on women in 'La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonines,' by M. Gaston Boissier, contains some very interesting statements in this connection. He shows that, in spite of the severity of the Roman law in the letter with regard to women, they practically managed to secure under the empire an enormous influence in public affairs. The wives of the proconsuls accompanied them to their provinces and, says M. Boissier, "no suit for bribery ever took place that the governor's wife was not concerned in it. 'All the intriguers of the province addressed themselves to her; she got her finger into all business and had the settling of it.' (Vol. II, p. 221, quoted from Tacitus.) She concerned herself with everything, even with military discipline and the direction of armies. Sometimes, even, on horseback beside her husband, she was present at parades, held the chief place at reviews, and harangued the troops." M. Boissier further tells us that the Roman ladies formed associations corresponding entirely to our women's clubs. One of them was called *Sodalitas Pudicitiae Servandae*, as we should say, *Watch and Ward Society*. A still more curious institution was the *Conventus Matronarum*, a sort of public body, which had at one time actual political powers. "It was to bear the name of *Little Senate*, *Senaculum*. It passed laws to settle all questions of etiquette: it decided, for instance, what should be the dress of women according to their rank; to whom belonged precedence in ceremonies; when two of them met which should take the first steps to

come and salute the other ; what sort of equipage or carriage each might use, etc., etc." We see that history repeats itself and that the new woman is not quite so new as she thinks.

After we leave the society of Western Rome, we enter for a thousand years the darkness of the Middle Ages. When we issue forth again we find that the classical tradition in regard to women has been much modified by two great influences : the Madonna and saint worship of the Catholic church and the strong moral sentiment of the Germanic nations. The recognition and appreciation of women in modern times owes much to these two influences ; but the form in which we first find them at work is the institution of chivalry. The view taken of woman by chivalry and which is expressed in the word, chivalrous, has met recently with a good deal of abuse. It is said that under pretence of exalting woman, this view really debases her and makes her a mere doll instead of the companion and equal of man. It is certain that chivalry embodies very different ideals for men and women, instead of setting woman, as some people apparently wish to do at present, to be the competitor of man in every direction. Spenser, the most exquisite literary representative of chivalric feeling, Spenser, who wrote, —

" For knights and all men this by nature have
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave,"

would certainly have been astounded at some of the views held by modern advocates of woman's equality — or shall we say, supremacy? At any rate, at the beginning of the Elizabethan period we find the chivalric view of woman's character largely prevalent.

It is easy, of course, to find in Elizabethan literature plenty of examples of the abuse and condemnation of the female character and life. "Frailty, thy name is woman," is an old text. "An we might have a good woman born for every blazing star or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well," says the Clown to the Countess Rousillon. Solomon and Homer and Simonides said the same sort of thing long before. The Elizabethans repeat it with what would be wearisome iteration, if it were not for their splendid language. "What is a woman," says Nash, "but an enemy to

friendship, an inevitable pain, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desired calamity, a domestical danger, a delectable detriment, the nature of the which is evil shadowed with the color of goodness?" (*Anatomie of Absurdity*, I, 19, ed. Grosart.) The odd treatise of Dekker entitled, "A banquet for bachelors: wherein is prepared sundry dainty dishes to furnish their table, curiously dressed and seriously served in, pleasantly discoursing the variable humors of women, their quickness of wits and unsearchable deceits," is nothing but a fierce diatribe against marriage. Written with remarkable energy and clearness, it contains much fine observation of human life not wholly inapplicable to-day, though it has no pretension to be anything but a piece of special pleading. Another brilliant expression of the same thing is the bitter speech of Monsieur D'Olive in Chapman's play: "O, me! what a hell 'tis for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, waiting-maids et cetera. I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable, if she be wise, imperious as an empress, all she does must be law, all she says, gospel. O, what a penance 'tis to endure her." And here is another variant in simple, but effective verse:

"Good Lord, what kind of creatures women are!
Their love is lightly won and lightly lost;
And then their hate is deadly and extreme.
He that doth take a wife, betakes himself
To all the cares and troubles of the world."

('Two Angry Women of Abingdon,' II, 2.)

Field's brilliant play, 'A Woman Is a Weathercock,' was written in this vein of satire, but the author afterwards attempted to redeem his credit by another comedy, 'Amends for Ladies.' In general, of course, attacks of this sort have little more than a rhetorical value. They simply represent the spleen of one sex revenging itself on the other for an undeniable superiority in certain directions. As Ricardo generously puts it:

"O, Viola, that no succeeding age
Might lose the memory of what thou wert !
But such an overwayéd sex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do
Are but as men will call them : and I swear,
'Tis my belief that women want but ways
To praise their deeds, but men want deeds to praise."

(Beaumont and Fletcher, 'Coxcomb,' V, 3.)

One cannot but feel a slight taint of cowardice in this tendency to presume upon the control of literature, and it bears in upon us forcibly what has been often asserted, that at the bottom of all the relations between men and women there is a fundamental hatred.

The inferiority and insufficiency of women is sometimes more subtly and delicately expressed by putting it into the mouths of the women themselves, as in Fletcher's lines ('Maid's Tragedy,' iv, 1), which George Eliot took as a motto for Dorothea,—

"Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."

A minor character in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of Malta' speaks as follows : "There is no wife, if she be good and true, will honor and obey, but must reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him ; if he look sad upon her, she must not look merrily upon him ; if he look merrily, she must not look sorrowfully ; else she is a false glass and fit for nothing but breaking ; his anger must be her discontent ; his pleasure, her delight ; if he weep, she must cry ; if he laugh, she must show her teeth ; if he be sick, she must not be in health ; if he eat caudles, she must eat pottage : she must have no proper passion of her own." Zanthia in Marston's 'Sophonisba' moralizes to the same effect with all Marston's intellectual dignity and more than his usual emotion :

"Alas, fair princess ! those that are strongly formed
And truly shaped may naked walk ; but we,
We things called women, only made for show
And pleasure, created to bear children
And play at shuttlecock ; we imperfect mixtures,

Without respective ceremony used,
And ever compliment, alas ! what are we?
Take from us formal custom and the courtesies
Which civil fashion hath still used to us,
We fall to all contempt."

Even when the Elizabethans mean to speak well of women, they often use a condescension which is rather vexatious from a modern point of view.

" They are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that superstition
Of doting fondness,"

says Fletcher's Marc Antonio. ('Love's Pilgrimage,' ii, 3.) We have seen that Spenser was almost an ideal worshipper of womanhood in what he considered to be its proper sphere, but he frowns most energetically on any attempt to go beyond that sphere. Britomart, having conquered Radegund ('Faery Queene,' v, 7), takes prompt measures to suppress the Amazonian Republic, and

" Changing all that form of common weal,
The liberty of women did repeal,
Which they had long usurped ; and them restoring
To men's subjection did true justice deal :
That all they as a goddess her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkened to her loving."

The charming play of 'Patient Grissil' probably represented to an Elizabethan audience the model of a virtuous and admirable wife. Today we are more inclined to call her a silly slave and give our attention chiefly to the wanton tyranny of her husband. Even the beautiful words which Sidney puts into the mouth of Cecropia in the third book of 'The Arcadia' represent marriage a little from the point of view of servitude: "A yoke, indeed, we all bear, laid upon us in our creation, which by marriage is not increased ; but thus far eased, that you have a yoke-fellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. . . . Believe me, niece, believe me, man's experience is woman's best eyesight. Have you ever seen a pure rose water kept in a crystal glass? How fine it



looks, how sweet it smells, while that beautiful glass imprisons it. Break the prison and let the water take his own course, doth it not embrace dust and lose all his former sweetness and fairness? Truly, so are we, if we have not the stay rather than the restraint of crystalline marriage? My heart melts to think of the sweet comfort I, in that happy time, received, when I had never cause to care, but the care was doubled; when I never rejoiced but I saw my joy shine in another's eyes." The neatest literary expression of this patronizing masculine attitude is the speech of Eve in 'Paradise Lost,' iv, 634:

"To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :
'My author and disposer, what thou biddst
Unargued I obey, so God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine : To know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.'"

We are perfectly well aware that Eve is talking for the sake of talking, still it is hard for the new woman to own her as a mother.

It is needless to add that Elizabethan literature has also abundant appreciation of the beauty of the feminine character and the sacredness of marriage, from the homely admonition of the moralizing Breton in 'A Merry Dialogue': "Take God for thy chief good, thy wit for thy servant, thy wife for thy companion, and thy children for thy comfort: and what thou hast, take patiently and thankfully," to Ricardo's high-flown raptures in Beaumont and Fletcher, 'Coxcomb,' v, 2:

"O, women, that some one of you will take
An everlasting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ shall make
More lasting than the marble monuments)
Your matchless virtues to posterities,
Which the defective race of envious man
Strive to conceal."

One of the sweetest passages of this kind is in the great work of Burton: "You know marriage is honorable, a blessed calling, appointed by God himself in Paradise; it breeds true peace, tran-

quillity, content, and happiness, . . . when they live without jarring, scolding, lovingly, as they should do. . . . There is no pleasure in this world comparable to it. . . . As one holds, there's something in a woman beyond all human delight, a magnetic virtue, a charming quality, a powerful motive. The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart, he is her servant, she his only joy and content ; no happiness is like unto it, no love so great as this of man and wife, no such comfort as *placens uxor*, a sweet wife : — '*Omnis amor magnus, sed apertio in conjuge major*,' — when they love at last as fresh as they did at first, '*Charaque charo consenescit conjugi*,' as Homer brings Paris kissing Helen after they had been married ten years, protesting withal, that he loved her as dear as he did the first hour he was betrothed."

I have referred to Spenser as exemplifying chivalric feeling, and I think it would be easy to show that among the writers who followed him, even within the limits of the period we are considering, a change took place in the direction of taking woman down from her ideal pedestal and placing her on the dull and earthly level of man, a change at first not wholly to her advantage. Beside the lovely heroines of the 'Faery Queene' we should set those not less lovely of 'The Arcadia,' Philoclea and Pamela, and I think that some even of Shakespeare's sweetest ladies seem less ideally perfect than these. I am quite sure that when we come to the later drama of Fletcher and Massinger, we find the standard of womanhood very decidedly degraded, though this is, of course, partially due to their being poets of a court, rather than, like Shakespeare, of humanity. The same process of degradation continues through the Restoration drama and into the eighteenth century, till we arrive at Mrs. Shandy, in representing whom Sterne certainly reached the anti-climax of chivalry. At the same time, with the words of Richardson the opposite tone begins to make itself felt and we see woman preparing to take the position she now occupies in modern life. There may be something a little fantastic in this theory of the gradual degradation and transforma-

tion of the chivalric ideal, but the course of literature does certainly seem to suggest it.

We must not, however, trust too much to literature if we want to get at a true picture of common daily life. Authors are always inclined to seize the exceptional, and if we attended only to the Elizabethan dramatists, we should be led to think of the women of that time as largely occupied in deceiving their husbands, idle and wanton, gross in their language, and altogether inferior to the wives and mothers of to-day. Just as we should get a similar impression, if we knew nothing of contemporary life in France, but what we could gather from plays and novels. We must rely on the literature not for a complete and final picture of national character in finished figures, but for the innumerable little touches of human nature in detail, with which the great Elizabethans unconsciously supply us at every turn. Fortunately we have, also, a great body of letters and familiar documents in which we get a truer view of the general traits of woman's life than could ever be reflected from the stage.

From a legal point of view the position of Elizabethan women, as of English women at any time before this century, cannot but be rather shocking to our present ideas. The tendency to treat them as slaves and chattels was very marked. Manningham, for instance, in his diary, narrates the following, which certainly strikes us as somewhat extraordinary: "My cousin, she told me that when she was first married to her husband, March, as she rode behind him, she slipped down and he left her behind, never looked back to take her up; so she went so long afoot, that she took it so unkindly that she thought never to have come again to him, but to have sought a service in some unknown place; but he took her at last."

But I cannot illustrate this point of view better than by quoting some remarks from Christian's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, written, of course, long after Elizabeth's time, but giving the main facts about woman's legal position up to a very

recent period. In the first place, Blackstone, after going into some legal details, expresses himself as follows :

"These are the chief legal effects of marriage during the coverture ; upon which we may observe that even the disabilities, which the wife lies under, are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit. So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England."

To this the editor appends the following interesting note :

"Nothing, I apprehend, would more conciliate the good-will of the student in favor of the laws of England than the persuasion that they had shown a partiality to the female sex. But I am not so much in love with my subject as to be inclined to leave it in possession of a glory which it may not justly deserve. In addition to what has been observed in this chapter by the learned commentator, I shall here state some of the principal differences in the English law respecting the two sexes ; and I shall leave it to the reader to determine on which side is the balance and how far this compliment is supported by truth.

"Husband and wife in the language of the law are styled *baron* and *feme*. . . . If the baron kills his feme, it is the same as if he had killed a stranger or any other person ; but if the feme kills her baron it is regarded by the laws as a much more atrocious crime. . . . The law denominates her crime a species of treason. . . . And for every species of treason till the 30 Geo. III c. 48 the sentence of women was to be drawn and burnt alive."

Farther on he adds with regard to civil law : "A woman's personal property by marriage becomes absolutely her husband's, which at his death he may leave entirely away from her ; but if he dies without will, she is entitled to one-third of his property, if he has children ; if not, to one half."

And it is interesting to find the following words written before 1807 : "With regard to the property of women there is taxation without representation ; for they pay taxes without having the liberty of voting for representatives ; and, indeed, there seems a

present no substantial reason why women should be denied this privilege."

In conclusion, he adds: "From this impartial statement of the account, I fear there is little reason to pay a compliment to our laws for their respect and favor to the female sex." (Christian's Blackstone, Portland, 1807, p. 444.)

Boissier, speaking of the extreme severity of the Roman laws with regard to women, points out that their very severity made them a dead letter, and the same is, of course, true of England and all the modern nations, as soon as order and civilization began to get the upper hand. Even in public affairs women had begun to exert their influence long before the days of Elizabeth. In fashions, in social conventions, in questions of literature and art, evidence is everywhere at hand that their taste was consulted and flattered:

"Ten to one

We please the women, and I'd know the man

Follows not their example."

(Prologue of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Love's Pilgrimage.')

As for the sovereignty of women in domestic affairs, there needs no proof that it has been supreme since the days of Eve, unbroken by war, tumult or rebellion. The husband in 'The Alchemist,' who appears mending his wife's stockings, is a creature of other days as well as of his own. It would be useless to quote further Elizabethan illustrations of anything so common to all human nature, if it were not for the brilliancy of the Elizabethan way of putting things. But here is a forcible statement of one woman's view of matrimony put in her mouth by a man, to be sure. (Brome, 'Northern Lass,' I, 6.): "*Imprimis*. To have the whole sway of the house and all domestical affairs, as of accounts of household charges, placing and displacing of all servants in general; to have free liberty to go on all my visits, and though my knight's occasions be never so urgent and mine of no moment, yet to take from him the command of his coach; to be in special fee with his best trusted servant, nor to let one live with him that will not bewray all his counsels to me; to study and practice the art of

jealousy; to feign anger, melancholy, or sickness to the life. These are arts that women must be well practised in ere they can attain to wisdom. . . . Besides, in all to be singular in our will; to reign, govern; ordain laws, and break 'hem, make quarrels and maintain 'hem; profess truths, devise falsehoods; protest obedience, but study nothing more than to make our husbands so; control, controvert, contradict, and be contrary to all conformity; . . . carry the inventory of our goods and the gross sum of our dowry perpetually in our mouths." Still more concise and effective are the four lines of burly Harry Porter in his 'Two Angry Women of Abingdon,' II, 3:

"Let him stand ne'er so high in's own conceit,
Her wit's a sun that melts him down like butter
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,
Flat, flat, God knows, and not a word to say."

In short, in the warfare which is waging more or less constantly between the two sexes, there is no reason to suppose that the victory has been so entirely on one side, either in old times or now, as might at first appear. *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.*



ECHEGARAY: SPANISH STATESMAN, DRAMATIST, POET.

JOSÉ ECHEGARAY is certainly a prolific and even a great dramatic author, but he can hardly be called a genius, for he lacks that breath of the universal which would lift him above the barriers of place, years, and tongues and put him in union with Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. It is true that the works of these masters often betray their environment but we do not need to know that "the imperial votaress" who "passed on, in maiden meditation fancy free," referred to Queen Elizabeth, in order to understand 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' nor that Werther's Charlotte was modeled after Goethe's

own ladylove. Moreover, when we read 'The Merchant of Venice' or 'Faust' we do not say, "Only an Englishman or a German could have thought or written that," but I believe there is little of Echegaray's writings of which one would not say, "Only a Spaniard could have written that," or at least, "Only a Spaniard could accept or enjoy it." The privilege might perhaps extend to the French and the Italians whose impulsive temperament responds more readily than ours to demands upon their emotions and credulity, but, again, they would probably find the plays and sentiments of Echegaray lugubrious and lacking in humor and brilliancy.

While wit, — *sal* or salt, — is a marked quality of the Spanish mind, yet it is Oriental, proverbial, aphoristic, rather than brilliant, cutting or frivolous like that of their Latin neighbors, and I venture to assert that the Spaniard is totally lacking in that indefinable thing which we call the sense of humor.

Imagine, then, a man of these people, yet not of the warm Andalusian temperament, for, judging from his name with its Basque ending in *garay* he is of northern and cooler antecedents, — born in the heart of Castile (Madrid, 1835), a professor of mathematics in the School of Engineers at the age of twenty-three, and soon writing and publishing works on kindred subjects which certainly admit of no levity or scintillation. He was made Minister of Commerce in 1868, just in time to participate in the national crisis which hurled Isabella II beyond the Pyrenees and the people into the chaos of civil war. After Amadeo's short reign, ending in his abdication in 1872, the Republicans, — mostly men who had learned new lessons in exile, forgetting that their countrymen at home were less well prepared for the application of modern ideas, — tried their hand at new institutions, and Echegaray was made Minister of Public Instruction in 1873, under the Presidency of Castelar, and Minister of Finance in 1874. Such a career was not academic in training for either a dramatist or a poet, yet in this year Echegaray produced his first plays, a one-act comedy ('El Libro Talonario') and a three-act drama ('La Esposa del Vengador'). Then, at the age of thirty-nine, he abandoned his course of politi-

cal usefulness and turned a sharp corner in his trend of thought and activity.

During the twenty-five years intervening between then and now he has produced about fifty plays, the earlier ones being generally in verse and tragico-romantic, the later more often in prose and more intellectual and psychological in character. The verse-dramas fulfilled all the Spanish requirements as to style, including long monologues that provide the cherished opportunity for declamation which we cannot altogether begrudge those who speak and hear a language so musical and sonorous as the Spanish, and, let me add, a voice so rich and sweet as that of Elisa Mendoza-Tenorio or of Rafael Calvo of the classic Teatro Espanol. Plays like 'En el Puno de la Espada' (In the Hilt of the Sword), a tragedy which strewn the stage with corpses and combined the chivalrous and the marvellous in the *dénouement*, met with a hearty reception and have been given year after year to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. The national appetite for these has hitherto been insatiable and could not have been difficult to gratify, but of late Echegaray claims to have emancipated himself from the taste and the will to do so any more, for he has broadened by travel and experience, and he has read Ibsen!

In such a play as 'El Gran Galeoto' (1882), one cannot help wishing that Echegaray had shaken off the trammels of verse and rhyme, for one feels that he has taken a long step and has something to say as well as a scene to portray. This play better deserves attention than any other of Echegaray's that I know, but it has been so admirably analyzed and translated by Hannah Lynch (*Contemporary Review*, Oct. 1893), that I can hardly add anything of value here except the suggestion that the word *galeoto* is not Spanish but Italian. Its derivation is obscure and its meaning is best left to be implied in Cary's old translation of the lines of Dante:

"*Galeoto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.*"

"The book and writer both were love's purveyors."

"In love affairs," says Ernesto in Echegaray's play, "the third

person may be dubbed truly *el galeoto*, but at times *el galeoto* is the social mass."

"Is there not in Castilian a convenient word?" asks Pepito.

"One very suitable and expressive," replies Ernesto, but with commendable delicacy he declines to use it, preferring Dante's word which has caused no end of discussion in many tongues. This play received considerable notice in London a few years ago and was announced to appear on the stage in England, but the promise was never fulfilled, I believe. A French version was produced at the Comédie-Parisienne in 1897, under the patronage of ex-Queen Isabella, when the critics described Echegaray as the Sardou of Spain.

Hannah Lynch, in the article mentioned, analyzed also the play entitled 'El Hijo de Don Juan' (The Son of Don Juan), a study in heredity, inspired, so Echegaray avers, by Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' (This and another called 'Mariana' have been translated by James Graham, London, 1893.) Echegaray's *problem-plays*, however, are not likely to be so well approved in Spain as his romantic dramas, for the Spanish mind, as I believe, is not subjective enough to enjoy or understand the psychological analysis which is the motive of Ibsen's work and which finds so many readers and imitators among us. And even Echegaray, when he attempts that kind of composition, as in 'The Son of Don Juan,' seems to be working from the outside, objectively, and his characters are puppets rather than real people.

The list of Echegaray's plays suggests at once his bias toward romance and tragedy, such as 'The Gladiator of Ravenna,' 'To Die to Waken Never,' 'The Bosom of Death,' 'The Tragic Nuptials,' 'Harold the Norman,' 'A Miracle in Egypt.' One of the historical dramas is interesting to us on account of the obverse view it affords of characters and controversies whose echoes have not yet died away. The awkward and ambiguous title contains no hint of the subject to be presented.

'Death on the Lips' was first produced in November, 1880, and still holds the boards at Madrid for occasional performances.

The chief interest lies in the character of Michael Servetus, the victim of John Calvin's suspicion and jealousy, burned at the stake with his books at Geneva in 1553. His theory of the circulation of the blood was considered heretical and, doubtless, his advanced knowledge of science led him astray from orthodoxy in other directions, so as to render him suspicious to the guardians of both the Catholic and Protestant faiths, but the grounds for Calvin's particular animosity are hard to understand. Servetus was not alone nor even first in his discovery, since Harvey published his treatise on the same in 1619 and lived till 1658 to demonstrate his theory successfully.

I have tried in vain to learn from Echegaray what his authority and sources of information on the subject are. He is either unwilling to divulge or indifferent to inquiry, although he gave me permission to translate the play for Edwin Booth who expressed interest in it. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. Barrett, however, found it too sombre and too much concerned with religious matters to suit American audiences, and there is no gainsaying their judgment.

On witnessing this play we must first recognize the fact that we are in a Catholic audience; the opening words present to us the scene, the sentiment and the principal characters from that point of view. On the balcony of a house in Geneva, in the year 1553, stands a young girl, Margarita, "beautiful as the Madonnas we see in Italy, good as the angels of God in heaven." After scanning the street anxiously she exclaims,—

"The sun is setting, the day is done; the waters of the Lake grow darker and the blue of the sky is less transparent. Another day without him! Ah, Conrad you are cruel if this delay be your fault! And if he be not to blame, why, O God dost Thou not hear my prayer? I was so happy at his side! What joy when Sunday came to escape from Geneva, after secretly hearing Mass at Roger's chapel; and he and I, with Berta and Jacobo, wandered away among the fields and valleys and hills where there is no hatred or strife, no psalms that freeze, no prayers that terrify, no blackrobed Calvinists with threatening faces. Since Conrad is

gone I seem to have fallen into an abyss where there is neither air nor light! And then, this Walter,—O God, let him soon recover his health and leave us! Let this accursed Calvinist depart and leave our house!”

This Walter is an aged Protestant personage, who, on passing the house but lately in company with John Calvin, had fallen in a fit and was given shelter by the inmate, Jacobo, a Spanish physician who adds his skill to his hospitality. But, for those who acknowledged the soil of Aragon as their patrimony, Geneva, at this time, with or without a Calvinist in the house, was a dangerous place.

“Women at the window and perhaps with a smile on the lips?” cries Jacobo reproachfully on entering the room where we have seen Margarita. “Do you not know that Calvin is inflexible, that to his implacable morality the love of light is as bad as the love of darkness, happiness nearly allied to evil, luxury to crime, joy an offense to God? Do you think I jest? Jest at Calvin, *rex pontifex*, and his batallions of French *emigrés*, I, a poor Spaniard, a physician who believes neither in God nor in the devil? Do I, the disciple of Michael Servetus, take lightly these Protestant Swiss?”

The point of view is new to us and we shudder at his recital of Calvin's persecutions and executions. Walter, a member of his Consistory, is a self-avowed persecutor of Servetus, “whom God confound or whom God put into my hands and I will confound him!” To the stake with him and his book on the Restitution of Christianity, in which, however, Jacobo boldly insists there are, besides theology and metaphysics, two priceless pages that will one day make the glory of the good Aragonese, Servetus, though he be now the perturber of Protestants, scandal of Catholics and deadly enemy of John Calvin. Walter asks if those pages treat of some great mystery,—the Holy Trinity, the Incarnate Word, Grace, Baptism?

“Nay,” replies Jacobo, “but of something which may be called the circulation of the blood.”

"I have seen blood flow and much of it," remarks Walter.

"To flow is not to circulate," answers the physician and thereupon explains almost incredulously what seems so plain to us, adding, "and half my life I would give to read that passage in his book."

"If you give so much to the book of Servetus I will take charge of the other half," cries Walter with darkened looks. His excitement over this discussion is augmented by Margarita's ensuing entreaty to him to spare the life of a woman about to be burned in the adjoining square, to which he replies harshly that Calvin knows what he is doing: weakness is a crime and woman was ever a temptation and an appetite to sin. This last is a clue to the thread of romance running through the play, for Margarita's lover, Conrad, is old Walter's son, abandoned and forgotten until they are confronted in this house, the secret being revealed first to Margarita and Servetus by old Berta the housekeeper who was present when this savage persecutor years ago broke into a Catholic chapel and murdered his wife at her prayers.

There is a pretty piece of silent acting in the second scene of the fifth act where the gruesome truth as to Conrad's kinship to Walter dawns upon Margarita's mind. The Senorita Mendoza's pantomime of four or five minutes suggested Mrs. Agnes Booth's fine play on discovering the identity of Jim the Penman.

It is the part of Servetus to be the cause of all their ruin. He knocks at their door at the hour when a price has been set upon his head, at the hour when the Counsellors of Calvin are in the house. Hearing of this he nobly hesitates to accept the hospitality of his compatriots. "You are not to blame for my strife with Calvin, or that he, a Protestant, would deliver me over to the Catholic Inquisition of France. Catholics and Protestants alike hate me and call me the accursed Spaniard.—What matter if they consign my poor body to the stake since the ardor of science has already consumed my mind and the ardor of divine love has inflamed and refined my spirit? For my book, 'The Restitution of Christianity,' Calvin hates me! His soul is cold and dry; he has never felt upon his brow the mystic kiss of God. The mystery of

the Trinity before which I humbly bow, is to him only an empty symbol. My God has never had darkness or terrors for me and my ardent soul is filled with His light." However, he at last consents to concealment for the sake of his precious book which he carries on his body, giving it into the custody of the eager and grateful Jacobo. This fateful book falls under the eye of Walter who forthwith has Jacobo put to torture.

To serve his countryman Servetus writes to Walter offering to deliver himself up, but, before accepting this, Walter endeavors to terrify Margarita into a confession of Servetus's hiding place, unaware that Conrad stands behind him with drawn dagger ready to avenge any violence done to her. Unable to contain his rage, Conrad springs upon the old man and they clinch in mortal combat, when Servetus rushes to part them and divulges to Walter's ear the identity of his son. Walter is seized with a second paroxysm and Jacobo's skill is again offered, although there is danger for all in the old man's resuscitation. Servetus calls Conrad to the bedside and says,—

"To save the life of Walter, you should, if necessary, sacrifice that of Margarita," and leading him to the window, bids him behold in the glass his own face, distorted now by angry passions, and compare it with that of the dying man, softened by pain and sorrow, the same by the law of nature and by the law of blood. "Look into your conscience, read what God has written there, obey it and all will be well."

But Conrad is put to the supreme test. Jacobo hands him the stimulant while saying with keen irony to Servetus, "His fathers' life I deliver to him in this philtre, but my conscience bids me utter this suspicion: Those lips hold the sentence of death; are they not better sealed? I leave it to you to decide."

The conflict in Conrad's mind is about like this: If, as Jacobo says, man is dust and shall return to the earth as it was, and his soul, conscience, will, and memory vanish into nothing, then it would be a crime to sacrifice Margarita and Servetus for the sake of another hour of life for this blood-stained Walter; but if Jacobo

is wrong, if a soul stirs in that body and begs of his son an hour for repentance, then it would be damnable to refuse it for any question of earthly happiness. He concludes by administering the stimulant, and Walter, upon recovering consciousness, promptly denounces them all to the soldiers of the Consistory. Conrad falls fighting for Margarita, while Servetus, superior to the catastrophe, exclaims as he beholds Walter's remorse for his son, "Look at his tears, the first he has shed! They are my work! Farewell, Conrad, I go forth to fight, to die, to glorify Calvin!"

Echegaray has portrayed Servetus as a man of lofty soul, of steadfast purpose and of enlightened ideas of the love and justice of God, evidently valuing his physiological discovery less than his theological tenets; but, beyond a rash enthusiasm for his own opinions, the author has perhaps no fault to find in him. Not the least interesting character in the play is Jacobo, the self-sacrificing physician and student, the man of experience, out of touch with the religion of his times by reason of his advance upon the road to modern knowledge. It is easy to believe him a reflection of the author's own character, for Echegaray says, in his recent address before the Ateneo of Madrid (December, 1898,) "I believe in liberty . . . and I humbly confess that I believe in free-will. If it be a sin then I confess that I am a sinner." Fortunately he needs not fear to-day Catholic Inquisition or Protestant stake.

It is not out of place here to quote some sentences from this address, for we see in it the return of the poet and dramatist to the statesman and financier of other days, fitted by long experience and observation to see deeply into the causes of the recent disasters to his country, and, by his belief in liberty, free-will, and duty, brave enough to explain them to his compatriots and advise means of regeneration for the nation. He analyzes their character as few among them have done, for, as another Spanish writer has said, "The Spanish people are unaccustomed to seek the causes of things, merely giving attention, through indolence or lack of culture, to their external manifestations."

Echegaray entitles his address, "What Constitutes the Strength of Nations?" a theme in the guise of an interrogation, but I do not state it more concisely in order to give myself more room to revolve in, for we Spaniards are so ruled by fatalism that, in supreme moments, we do not push ahead but revolve until the blood cools and the eyes dry and we can see where we are and then break away, haply toward the best and not toward new abysses." He objects to the word strength, *fuerza*, as belonging to past civilizations, not to ours which prides itself on love of justice, respect for rights, faith in reason and resort to intelligence for the solution of the great problems of life; so that strength must be understood as relating not to material forces alone, for a numerous army, a powerful navy and rapid-fire guns will not make a nation truly great and should be regarded as effects rather than causes of greatness.

Real strength consists in the harmonious equilibrium of all the parts of the human or social organism. Every organism is subjected to the centrifugal forces which must have cohesive forces to counterbalance them. Old forces, such as the religious and the monarchical ideas have, beyond question, lost their unifying power and the military idea, while still necessary, is weakening. The material strength of nations, he finds, must be directed by intelligence and intelligence must be free. After proclaiming his belief in liberty he further proclaims his belief in individualism and that the regeneration of a nation depends upon that of the individual.

"Let us have no illusions: a great nation cannot be made of perverse citizens; the sum of many ciphers will be but a cipher after all. To suppose that a nation may excel in science while its individuals are ignorant is as senseless as ridiculous. Some seem to think that re-organization will be sufficient to produce a wise, virtuous, and active people, but to believe that degenerate and exhausted races, those in which all differentiation, the great element of strength and life, has disappeared, can become other than what they are by means of this or that organization, this or that form of government, by laws put upon paper and decreed by a Chamber, is an absurdity."

His individualism, however, does not exclude association, without which man could not fulfil his proper destiny. Association must be impregnated with ideals and these must lead to the cultivation of science and industry. Here he asks, "What think you has overcome us in the past insurrection and in the past war? Not men, for our men died bravely by sea and land, but Science and Wealth. . . . If Spain had been rich and able to construct armored cruisers, if great capital had enabled her to cover Cuba with railroads, the insurrection would not have prospered nor should we have opposed to our enemies at Santiago an army of spectres. . . . Facts are facts : science, superior to ours, industry, the most remarkable in the world ; wealth untold, immense capital, these are the elements against which we have fought and before which we have fallen. Our defeat was a foregone conclusion."

He believes that Spain has not exhausted her forces but he bids her, as the first condition necessary to her regeneration, acknowledge her defects, instead of hiding them by bombastic patriotism, and endeavor to correct them by tireless energy. "And in this connection," he says, "let me point out one signal defect of our race. We are guilty of an incurable social indiscipline, an exaggerated individualism which sterilizes the noblest efforts and the highest faculties. Not that we are more rebellious or ungovernable than other peoples of Europe : ours is a deeper indiscipline of the mind by which we tend fatally toward division, showing that the centrifugal forces within us are enormous. Nobody agrees with anybody else, and each often ends by inconsistency with himself. Wherever a number of our people gather together for social, scientific, artistic, industrial, economic or political purposes, there arise as many opinions as there are individuals, not a bad thing in itself, but it stands to reason that each should leave the domain of theory and come down to the practical, each ceding something toward a co-ordinate result. . . . We have a lively imagination, a rapid comprehension ; we see much and quickly in the realm of fancy. The variety of our conceptions

exceeds perhaps those of any other people of Europe, but it is variety in disorder. Our heads are full of fancies, our horizons are expansive; we entertain a multitude of conflicting ideas but we know not how to select the principle ones, those which should dominate, or how to subordinate the lesser ones. We are like a piano without pedals, all the strings vibrating at once, and confusion reigns instead of harmony. The realities of life demand few ideas, strongly felt; man must concentrate his attention upon a single point, for only so will intellectual effort become fruitful. Perhaps the wise man differs from the ignorant chiefly in this fixity of attention."

He urges every Spaniard henceforth to do what he can for the regeneration of his country. Let the man of science say, "I will learn, so that foreign savants shall not say that I am ignorant." Let the craftsman seek to perfect his work so that foreign nations shall not say that Spain has no industries. Let the farmer, as he turns over the soil, say, "Nobody shall say that our land is dried up." Let the merchant put forth all his energies and seek new and rich markets so that none shall say that we are slothful. Let every last laborer say, with noble ambition, "To work, to work, that none shall say that the Spanish laborer is weak and stupid," and let all obey the inner voice which says, "Let us work for our country."

He bids them resign themselves to these hours of trial, not with the resignation of the fatalist but with reinvigorating activity, nor be astonished if they are treated for awhile with contempt and disdain, for it is the law of Nature that the fallen shall be spurned. They should remember the words of Don Quixote to Sancho when he was trampled by swine in the darkness after his defeat by the Knight of the White Moon: "Let them alone, friend, this insult is for the punishment of my sins and the just chastisement of Heaven upon a fallen knight." He bids them get upon their feet and look for the dawn, for at last, God and to-morrow shine for all as surely as for all will come the eternal night.

Fanny Hale Gardiner.

THE THEOLOGY OF ROBERT BROWNING.

IT is perhaps a truism and a commonplace that a poet is a poet and not a theologian. Perhaps, too, it may be thought that not even indirectly is a poet concerned with theology; that his mission is to give lyric expression to the emotions caused by the influence of love or of nature upon the human soul. With the poets who are unreflective, who burst into "full-throated song" simply because they must; who sing for the same reason that the lark does, because it is their nature, there can be little or no theology. But there is a more reflective class of poets than this; the poets who sing not alone of love and nature, but of God, the soul, immortality, the evil and the good, which make up living, rightly understood." With such poets it is inevitable that there should be a more or less developed theology.

It is to this latter, rather than to the former class of poets that Robert Browning belongs; and we may, therefore, without forgetting for an instant that Browning was pre-eminently a poet, seek in his poetry the traces of his theological thought. Without doing any violence to his poetry, we may yet ask ourselves what our poet thought of good and evil, of life and death, of God and immortality.

In 'La Saisiaz' he himself sums up his theology in a part of a line: "He at least believed in Soul, was very sure of God." They are the two all-important elements of any theology; they are, in fact, the elements which are common to all conceivable theologies; and the differences between the different theologies are due to the different ways in which God and the soul are defined, and conceived to be related to each other. Therefore, in order to understand any theology, we must know what is meant by these two terms which are so very common, and yet have such different meaning for different people. What, then, did Browning mean by the term "God."

In his earlier years, Browning was a seer and a prophet ; in his later years, he became more of a metaphysician and a philosopher ; and it is to his earlier poems, when he was writing under prophetic insight and inspiration, that we find his noblest and best conception of God. From the very first he seems to have conceived of God as a Spiritual Being present in all his universe. In 1833, when he wrote 'Pauline', he "saw God everywhere." Two years later, in 'Paracelsus' he gives a fuller expression to his belief in the immanence of God. At this time he did not "by searching find out God," but rather *felt* him ; he found him not by the head, but by the heart, by

"perception unexpressed
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought
But somehow *felt* and *known* in every shift
And change in the spirit, — nay, in every pore
Of the body even."

He sees with the power of a prophet's vision that God "dwells in all, from life's minute beginnings, up at last to man." Thus, God does not remain afar off and rule the universe from some throne in the centre of the heavens, but he lives *in* his universe, and in all parts of it ; he informs it with his life, and makes it the manifestation and expression of his spirit. God is in all life and all life is in him. That seems to be the sense of that eloquent and beautiful passage which he puts in the mouth of the dying Paracelsus. (And also the Pope in 'The Ring and the Book.') But there is a brief sentence, earlier in the same poem, which is richer in its suggestiveness as to the nature of God than, perhaps, anything else *that Browning ever wrote*. It is this :

"God is the perfect poet,
Who in his person acts his own creations."

Take that idea, and read it in the light of what we know of the working of the human mind, and we have a conception of God expressed in a single bit of verse, that is perfectly adequate, perfectly spiritual, and, as far as the poor wit of the writer goes, perfectly true.

Let us begin with the human mind and then proceed to the divine. Suppose we take as an example, the mind of the blind singer who sang of the destructive wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus. He had in mind a certain idea, which he,—in theology we may forget the existence of any Homeric question,—embodied in an immortal poem. He had an idea how different men and women—Paris, Menelaus, Ajax, Hector, Helen, Andromache, acted; what they said, what they did; how they loved, how they hated; how they were true, how they were false; how they were ardent and passionate, how they were crafty and full of wiles. Having this idea he wrote the ‘Iliad’ in which he described the acts and words, the joys and the sorrows of these people. But, because he has written how Paris won the love of Helen and fled with her over the seas, is it therefore, just the same as if he, Homer, had been loved by her whose beauty was so wondrous but so fatal? Or because he tells how Helen was false to Menelaus and loved Paris, is it just the same to him? is his experience the same, as if he had himself been the queen of Menelaus, had struggled with her growing love for the young stranger from Troy, and had finally yielded to her temptation? In short, because he showed how diverse men and women could act and feel, is that as though he himself felt and acted? Is their experience, either individually or collectively his experience! Did he feel the Trojan War, because he wrote about it? Did he act his creation in his own person? Now, in a certain sense all the experience of the actors of the war did come into his person, but only *indirectly*. To write about Helen’s weakness, the treachery of Paris and the wrath of Achilles, they must have been a part of the total content of his consciousness at the moment of writing, as they are a part of my consciousness at the time of reading. When I read of Helen pointing out the heroes of Greece to the aged Priam, the idea of her telling, and, perhaps, also the imagination of what her emotions were and what Priam felt, enter in as a part of the sum total of what I am experiencing at that particular moment; but that is far different from standing myself upon the battlements of wind-swept

Troy, and feeling, actually and really, in my own person, what this faithless wife felt at the sight of her husband's friends, and what this aged king felt as he saw the impending ruin of his city and realized that the cause of it all was standing there by his side. And this same difference which exists between my experience as I read, and the actual experience of the Trojans and Greeks who were concerned in the war, exists also between their experience and the experience of Homer. He had an idea how they acted and felt, and embodied his idea in his poem, but his experience was different from that of every one of the persons concerned, and from the sum total of the experience of all. He did *not* "act in his person his own creation."

Now, from this consideration of the *imperfect* poet who can *not* "act his creations in his own person," we can understand a little better the Perfect Poet, who *does* "in his person act his own creations." Let us keep the same incident, the Trojan War, and let us see how different it all becomes in relation to the "Perfect Poet" from what it was when we dealt with it in connection with Homer. Let us suppose, — and it is not mere supposition, but actual fact, — that God had in mind the Trojan War. He does not write a poem about it; he does not have it in his experience *indirectly*, in form of the creative imagination, but *directly*, in the form of *really felt experience*. He does not feel the wrath of Achilles in the dim, shadowy way that Homer did when he wrote, or that we do, when we read, but he felt the wrath of Achilles *precisely* as Achilles himself felt it. He felt all that Helen did and *exactly* as she did; all that Hector and Ajax did; all that all the Greeks and Trojans felt and suffered, and in *precisely* the same way. All the suffering and pain, all the triumph and defeat, the love and the hatred, the joy and the sorrow, as they were actually experienced by the men and women concerned, were experienced by God. He was in it all, and it was all in him. All was his actual experience, "all was acted in his own person." That is: in him there was a union of the ideal and existential. There was the idea or thought of the Trojan War,

the ideal element ; and there was also the actual experience of that war, the existential element, and these two elements were united in him simultaneously. Applying this thought to the universe at large, we get at the source of Browning's optimism. The universe is the *immediate* realization of God's ideal, and is not in the process of realization. It is the "poem which he acts in his person." This poem must be perfect, otherwise God would be discontented ; and discontent, a sign of imperfection, would be an attribute of the perfect, which is impossible. And furthermore, not only is this universe, God's poem, perfect, but God himself is in it all, so Browning himself would echo the words of Pippa :

"God's in his Heaven —
All's right with the world."

And yet, if we say : "All's right with the world," how can we reconcile that with the very obvious presence of sin in the world ? How can we then explain the pain, the sorrow, the suffering, and all that darker side of life which so often makes us inclined to cry out rather that all's wrong with the world ? Or how can we give any reason why men should try to overcome the evil and the ugliness of life, if God moves through it all and it is the immediate realization of his ideal ?

To Browning's mind the chief value of life is found in the moral struggle, and, as Prof. Henry Jones points out, there seems, at least at first sight, to be a conflict here between the optimism of Browning and his ethics. If all is right with the world, where is the place for the struggle ? One idea seems to exclude the other and to be antagonistic to it. This antagonism, according to Prof. Jones, is healed in Browning's thought, by the principle of love. Morality and religion are but different manifestations of the same principle ; the human and the divine unite and the principle of unity is love ; and the perfection of the universe being divine and the moral struggle being human, the conflict between the two is thus healed. But after all, this solution of Prof. Jones does not show us very clearly how the chasm between the two ideas is or

can be bridged. The principle of love, and all that we can say or think of it, does not tell us *why*, if "all's right with the world," a man should do anything to change the world and make it better, however much or however little he may love. It leaves the old difficulty as troublesome as ever. Love does hold a high and important place in the thought of Browning, but it is not therefore to be dragged in like a *deus ex machina* to cut whatever knot may trouble us.

Let us see if there is not some more obvious and simple way of bringing the two together than the strained and difficult one adopted by Prof. Jones.

If we will recall the poem 'Rephan' in 'Asolando', we may possibly find the clue which shall help us to the solution of our problem. In that poem Browning seems to show by a comparison of the earth with a world in which there is no pain, no suffering, no wrong, no imperfection of any sort, that evil is a necessary element in the good. Then all the evil in the world is willed by God in order that his universe, this poem which he acts in his person, may be good. It is the means by which he attains his perfection. But does this not increase our difficulty? If God himself wills the suffering, the sin, the crime and all the ills which we poor mortals must bear, is it not impertinent, or even worse, for us to try to oppose the evil? Why try to change, why overcome it, if by means of it God realizes his own perfection and goodness? Why? Simply because God's universe is good not simply because of the *presence* of evil, but because the evil is *conquered and overcome*. God's universe is good not because there is evil in it, but because the evil is subdued and held in eternal bondage.

Prof. Royce has so well illustrated this by an analysis of the moral moment in our consciousness that I can not do better than give the substance of what he says. In any moment of ours which we may call *good* there is an element of evil and of *real* evil. There is some temptation or evil impulse, and, during this moment which we call good, that temptation or evil impulse is present as a fact and a reality; and if it were not present, our moment would

cease to be good. If there were no evil, which in the sum total of the moment we felt as evil, our moment would be simply innocent and have no moral worth whatever. But the moment is good, you will observe, not because the evil is there, but because it is there and is *subdued*. You are good not because you are tempted, but because you have your temptation and have *overcome* it. And the same thing is true of God's universe. God's universe is good; but there is evil in it, and this evil is not something remote from him, but is as intimate to him as the selfishness and weakness and evil of any finite being is to him; and it is this evil which, in being conquered and subdued make it good.

From this consideration we can now see why man, although he faces the world with a most thorough-going optimism, should still try to change wrong to right, and combat the evil in all its manifold forms and in all places, in his heart as well as in the world. God wills the evil in order that by being overcome and transcended, his world may be perfect. Therefore, everyone who fights against the evil enters into God's consciousness as his helper, and shares with him his eternal victory over the powers of darkness, and is a partaker of the good and the perfection which are his. On the other hand, the man who does not resist evil, the man who says: "Evil be thou my good," enters into the perfection of God in the same way as the temptation or evil impulse enters in a moment of moral goodness. He contributes to the perfection of the Absolute, not because he is evil, but, because, as evil, he is forever beaten. As the good man is a helper of God and shares his eternal joy and victory, so does the evil man enter into the consciousness of God as a rebel, and tastes the bitterness of his own inevitable defeat. Thus from Browning's optimism there follows very naturally and without any strain at all, a most powerful moral dynamic. The world is perfect, "all *is* well", but yet in this perfect universe a man finds reason to live for the right. He cheerfully accepts the necessity of the moral struggle, in order that he may thereby partake of the divine life and perfection of God, and may share with him the joy which comes from victory

over evil, and win that peace which the world can not give and the world can not take away. Thus the chasm which seemed to exist between Browning's thought of the immanence of God, and his insistence upon the need of a continual and strenuous moral struggle, is more imaginary than real. He can still say that "God's in his heaven" and "All's right with the world"; and without any inconsistency, turn back to us he leaves behind, as he stands ready to "greet the unseen", and repeat the old battle-cry with which he faced the world, and bid us still "Strive and thrive; *fight* on!"

The idea of the indwelling of God in all life leads us immediately to the doctrine of the incarnation in its broadest meaning. In the life of God there are two elements, although they are always united, (1) the ideal and (2) the existential. The existential is, therefore, the realization, the manifestation, the incarnation of the ideal. God incarnates himself in all life whether low or high, small or great, whether Guido or Pompilia.

If "God *is* the perfect poet, who in his person acts his own creations," he incarnates himself not in one man, but in all men and in all things. The doctrine of the trinity, with the man Jesus as the second person of the Godhead, seems an element that can not well be harmonized with Browning's own best conception of the Absolute. But it may, perhaps, be objected that the doctrine of the incarnation which would naturally come from Browning's thought of God, namely, his indwelling in *all* life and in *all* experience, and not alone in Jesus, would lead us into dangerous ground. It might be urged that if God dwells in all, "from life's minutes beginnings up at last to man," and in all men, the lowest and the highest, then all distinction between lower and higher, good and bad would be lost. If God dwells in all men, how can we say that Pope Innocent XII is one whit better than the wretch Guido whom he condemns? And doesn't Browning explicitly state such a view, when he says:

"All service ranks the same with God —
With God, whose puppets, best and worse,
Are we; there is no last nor first?"

To this question we must answer both "Yes" and "No." In one sense there is no difference between lower and higher ; "there is no last nor first," and in another, and infinitely deeper and truer sense, there is a difference,—as Browning taught in all his poetry,—between the good and the bad, the high and the low. From the complete view of the Absolute "there is no last nor first"; not one single fact, whatever its worth in human estimation, could be lost and his perfection retained. In order that his universe should be perfect, he needs Guido and Judas quite as much as he needs Pompilia and Christ. But that is quite a different thing from saying that Guido and Pompilia, Judas and Christ all have equal worth, or are all on the same level. Your evil desire and your love for holiness are *both* necessary in order that you may be good : but because they are both necessary, they are not therefore of equal value. And the same thing is true of the facts in the world : they are all *necessary*, the bad as well as the good, the sinner as well as the saint, for the perfection of God ; but they are not therefore equally worthy. So we can still retain our belief in the immanence of God in all life and, at the same time, believe that there is an essential difference between the evil and the good. It would be a most superficial, hasty, and fatal conclusion to assume that because God dwells in all, all are therefore of equal value. They are all equally *necessary*, but are not all equally *worthy*. That has more worth which has less to be subdued and overcome than that which has more. Pompilia and Christ have more worth because they enter into the consciousness of God, not as the rebels who oppose his will and are beaten and held in bondage by his power, but as allies, while Judas and Guido, whose natures are almost wholly evil, make for God's perfection only by having that evil conquered and held in subjection. They are like the temptation or the evil desire in your moral moment. But however different may be the worth of Pompilia and Guido, of Christ and Judas, still God dwells in one as he dwells in the other. The moral struggle, the victory, the joy, and the beauty, just as they are experienced in the person of Christ or Pompilia, He

experiences ; and the evil and the selfishness and the weakness, just as they are in the heart of Judas and Guido He also experiences. Only in the latter case, in the totality of his infinite experience, they are felt as *transcended* and *overcome*. But in one case as in the other, they are "the creations which he acts in his own person."

The problem of evil has already been dealt with to some extent in treating of the reconciliation between Browning's Optimism and his Ethics. The only question which could remain would be as to its nature ; is it real or is it unreal ? Is it mere appearance, nothing but good disguised ? or is it essentially and irrevocably bad and real ? In regard to this question Prof. Jones has quite an elaborate theory, which seems his own interpretation of Browning, rather than Browning's own view. Prof. Jones says in regard to the question of the nature of evil, that the poet's position was that of agnosticism, that he did not know whether evil was real or mere illusion, whether it was fact, or "paste-board and pretence" on the part of God. Furthermore, Mr. Jones thought that Browning held that this ignorance was necessary in order that love and morality might exist. If man knew that evil was only the disguise of good ; that pain was but pleasure under a mask, there would be no place for pity and love. If, on the other hand, evil were absolutely bad, man would be overcome by despair. Therefore, in order to struggle manfully and worthily in that moral conflict in which life finds its meaning and its worth, a man must be ignorant as to the real nature of evil. His heart gives him his moral ideal, tells him that he must fight against the evil and overcome it. His head simply reports the world of evil against which he is to fight, but tells him nothing about the real nature of that world. It is absolutely silent when a man asks himself the question, whether there be "Love behind the Will and Might as real as they." Whether the universe is indifferent, whether it is on his side or against him, of that he gets no faintest inkling from his head. His heart tells him to fight, and he must fight in ignorance ; and this ignorance, according to Prof. Jones's interpretation of Brown-

ing, is the very thing that makes the fight possible, and without it the moral struggle is an impossibility. Ignorance, according to this view, is the greatest ally of virtue, and knowledge its greatest foe; for it is the knowledge of good and evil which would paralyze every effort to realize the good and true. It is again the fatal fruit which drives us out of the moral Paradise.

In the first place, it is to be remarked that this position, almost of fear to know the truth about the nature of evil, seems like a jarring discord in the note of daring which Browning sounded throughout all his life. Very little, too, does it harmonize with sentiments like these: "Ignorance is not innocence but sin" ('The Inn Album'). "Ignorance being, I hold, sin ever, great or small" ('The Inn Album'). "Then let me *know* them [Little and Bad] and be twice as great as he who only knows one phase of life." ('Last Adventure of Balaustion').

Prof. Jones quotes a number of passages in support of his interpretation of Browning's theory, but from no one of them nor from all of them together does his interpretation come naturally and necessarily; it seems to be forced and strained. All that Browning seems to mean by such passages as the following is that the heart gives a richer and fuller contribution to life than the head, and not that the contributions of the head are false and useless; and worse than useless, as they would be, if knowledge was an insuperable obstacle to the moral life. Here is one of the passages upon which Prof. Jones builds his theory:

" Knowledge means
Ever renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself:
Love — trust to ! "

But even from the poet's point of view as expressed in this passage, knowledge is not in vain. Man does get increase in knowledge, "tho' to-morrow he will find *misknown* what he considers that he knows to-day." Browning undoubtedly thought that love was a higher activity of the human soul than reason, that it gave a

deeper insight, but he did not mean that the head gave no revelation, and go to the suicidal extreme of making morality depend upon *unreason* and ignorance.

Prof. Jones was evidently influenced, to some extent, in this interpretation of his which exalts ignorance to such a high place by what he thinks is Browning's agnosticism. He thinks that Browning is an agnostic because he emphasizes the subjective character of knowledge: because, when the poet speaks, he announces that he speaks only for himself and "not for his brothers, strong and weak." All that Browning means by this, as is perfectly clear in the poem, 'A Bean-Stripe,' is that in dealing with the question of good and evil, a man must argue from his own experience alone and not from the experience of another, which he can look at only from the outside. Take a man with a refined and sensitive nature, and show him the misery and the wretchedness of the life in the slums of a great city. Such a man would naturally think that the people who lived such a life, suffered as he would suffer, should he with his refinement and sensitiveness, his habits and temperament, which had been formed in other surroundings, be forced to live the unlovely life that he sees. The only people who can pass judgment upon the life in the slums, who can have an accurate idea of its felt evil, are the people who live it. The only person who can tell whether white or black prevails in any life, is the person who lives that life; who by temperament or custom, may bear the things which seem to an outside observer absolutely unbearable, and still find them good. So, after all, Browning's agnosticism is nothing but that sanity which is so characteristic of him. He knows perfectly well that a man who looks out upon the evil in the world, and thinks that he can

"pass at will
Into his fellow's liberty of range,
Enter into his sense of black and white,"

gets only a mistaken, a distorted and exaggerated idea of evil. He knows that he cannot pass into his fellow's life and get any correct idea of its good and evil, as they really are. He sees that

he must judge of the good and evil of life by his own experience. What seems evil in another life, he realizes may not be so evil as it appears, because the other person may be able to bear the evil, so that it is not so bad to him as it seems to the outside observer, who cannot enter into the seeming sufferer's sense of pain and wrong. Thus, does not Browning, although he says that he speaks for himself alone, that he cannot know another's evil as it really is to him, from his very position of relativity, speak more universally than he would, if he could enter into "his fellow's sense of black and white" and know how the good and the evil seemed to another? Does he not, from the very fact that he speaks for himself alone, yet speak for all? The evil and the suffering which one man may have to endure, may be greater than that which a second man may have to bear, but the first man's strength or wisdom or temperament may be such that his great evil is no harder for him than the weak man's little evil is for him. After all, the problem of good and evil is about the same in every life, and he who throws any light on that problem from his own experience, thereby throws light on all; and Browning, therefore, speaking for himself and from his own experience, speaks to all, and in a deep sense, for all.

Of any evil in itself, or of "things in themselves" Browning does not pretend to have any knowledge. To the question what "earth's least atom was, is, or may be, man's sum of faculties gives no answer." But he goes on to show, in this very poem which Prof. Jones thinks is so agnostic, that as things exist in man's mind, man can and does know them.

"Yet, since to think and know fire through and through
Exceeds man, is the warmth of fire unknown,
Its uses — are they so unthinkable?
Pass from such obvious powers to powers unseen,
Undreamed of, save in their sure consequence :
Take that, we spoke of late, which draws to ground
The staff my hand lets fall : it draws, at least —
Thus much man thinks and knows, if nothing more."

(' A Bean-Stripe,' ' Ferishtah's Fancies.')

To deny the possibility of knowledge of "Things in themselves," as Browning does here, but to retain a very firm belief in the possibility of knowledge of things as they exist in the mind, is hardly an agnostic procedure.

A natural interpretation of Browning, if we start without any preconceived notions, would simply be that he values the message of the heart more than that of the head; and *not* that the head can bear us no message, and serves us only by *failing* in its proper function. So far from scorning the work of the head and pretending to know nothing about evil, Browning seems to have and to teach some very decided ideas about the nature of evil. He teaches (Cf. also 'Francis Furini') that evil is not mere illusion, or good under a disguise. On the other hand, evil, to him, is not something absolutely and irrevocably bad, but it is the means by which good may be realized. (Cf. also 'Prince Hohenstiel.') This is a doctrine which he repeats time and time again, and which is altogether consistent with his conception of the Absolute. This teaching of the poet is, moreover, based on his *knowledge* of the nature of good and evil; and without such knowledge, the strenuous and noble ideal of moral struggle which he holds before men, would be impossible. It is knowledge, then, and not ignorance, which helps. Taking the knowledge which comes from the head as to the nature of good and evil, and obeying the commandment of God which he finds in his heart to overcome the evil, man fulfils his mission and makes, as he was set to do, "a fairer moral world than this he finds." *H. White.*

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'MACBETH': MOOT POINTS FOR DISCUSSION.

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I. How far is the action of the play shaped by the witches?

"The first thought of acceding to the throne is suggested and success in the attempt is promised to Macbeth by the witches; he

is, therefore, represented as a man whose natural temper would have deterred him from such a design if he had not been immediately tempted and strongly impelled to it." (Whateley's "Remarks on Some Characters of Shakespeare," 1785, quoted in the Furness "Variorum," p. 410.)

"The power of the weird sisters is nowhere exhibited as absolute, but always as relative. It is shown to depend upon what in a man's soul has affinities for that power. Where these affinities do not exist their power is naught." (Corson's "Introduction to Shakespeare," 1890, p. 224.)

Can these two opposite views be reconciled as the natural results of an evolution of thought which at first regarded temptation as from an anthropomorphic devil, and later as the prompting of a bad conscience? Which is the point of view Shakespeare is likelier to have had? Is it a mistake to suppose his mind confined to the level of most of his contemporaries?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE :

1. Banquo's reception of the witches contrasts with Macbeth's and illustrates Corson's opinion.
2. Banquo stands in the same evil relation to the witches as Macbeth, and his position towards them, though different, is guilty.

II. Do the witches ever really prophesy?

If their revelations are merely reflections of what is in Macbeth's mind, how can the apparition of the armed head (supposed to be Macbeth's own head cut off), of the bloody child (the image of Macduff's birth), of the crowned child with the tree in its hand (prophetic of the "moving wood"), be explained? But, in order to have sought, must not Macbeth first have needed the assurances the apparitions gave? Must he not have been led to apprehend defeat, by his bitterness in being childless, and by his dread of Macduff and of the Prince of Cumberland, before he could be drawn on to "spurn fate, scorn death, and bear his hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear?" (iii. 5, 29.)

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE :

1. Macbeth's mind was not open enough to understand these apparitions; therefore he could not have prefigured them.

2. The apparitions are symbols of Macbeth's own potentiality; for it is his own dissevered head that bids him beware Macduff, still it is not Macduff of whom he must really beware, but himself; the bloody child declares that none of woman born shall harm him, still it was not Macduff's untimely birth that makes him dangerous to Macbeth, but the wrongs he has himself done the thane of Fife; the crowned child with the tree warns him of his peril when Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane, still it is not the "moving wood" but the murdered Duncan's son who brings Macbeth to his confusion.

3. The character of a man is his history, says Goethe. Such a conception of destiny is the groundwork of Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

III. Why do the witches call the "unknown" powers their "masters?"

"If the fifth scene of act iii. had occurred in a drama not attributed to Shakespeare, no one would have discovered in it any trace of Shakespeare's manner; iv. 1. 125-132 cannot be Shakespeare's." (The Clarendon Editors, quoted by Furness, p. 392.)

"The witches discourse with one another like women of the very lowest class, to which witches were supposed to belong. . . . When they address Macbeth, their tone assumes the majestic solemnity by which oracles have in all times contrived to inspire mortals with reverential awe. We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the ordering of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere." (Schlegel, Lectures, quoted, Furness "Variorum," p. 457.)

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. The introduction of Hecate is irrelevant and unmeaning, and is the interpolation of an inferior hand (probably Middleton's, see "The Witch.")

2. The genuineness of iii. 5. and iv. 1. 125-132 may be defended on the ground that the linking of old myths with contemporary superstitions is usual in Shakespeare; that this is in "Macbeth" significant; and that the mocking, ironical tone of the last words of the witches is exactly in place. (See also "Hecate in Macbeth,"

by Mary E. Cardwill, *Poet-lore*, Vol. X., No. 4; "Is the part of Hecate Shakespeare" by W. J. Rolfe, Vol. XI., No. 3.)

IV. How is the oracular element exhibited in "Macbeth?"

The action of Destiny may be divided into two distinct phases: the oracular, — the revelation of destiny; the ironical, — the malignant mockery of destiny. Oracles are fulfilled in classic lore (1) by blind obedience, (2) by the agency of free-will, or indifference, (3) in spite of opposition. (See Moulton, "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," chap. vi.)

In what ways does Macbeth fulfil the oracle? Does Banquo show his complicity with Macbeth by submission to the oracle, or his innocence by his indifference to its promise? Why does Banquo give up his sword when he has "cursed thoughts," and cannot sleep, and has cause to fear — as he afterwards says he does fear — that Macbeth will play "most foully?" Was this part of what Macbeth calls that "wisdom that doth guide his valor to act in safety?" (iii. i. 52.)

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE:

1. "Banquo appears to have been specially designed as a counter agency to the agency of the weird sisters, . . . and as a support or encouragement to Macbeth's free agency if he chose to assert it." (Corson, "Introduction to Shakespeare," p. 234.)

2. "Banquo's sympathy with — nay, complicity in — the murder of Duncan is made perfectly clear. . . . The poet transforms Banquo's crime into one which consists in remaining silent, in refusing to act." (Flathe, "Shakespeare in seiner Wirklichkeit," Furness's "Variorum," p. 477. See also "Banquo," by Colin S. Buell, *Poet-lore*, Vol. XI., No. 1; "Was Banquo Bad," by W. J. Rolfe, Vol. XI., No. 3.)

3. The dramatic interest of the play demands that Macbeth shall be a free agent.

4. It is enhanced by his being a puppet of fate.

5. The irony of destiny is in "Macbeth" allied to justice.

6. "Macbeth" shows the agreement between the old idea of destiny and the modern idea of cause and effect.

V. What correspondences are there in "Macbeth" between Nature and Man?

"Action, life, passion — men and women — are nearly all in all throughout Shakespeare's works, external nature being used only as a foil to show off the lights and shades of the great drama of human existence. Shakespeare does not paint landscape at all, as we now understand that word, not even for his own dramatic purposes." (Forsyth, quoted by Furness, p. 61.)

"The literal significance of this speech (i. 3. 38) is that the day has been foul in respect to the weather and fair in respect to the battle. . . . It intimates a relationship, noted by Coleridge, between Macbeth and the witches." (Corson, p. 231.)

"So fair and foul a day I have not seen" (i. 3. 38). Do this and similar expressions bring out the relationship between human and natural conditions? What evidence is there that it is connected with the forthcoming action when "to beguile the time" Macbeth is to look like the time . . . look like the innocent flower, But be the serpent under it?" Or, may it rather indicate that Macbeth, though pleased with the result of the battle, had a physical distaste for slaughter? What other signs are there of Macbeth's squeamishness?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE :

1. "In no other play has Shakespeare so represented the natural world as reflecting the moral world." (Corson.) (Compare "Lear," "Hamlet," "As You Like It.")

2. Shakespeare in his use of nature stands in contrast both to the Greek dramatists and to modern English poets.

VI. How do the characteristic traits of Macbeth and his wife affect the action of the play?

Is Macbeth's courage constitutional or acquired? Is the early description of his natural valor (i. 2. 16-23) gainsaid by i. 7. 39-41, 79 and 80, iv. 1. 85, v. 5. 9-13? Was Macbeth the "third murderer?" How does his childlessness affect his action? "*Macd.* He has no children" (iv. 3. 215). Is Macduff thinking of Malcolm or of Macbeth? Did Lady Macbeth only nerve her husband's plans, or did she incite his deed? Is Macbeth's killing the grooms

a mistake? Did Lady Macbeth faint on purpose? Was she "innocent of the knowledge" of Banquo's murder? Why are Macbeth's hallucinations waking, and Lady Macbeth's somnambulist? What differences are there between Macbeth's earlier and later delusions, the air-drawn dagger, and the ghosts?

"Macbeth is pre-eminently the practical nature, moulded in a world of action but uninfluenced by the cultivation of the inner life. . . . Macbeth is a passive prey to supernatural imaginings." (Moulton, chap. vii.)

Are these views compatible? If the superstitious man is apt to be lazy of purpose ("If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me without my stir"), is not the practical man unimaginative and ready to act?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE :

1. The circumstances warrant the statement that Lady Macbeth was essentially practical and that Macbeth was a man of temporary expedients.

2. The contrast between the deadness of pessimism into which Macbeth falls, and his wife's increasingly poignant though concealed remorse, shows that strenuousness even in wrong action is a means of higher culture, preferable to the nervelessness accompanying an evil disposition whose malignity has not transpired. (Compare Browning's "The Statue and the Bust," and the sin he imputes "to each frustrate ghost.")

3. Lady Macbeth's strenuousness of mind and will give her her early ascendancy over her husband, and his consciousness of this and emulation of her force of character bring about their seeming reversal of position. (Note his repetitions of her earlier counsels, — her "When you durst do it, then you were a man," etc. (i. 7. 47), and his "Now, if you have a station in the file, Not in the worst rank of manhood," etc. (iii. 1. 101), her "Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act . . . as thou art in desire?" etc. (i. 7. 39-45), and his, from hence "The very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand" (iv. 1. 145-150); and find similar echoes.)

VII. How does their retribution reinforce the contrast between Macbeth and his wife?

PROPOSITIONS FOR DEBATE :

1. "The first shock of nemesis comes in the Banquet Scene. Macbeth has surrendered himself to the supernatural, and from the supernatural his retribution comes." (Moulton, p. 165.)

2. Macbeth himself forecasts his retribution in the voice that cries "Sleep no more," and foreshows the blankness of his unfeeling old age in his speech of double meaning, —

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time ; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys."

(ii. 3. 87.)

3. "Lady Macbeth has faced every crisis by sheer force of nerve ; the nemesis comes on her fitly in madness. In the delirium of her last appearance, an inmost thought is the uprising of her feminine nature against the foulness of the bloody deed." (Moulton, p. 166.)

4. Lady Macbeth's delirium has its mortal sting not in her living over bad events, nor in her constant stretch to save her husband from marring all by his starting, nor in her feminine repugnance for the bloody deed ; but in the "sigh" of her "sorely charged" heart over her share in it, and this finds its climax in her death by "self and violent hands."

Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.



RICHARD HOVEY'S PROMISE AND WORK.



AMERICAN literature, on the whole fortunate in keeping to a ripe old age her representative poets, has yet become the poorer by the untimely loss of some of her most gifted singers. Poe and Lanier will come to mind at once, both leaving their work incomplete. And death has lately taken away another poet, with his message left half unuttered.

Richard Hovey's name may be joined to those of Poe and Lanier, not only because they were his acknowledged masters, nor yet because the three were called off before their time. They had other things in common. They had the most exalted view of the office of the poet as a bringer of light. They believed in the divine mission of poetry to ennoble the life of man. Moreover, they were artists in verse as well as singers, searching for new effects in sound and rhythm, craftsmen tirelessly experimenting upon new forms. The technique of verse was a serious business to them. They held poetry to be an art amenable to fundamental laws; theorized on it; and practised it diligently to that end. They made poetry their chief concern. The younger learned from the elder, and carried on the work of the predecessor to further perfection.

Yet with all these formal resemblances there are decided points of difference that mark off Hovey's work from that of the two elder singers. Poe left a body of verse, small in volume, but of a texture so fine and faultless, of a music so haunting as to place him, in the opinion of many, at the head of our poets. More than anyone of them he is distinctly a poet,—a maker of beautiful verse,—and nothing else. Life touches him little. His range is narrow, and remote from earthly interests. Even had he lived longer and produced more verse, it is doubtful if he could have written poems with warm, red, human blood pulsing through them. He limited himself to the creation of mere beauty. Lanier, like Poe, an artist in verse, was also a musician; haunted by elfin music, and vainly striving to bind the elusive melodies into rhyme. A worshipper of the beautiful; a lofty spirit standing awe-struck before the holiness of beauty. His genius was essentially lyric, with perhaps a leaning toward the epic. He would have given us, as best fruit of his endeavors, more splendid 'Hymns of the Marshes.' His work, less clearly articulated, is also more incomplete than Poe's; it may not be too hazardous to say, that like Poe, he gave us of the best he had, and that he would have proceeded along the lines on which he had begun. Richard Hovey

not only left a larger body of verse than either of these two, but his range was also much wider, including both the lyric and the dramatic, and passing from the tinsel of 'Barney McGee' to the rapturous exaltation of Taliesin's Hymn of Joy. We find in the lyrics not only Poe's passion for beauty, and his delight in mere verbal ingenuity, together with Lanier's nature worship; but the note of human passion absent in Poe, and held in abeyance in Lanier, is distinctly struck in Hovey's dramas.

Poe's place in American letters is assured. Lanier, dying in 1881, is steadily gaining a wider and fuller recognition, and it will not be long before he, too, will be fully acknowledged to be one of the formative influences in later American verse. Hovey, who but now has joined the "unreturning armies of the dead," is waiting to have his place assigned on the roll of American poets.

Half a dozen years ago, with three books to his account, the name of Richard Hovey was hardly known. The 'Songs from Vagabondia' first brought him into wider notice, and he came to be spoken of chiefly as the collaborator of Bliss Carman. Then he published independently three other books, besides sending now and then a poem to the magazines. Sudden death cut short his work, just as he was coming to the ken of a larger public. Whatever the reason, he fared during his brief poetic career but indifferently at the hands of most of the reviewers, except a few, a very few finer scented ones. His death, however, has at once brought him forward into general view; now American literature is seriously asking itself whether it has lost a poet, and how great a one it has lost. The critics, hastening to atone for former unkindnesses, now speak of Hovey's wonderful promise; his friends earnestly demand for him recognition as actually a great poet, pointing to the bulk of his work as "a splendid achievement."

Richard Hovey, moreover, himself laid claims to be a great poet. We have not only the statements of his friends to that effect, but also his own words in black and white. To the first edition of 'The Quest of Merlin,'—which appeared bound up with 'The Marriage of Guenevere' in one volume, in 1891,—

was prefixed a 'Dedication,' which, aside from containing some of Hovey's most musical lines, is interesting as a proof of the poet's high ambitions, even then. Moreover, it is a curious example of a claim to greatness unblushingly brought forward at the very outset of a poet's career.

The idea of the passage in question,—beginning with the fourteenth verse,—is taken from the fourth canto of the 'Inferno,' the limbo of the classical world. Dante, on his visit to these antique shades, is signally honored by Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan, who were then, before the revival of Greek letters, revered as the greatest poets of antiquity. Hovey, in the 'Dedication,' presents himself as being similarly honored by Shakespeare, his guide, by Homer, David, Æschylus, Dante, and Goethe, the acknowledged world-poets of all time—

"Those spirits smiled on me as well content.
Therewith they took leave of that greenery,
And with them through the glades I also went—
I was the seventh of that company."

The line here italicized clearly shows Hovey's estimate of himself.

On what did each of the two poets base their proud claim? Dante, when he wrote the 'Inferno,' was crowned the foremost poet of his time; the lyrist of the *dolce stil nuovo*. He was a ripe scholar; a man of affairs in the prime of life, *nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita*; and above all, the poet of 'La Vita Nuova.' He had somewhat to look back upon. When Hovey conceived those lines, he had published nothing except an ode at his own expense. It shows the high ambitions with which he started out, and it gives color to the claims to greatness now brought forward by his friends. But in the light of subsequent developments it was unwise. For when a youthful poet puts forward such claims on the strength of practically a first work, he needs a whole life-time in which to justify himself to the public. That life-time was not granted to Richard Hovey. Called away before his time, what did he do toward justifying himself?

Of course it is impossible, only half a year after the poet's

death, to give a decisive answer. Still, it may not be too early, even now, for an unbiased examination of the work Richard Hovey has given to the public, in order to see what basis there may be for these claims to greatness, and guided by the great literature of the past, with which Hovey himself challenged comparison, to determine in how far they are justified, or whether they overtop the bounds of reason.

The work of Richard Hovey may, broadly speaking, be divided into two groups, the lyric and the dramatic, the former found in the two books of 'Songs from Vagabondia,' and in 'Along the Trail'; the latter comprising 'The Quest of Merlin,' 'The Marriage of Guenevere,' 'The Birth of Galahad,' and 'Taliesin,' the four completed parts out of a projected series of nine of 'Launcelot and Guenevere, A Poem in Dramas.' The divisions overlap, for many of the lyrics are dramatic, in the sense of Browning's Dramatic Lyrics; and 'The Quest of Merlin,' and 'Taliesin' are Masques, lyric in form and expression.*

When the 'Songs from Vagabondia' first appeared under the joint name of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, there was considerable guessing to know "t' other from which." Mr. Carman was already on the high road to fame, whereas Hovey was still an unknown, or rather an unrecognized quantity; moreover he had published little that could give a clue to his share of the work. The greater meed of praise, therefore, went naturally to Mr. Carman, although Hovey owned the larger number of poems. Some of them, however, were poems belonging elsewhere, and have since then been placed where they belong, in 'Along the Trail.'

Hovey's contributions to the two 'Vagabondia' volumes are on the whole his lightest work. They are the joyous utterances of a happy-go-lucky soul in the forenoon of life, that for the nonce has shaken off the cares of the staid world; poems of roving youth, appealing most strongly to undergraduates, and to young men not

* Hovey's first book, 'The Laurel, an Ode,' and 'Seaward, an Elegy,' both probably out of print now, were not at hand for the present discussion.

yet aroused to a sense of their responsibilities as citizens of the world. There is an undertone, not so much of insincerity as of make-believe, a dallying with life. Vagabondage is not the normal condition of mankind. Most men are too tightly held in the clutches of necessitous labor to taste freely of the joys of the open road, at least after they have left the nomad stage. The tramp is a privileged idler. And the Vagabond poet himself, after the first flush of youth, when he was done with "Roaming like wild cattle," to see life and the world, condescended to settle down to a professorship. What gives to these light-hearted songs their more enduring quality, is the strong sense of comradeship that pervades them, the friendship of man for man that endures through rain and shine—

"With the comrade heart
For a moment's play,
And the comrade heart
For a heavier day,
And the comrade heart
For ever and aye."

The 'Songs' show as the work of a skilled craftsman steadily gaining control over his material. The dexterity in rhyming is astonishing. 'Barney McGee' especially, and also 'Vagabondia' and 'Jongleurs,' are displays of verbal pyrotechnics not easy to surpass.

Yet with all this superficial cleverness the deeper note is not wanting, as an intimation of what one might expect after the craftsman had sharpened his tools, and the vagabond had become a citizen. 'Jongleurs' is a happy example of the poetry that may lurk in scenes of common street life for the eye sympathetic to respond. The Browningsque 'Contemporaries' contains an admonition to refrain from judging by mere appearance,

"Ah, to be just, as well as kind,—
It costs so little and so much."

The first poem to 'Karlene,' although the poet professes to "Borrow a note from a birdfellow's glees," is all Hovey's own,

a gracious, dewy welcome to a little maiden, to sweeten her whole earth-life. Noteworthy, too, is 'Mary of Marka,' with its fine economy of phrase, an etching perfect in story and outline. By far the best of Hovey's contributions, however, are the fine lines, 'Shakespeare Himself.' They ring the most genuine of all his 'Vagabondia' songs, and may be taken to embody in part the poet's creed, as we find it later on elaborated in the speeches of the Muses in 'Taliesin.' The poem seems almost out of place in the volume; it would have found fitter companions in 'Along the Trail.' On the whole, however, the 'Songs from Vagabondia' reflect merely a passing mood, that furnished ready material for the poet on which to exercise his craft. They are not to be taken too seriously; nor must they weigh too heavily in an estimate of Hovey's work.

'Along the Trail' brings us to Hovey's serious lyric work. The odes called forth by the Spanish war may well take their place beside the best of our not voluminous national poetry. 'The Word of the Lord from Havana' with its Biblical phraseology, reminds of the denunciations of the prophets of old. More notable, however, is 'The Call of the Bugles,' a justification of the war on the ground that

"God has given us the sword
To punish crime and vindicate his word."

Here the law of evolution is carried into the higher realm of international ethics,

"By strife as well as loving — strife,
The law of life, —
In brute and man the climbing has been done
And shall be done hereafter. Since man was,
No upward-climbing cause
Without the sword has ever yet been won."

Unfortunately for the poem as a whole it is marred by a passage that in its over-zealousness verges on the ludicrous, namely the stanza beginning.

"Rejoice, O Cuba! thy worst foe
Is overthrown" . . .

A false note in the poem, it has also turned out to be not true in reality. "The money dragon, The Old Serpent" has not been "pierced to the bone." Instead of making off "to nurse his wound," he devoured more of our brave soldier boys than the Fiend of Powder and Smoke. The war may have ruffled his feelings. It trod on his tail, but it nowise impaired his strength. With "dull reptilian malice" in his eyes he still gloats over his victims. The passage is a bit of Memorial Day Spread-eagleism more creditable to the poet's enthusiasm for the cause than to his artistic judgment. But though not perfect, 'The Call of the Bugles' still is a fine poem, especially from the lines

"Cease then this silly prate,
That to do justice on the evil-doer
Is vengeful and unworthy of the State." . . .

on to the end. It formulates an ideal of national disinterestedness inspiring to have before the eyes, even though we may not realize it for another æon to come.

The Dartmouth odes are a precious legacy to the "Mother off in the hills" by one of her notable sons. But the spirit of good fellowship in study and play that pervades them, must appeal to men of any college. 'A Winter Thought of Dartmouth in Manhattan,' written in Whitman's free rhythms, may take its place beside the elder poet's addresses to his beloved city. 'Spring' strikes the most universal note among these odes, not for the gladsome description of the first bourgeoning in the

"Re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year,"

with its "pinks and pearls and yellows", but because of the deepening of the thought toward the end, with the lines beginning

"And do I not hear
The first low stirring of that greater spring
Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic year?" . . .

Every century has its own dreams of a Golden Age. Men have always looked forward to a time greater and better than their own. The narrowness and incompleteness of the life on earth,

here and now, have ever urged them to build up a heaven toward which to aspire, a heaven that will keep for them, as a reward for good behavior, the things they could not have on earth, —

“If to all grief a sweet surcease were given,
How should the spirit unfold to larger scope?
Why should we strive for heaven,
If earth fulfilled our hope?”

But that heaven with its angels and garlands and harps and lights is passing away. A new heaven is building, greater and fairer than any we yet have had. Each new star that swims into our ken widens the dominions of the Divine. Science, that for a time seemed to make us poor by curtailing our childhood faith, has given us back infinitely more than she ever took away. And one of these things is faith in humanity, — the belief in an ultimate perfection of man here on earth, toward which the race is ever growing, and to which all our little, individual efforts may contribute, even now, — the belief in a “world-empire of world-brotherhood.” This is the thought bequeathed to the new century by the old. Our science, our art, our religion, are all pointing that way. The poet has but expressed the drift of his time, when, aware of “the first far flute notes . . . the first low stirring of that greater spring . . . in the underworld of the cosmic year,” he avers that “the greater to-morrow is on its way.” Poetry which thus crystallizes the hope of its day is vital.

The love of nature, which runs more or less through all the Dartmouth odes, finds expression also in the charmingly fresh ‘Faun,’ aptly named a Woodland Fantasy. It sums up the joy in untrammelled, irresponsible out-door life that finally leads to the intimacy with nature, which makes man partake of her “most unconfided whim,” an intimacy that later on in ‘Taliesin’ is crystallized and sublimated in Nimue, “the goddess of the silent stir of life.”

This companionship with nature, born of close observation supported by a knowledge of her laws, leads to a treatment at once imaginative and exact. Hovey’s scientific training serves him here

to supplement the poet's vision, and to widen the range of his illustrations. This love of nature again is a note of our time. Nature-study is become a part of the common-school work. The children go to the living specimens and ask the rocks and plants direct for the secret of their growth. And the parents follow their children. Men are beginning to get tired of huddled city life. The suburbanite is a product of our day. This renewed return to nature finds expression in lines like these, from the Dartmouth Ode : —

“ O you who would know us, come out from the roofs you have made,
And plunge in our waters and breathe the sharp joy of the air.
Let the hot sun beat down on your foreheads, lie prone in the shade,
With your hearts to the roots and the mosses, climb till you stare
From the summit that juts like an island up into the sky.
Watch the clouds pass by day, and by night let the power of Altair
And Arcturus and Vega be on you to lift you on high.

“ For our heart is not down on the maps, nor our magic in books ;
But the lover that seeks us shall find us, and keep in his heart
Every rune of our slow-heaving hillsides, the spaces and nooks
Of our woodlands, the sleep of our waters, His thoughts shall be part
Of our thoughts, and his ways shall be with us. His spirit shall flee
From the gluttons of fact. He shall dwell, as the hills dwell apart.
He only that loves us and lives with us, knows what we be.”

We go back to nature, not like the romanticist, to bore her with our woes ; nor yet like the Wordsworthian, to weary her with our philosophy. But we go as to a friend worth knowing for her own sake, alive and alert, with a thousand moods and whims of her own which she lures us on to discover. Hovey's lyrics sum up this modern love of nature in its various stages of intimacy.

Pausing for a moment here to gather up our impressions of the poems contained in the three volumes named, we find the dominant characteristic to be the note of joy that pervades them, or better, the joyous companionship with man and with nature, — the love between man and man that endures whatever winds may blow, and the love of nature that calls us out into the open air. They bear the imprint of a distinct, vigorous personality, bold,

aggressive, unmuzzled, unsentimental, taking a hopeful rather than a plangent view of life; of a virility second only to that of Whitman. The poet is on the whole in sympathy with his time, but he deals as yet with phases of life, rather than with life as a whole. There is, however, a steady progress, in the deepening of the thought as well as in technique; the verse more and more ceases to be an object in itself, but is gradually bridled and learns to subordinate itself to the content. Although these poems are neither absolutely great nor perfect, yet had Hovey done nothing further toward the achievement of greatness, they would assure him an honorable place among our lyric poets.

We may here glance at two charges brought against Hovey's work: inequality and a defective ear for rhythm. The charge of inequality is not unfounded. One instance has been pointed out. Others might be mentioned were it worth while to dwell upon the charge. It must be remembered that the poems cover a period of fifteen years, a time in which to grow in maturity of thought and expression. Moreover, few poets are invariably keyed up to concert pitch. It was an error of judgment that mistook bathos for inspiration, and placed practise-work side by side with finished productions. Whether it be wise for a poet, in order to eke out slender first volumes, to let us watch him at his potter's wheel in the process of shaping cunning vessels from the clay, is a question not lightly to be answered. If a law were passed forbidding the printing of all immature verse or all 'prentice work (as Plato surely would have done in his 'Republic,' could he have foreseen the letter-press) not many poets would ever publish a first book.

As to the second charge: Hovey certainly is not so uniformly smooth as Tennyson. No poet can be who has gone to school to Browning and Whitman. But Tennyson's very perfection is at times a fault. It is the discords that keep us awake, in art as well as in life. Hovey has only followed the example of some of the greatest masters of English verse in boldly employing dissonance to resolve it into harmony, in obedience to the thought or emotion to be expressed. But the greater share of the fault lies perhaps

with the critics rather than with the poet. Not for anything would we insinuate that their ears may be still more defective and untuned to subtle harmonies than those they criticise. Simply, that they stumble at some of the poems because they do not know how to read them. Most people read poetry by the eye; that may be sufficient in order to scan the ordinary rhythms they have learned to know. But most poets write by the ear, and if they employ new or unusual rhythms, the silent reader must commonly be completely at sea as to the rhythmic *motif*. In other words, new rhythms cannot be understood, much less appreciated unless intoned. The silent reader may get the thought, but he will miss the music, which is the life of poetry. And to such a reader poems like Whitman's especially seem a mere jumble of words. But let him utter them, and he will begin to feel the poet's lyric passion. Poetry of the Whitmanesque order, and the *vers libre* that Hovey largely employed, need the voice in order to show the rhythmic intentions, and indeed, to complete the meaning. The metre supports and sways to the thought. Of course there are passages in Hovey's poems where the music is not yet beaten out, where the hand flagged, or where the poet was experimenting, — tuning up his instrument preparatory to evoking the full-stringed harmonies. It was an error of judgment that admitted such passages. But the poet of 'Taliesin' cannot be charged with a defective ear.

As we turn to the dramas, the task of the critic becomes at once heavier. It is twofold; it must glance at the theme as well as at the story. The theme has been stated somewhere to be the conflict between the State and the individual. That does not seem exact; at least it does not cover the theme as worked out in the four parts extant. The claims of the State, personified in Arthur, are still in the background. The character of Arthur, indeed, is indistinct and shadowy throughout. But we have, on the one hand, the conflict between the two loyalties in Launcelot, and on the other, Guenevere's relations to her husband and her lover. These relations bring us face to face with questions of ethics that

will call forth a great diversity of opinion, a diversity impossible to reconcile because 'Launcelot and Guenevere' is and will remain a fragment. The outline of the story is clearly enough indicated; the argument is given in 'The Quest of Merlin,' which may be regarded as a prologue; each of the succeeding plays contains plentiful hints as to what may be expected. But the final word is wanting. The meaning of it all is shrouded behind its incompleteness. The poet himself probably could not have foretold clearly the outcome. A comparison of the Nimue of 'The Quest of Merlin,' published in 1891, with the Nimue of 'Taliesin,' first printed in 1896 ('Taliesin' first appeared serially in *Poet-lore* in 1896) shows what modifications a character may undergo at the hands of its creator within a few years. It depends entirely upon the treatment whether a given plot may be accepted or rejected. But when a story is broken off in the middle, as 'Launcelot and Guenevere' is, it is impossible, — and indeed would be unfair, — to formulate an opinion as to its ethical import.

The theme of 'Launcelot and Guenevere' is intensely modern. The readjustment of the relations between the man and the woman, which means the emancipation of the woman (in no invidious sense), is the task of the twentieth century, as the emancipation of the slave was the task of the nineteenth, and the emancipation of the masses the task of the eighteenth century. What had Hovey to offer toward the solution of that most modern of ancient problems? Would it have been accepted or rejected in our present state of development? His printed books give no definite answer. His work is a fragment. Whatever message he had remains unformulated; its ethical significance lies hidden beyond the pall. The message of a poet to his day and generation is almost the decisive factor in determining his claims to greatness. A poet who believes solely in art for art's sake must stand or fall with the passing fashions and the mutations of taste. After all has been said in favor of form, the content remains fully one half of the poem. Hovey had well-nigh attained to perfection of form; for young poets commonly begin with the externals of their art.

But time was not granted him to perfect his message, or to correct any impressions we may get from the plays as he left them. And so we must suspend judgment.

Passing over to the story underlying 'Launcelot and Guenevere,' we come upon still another question : What gives vitality to a drama ? The masters will answer. The greatest poets of all ages have sought their best inspiration in the life of their own country and their own time. The Greeks looking upon the rest of mankind as barbarians, naturally went back to their own gods and heroes. Dante's 'Divine Comedy' is not only the most intense expression of Italian life and thought of the thirteenth century, but it also embodies the passionate aspirations of its noblest minds for a united Italy, that were only to be realized five centuries later, under Victor Emanuel. Shakespeare is an Elizabethan to the core. His greatest plays either go back to British sources, or are so general in their application that the background matters little. His Romans are good Englishmen at heart. Juliet's balcony overhung a garden in Stratford ; Shylock bartered in Eastcheap ; Othello slew Desdemona the other day in Chicago ; Hamlet never lived in Elsinore ; he is brother to day-dreamers the world over. The strength of Goethe, whose Utopia was a world-literature, lies in his German characters, Faust and Wilhelm Meister. Schiller is shrined in the hearts of the Germans because he glorified with his poetry German idealism. Wagner found the material for his great music dramas on Germanic soil. Ibsen's mighty poem 'Brand,' typifies in its hero the Norwegian people. Hauptmann, on whom Goethe's dramatic mantle has fallen, has woven the beautiful German fairy lore into his greatest play, 'The Sunken Bell.' Wherever we turn, to the masters of poetry or of prose, their hearts lay at home. The dramatic poet especially, who distills the very essence of life and brings it at once before the eye and the ear, the two senses by which men take in the sum of their impressions, will be great in the measure in which he is rooted in his own soil and his own time. If he would speak to the hearts of his fellow-men, he must be like Wordsworth's

“Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam —
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

He must not depart too widely from their interest and their ways of thinking if he would be a voice among them. If he would be a lantern for their feet, he must not globe his light with colors that are opaque to them. He must be *of* them in order to be somewhat *for* them. How then does the story underlying ‘Launcelot and Guenevere’ affect us?

The Arthurian legends, that Hovey chose as vestments for his theme, are remote, barbaric, and undemocratic. Whatever the cycle may be to an Englishman, it means little to the average American. Ask the Kansas farmer what he knows of the battles of King Arthur. He will answer that his wheat crop is more important; but his boy will probably know Lincoln’s Gettysburg speech by heart. The traditions of chivalry smoulder yet in England, with its hereditary aristocracy; its landed tenures; its folk lore still passing from mouth to mouth; its legends and antiquities; its ivied ruins and castled hills; its dim cathedrals rich with storied tombs; its museums filled with relics of the knights and dames of old. In England the past will not let the present forget its ancestry. But the American has no such past. These ties were snapped asunder with the first boatload that landed on American shores. The American has no traditions that go back beyond 1776. The Virginian may have, or the Dutch, or the Puritan, if they love their State more than their Country. The Declaration of Independence is our first national document. What then have we as a nation to do with the traditions of England? The Cycle of Charlemagne, or of the Cid, or of the Orlando Furioso, may mean more to some of us than the Cycle of Arthur.

In addition to being remote, the story underlying ‘Launcelot and Guenevere’ is also undemocratic and lacking in contemporary interest. The present days are too stirring for us to turn back readily to the least attractive and least studied period in Romance history, or to lend a willing ear to the building up of a mythical

kingdom. In a democracy it takes more than one man to carry the State ; and one woman's disloyalty cannot overthrow a republic. Moreover, the idea of kingship is passing away. The countries now burdened with kings would probably never imitate the drastic measures of the French territories and chop off all royal heads in order to get rid of them. But were all the royal houses of Europe destroyed, root and branch, at one blow, it is doubtful if the people would elect another hereditary king from among their own number. A confederation of republics would more probably result.

In 'Launcelot and Guenevere,' then, we have a curious example of a theme almost too modern against a background entirely remote from the life of our day and nation. This esoteric interest goes to explain the scant welcome the dramas have received at the hands of the general reading public. In a drama no amount of beautiful poetry or of constructive skill can atone for lack of contemporary interest. Those who object to these points as being beside the mark, and not doing justice to the dramas in themselves, must remember that they were conceived as acting plays, and intended probably for larger and more mixed audiences than gather at Independent Theatre performances. They doubtless were written, not for a select few but for the American people. But we ask of the great American poet, whom we are all expecting, and whose coming was shadowed from afar, that he shall give us a great *national* drama, plays that bring home to us the lessons of our own past, that mirror our own present, that prophesy of our own future, that hold up to us ideals embodying our own highest aspirations, as individuals and as a nation, but enlarged and ennobled by passing through the limbec of his mightier mind, and made splendid by the magic of his speech. We need a poet, who shall speak not only to the descendants of Englishmen, but also to the descendants of all the other countries that have sent their children across the sea to build up this mighty, cosmopolitan nation. The poet who scorns or fails to do this is not the great American poet we are waiting for.

As we turn to the plays individually, the two masques and the two plays successively present an interesting study of the development of a poet, in the control of his material and in the deepening and strengthening of the thought perhaps more than in the technique; for even the first one shows considerable mastery of the verse, while it is weakest in the reasoning. 'The Quest of Merlin,' indeed, may be passed by with courteous mention. It is a pleasing work of youthful fancy. There are charming bits of poetry scattered through it, that might find their way into any collection of lyrics, such as the songs of the Sylphs and of the Naiads. The song of Bacchus, 'Wine, ho,' finds good companionship in the 'Vagabondia' volumes. But as a rounded composition 'The Quest of Merlin' is not convincing. It is an accretion of parts rather than an organic whole; and the parts do not fit well into one another. Moreover, the insistence of fatalism is unacceptable to one who would say with Watson, "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," in spite of the theory of a tyrannous heredity that will not free us from its clutches. Fate, of course, is the idea underlying the whole story, but its handling here is not convincing. The last twelve pages, which do not appear in the edition of 1891, have added some fine poetry, but none to make fatalism more acceptable to minds not friendly to it. 'The Quest of Merlin' falls into its place as the introduction to 'Launcelot and Guenevere,' but it cannot stand in comparison with the following masque, 'Taliesin.' It supports the saying that an author should write his introduction last if he would have it effective.

'The Marriage of Guenevere,' published first in the same volume with 'The Quest of Merlin,' likewise bears the earmark of youth. It was written under the shadow of Shakespeare, — but not as Shakespeare would have written to-day and for an American audience. Young poets who go to the master-dramatist for their inspiration too constantly forget the three hundred years lying between his day and our own, and the disparity in the ideals, in the outlook upon life, and especially in the fashions of

speech. Good Queen Bess punned and swore and clapped the loose jests of her courtiers in so hearty a manner as would make Queen Victoria blush even to think of doing. These superficialities the young poet who avows Shakespeare as his master first catches. It is not until he himself has ripened that he takes hold of Shakespeare's real greatness, — his piercing insight into the heart of things, his wit and wisdom, that make him a refuge for almost any mood. These qualities are not found in 'The Marriage of Guenevere'; nor is there anywhere in Hovey's dramas a trace of that humor which mellows and suffuses even Shakespeare's earliest, lightest work.

But 'The Marriage of Guenevere' and also 'The Birth of Galahad' derive perhaps more from Beaumont and Fletcher. There is the same romantic outlook upon life, the white-heat of passion, the glow, the fervor, the color, the clang of arms, the exuberance of fancy, the sensuous delight in mere beauty; and also the same lack of restraint and the blurring of the sense of right and wrong. Guenevere has not an inkling of what she owes to the King, and to the realm as Arthur's Queen. The word "duty" does not exist for her. There is no hesitancy whatever in her mind. She is a dazzling white flame of passion and nothing else. Her one desire is,

. . . "oh, to be free ! to stab
This turnkey Policy, break prison, flee,
Untrammelled, fearless, irresponsible —
And let tongues wag that will."

Her unrestrained passion makes her weak as a character. Lancelot is much more finely conceived. The conflict between the two loyalties raging in his bosom is well brought out in the second play, —

"The daily torture . . .
To hear his voice. To look into his eyes . . .
His honest, outward eyes . . . and read the love there
I have betrayed."

and so on to the end of the second scene. Yet his reasoning

whereby he excuses himself seems sophisticated. But the right or the wrong of his relation to the queen is the crucial point of the whole story. And 'Launcelot and Guenevere' is a fragment.

'The Birth of Galahad' is in general workmanship, in firmness of handling, and in characterization an immense stride forward over the preceding play. It very nearly proves the dramatist's mastership over his art. It is full of life and movement, spectacular even, and obviously conceived from the point of view of stage effects. The blank verse easily responds to every least movement of the thought; it triumphantly combines the ease of colloquial speech with poetic diction. At its best it is inevitable, each word, be it high-born or humble, falling into its place, without effort and willingly; for the poet,

. . . "with lips made swift for the song to pass,
Shall be aware no longer of lips that sing;
Use shall have made speech leap unbidden,
Sure as a horse when he knows his rider."

There are, moreover, passages of purest poetry embodying emotions such as never before have been put into verse. In this it shows as the work of a thoroughly modern poet; he has woven a halo around motherhood such as only Raphael has given to his Madonnas.

'Taliesin' must be exempted from all the strictures brought against 'Launcelot and Guenevere' as a whole. A pure lyric, a Masque of Art, it is complete in itself, and stands apart and above all Hovey's other work. It is of the very finest essence of poetry, filled with the rapture and exaltation of song. The lyric poet has a field immeasurably greater than the dramatist. His realm is subjective, the world of the ideal. He may take for his own all the fair fancies that have ever drifted across the human mind, all the high dreamings that have ever stirred the human heart, all the dim aspirations that have ever thrilled through the human soul, to clothe anew the eternal verities. The past, the present, and the future are his; the infinite reaches of space are roadways for his thought; angels and demons do his bidding; —

nay, the World-spirit himself will hearken to his voice. His kingdom is bounded only by his power to curb these to his will. So 'Taliesin,' symbolic of the growth of a poet, derives its suggestiveness from the blending of Celtic nature worship with Hellenic wisdom, serenity, and joy in life, and Hebrew aspiration toward the Unknown. For daring and successful appropriation of these three sources of our modern western consciousness, for perfect fusion of thought with expression, for sheer beauty and melody, 'Taliesin' stands unique in our literature. It must be read as a whole; it cannot be given in extracts without marring the proportion of its parts. There are poems about which one cannot say much — praise seems an impertinence; poems one would like to see illuminated and bound in cloth of gold. Such is 'Taliesin.' It is the radiant white flower of Hovey's genius.

A comparison of 'Taliesin' with the second part of 'Faust' has recently been suggested, in an otherwise most luminous exposition of the poem. While not detracting from Goethe, a comparison seems unjust to Hovey, for it raises expectations of things that are not to be sought in 'Taliesin.' Its limiting designation, 'A Masque of Art,' marks it at once as treating only of one aspect of life, and that not the most comprehensive one, for as far as numbers go, the artist is a mote among mankind. 'Faust' treats of life in its entirety. Every sentence, moreover, is pregnant with meaning. Goethe was not only one of the mightiest intellects that have ever lived; he also knew intimately the court and the camp, the stage and the studio, the scholar's retreat and the scientist's laboratory. 'Faust' is the completed life work of a mature man of the world turned world-poet. 'Taliesin' is one member of a series, the work of a man still in the forenoon of life, who had neither harvested nor winnowed the sum of his experiences.

Two characteristics that distinguish Hovey's work from that of his fellow poets — which have so far passed unnoted by the critics — may be glanced at here: his allusions to astronomy and

the cosmic forces, and to the Bible. The floor of heaven is no longer, as to Lorenzo, "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." The wonder-worker science has revealed to the modern poet that the limitless reaches of space are alive, peopled with worlds teeming like our own, or dead, or quickening into birth. The stars have resumed their influence, not over man's destinies, as of old, but over his musings,

. . . "and by night the power of Altair,
And Arcturus and Vega be on you to lift you on high."

In part this may be simply a poetic device, a fondness for high-sounding, unusual proper names, as indeed Hovey's work throughout shows a most effective use of them, in the Miltonic manner. But back of this embroidery there is sound knowledge; the constellations are as real and familiar to the poet as a tree or a flower might be. There is a touch of the old astrology at the end of 'The Quest of Merlin,' where the Stars, respectively of Arthur, Launcelot, and Guenevere appear, to give to Merlin the final answer to his inquiries. Otherwise the treatment keeps abreast with modern research. All Hovey's later work, indeed, is saturated with science, especially with those branches dealing with the world-forces, cosmography and all therein included. In 'Taliesin' pre-eminently the wonders of the universe are drawn upon to illustrate the poet's thought, as if the earth with its riches had not sufficed for his daring, but the uttermost part of heaven must furnish forth the imagery to greaten the theme. It shows the modern poet, imbued with the scientific spirit of his age, endowed with the insight to perceive its imaginative value, and with the cunning to transmute it into poetry.

Hovey's indebtedness to the Bible is direct and various. It appears not only in the same way in which his other masters have become manifest, — an ear well attuned to the multiform melodies of English song cannot fail to note recurring phrases, half-phrases, and cadences that have been heard elsewhere. This is most obvious in the earlier books where the poet is still working under the shadow of his masters. It lessens volume by volume, until in

'Taliesin' only the Biblical influence is traceable. They may perhaps be unconscious reminiscences of wide and careful reading supported by a tenacious memory. Yet at times it almost amounts to a direct borrowing of whole lines, with perhaps a variation of only a single word; compare, for instance, the quatrain 'Secrets' with its prototype in Proverbs xxx.; or the line "And the song of an *unseen* bird" with Swinburne's "The song of a *secret* bird." These instances might be multiplied by any one curious to trace the progress of a poet from imitation to independence.

More interesting for us is Hovey's constant recurrence to the Bible not only for phraseology but also for imagery and direct allusion. To name all these would in itself furnish forth an essay. He only adds one more to the number of poets who have gone for their inspiration to that well-spring of English thought and speech. The third Movement of 'Taliesin,' as is fitting, is saturated with Scripture. It is no longer an imitation, but a transfusion of the very language and spirit of the Bible into modern thought and feeling.

This Movement shows that Hovey had it in him to write a great religious poem such as English literature, which is essentially secular, does not possess. 'Paradise Lost' is gathering dust on many a shelf, with its obsolete cosmogony and its old-fashioned theology. Lovers of poetry of course will always go back to it for its mighty cadences and the splendor of its imagery; but otherwise it is not much read. The epic style, moreover, is too ponderous and unyielding to express the aspirations of the soul dimly groping after the Unknown. Lyric fluidity only can follow the prayer that finds voice in a song. For want of this lyric voice we go back three thousand years to the ritual of an alien, unscientific, narrowly boundaried race for our religious poetry, while astronomy is telling us of the wonderful universe it has discovered only the other day. Surely it is not irreverent to say that here is a fair field for a new religious poetry that shall add to the Hebrew fervor modern knowledge, and insight into our own needs. The sacred music that makes splendid the feast days of the Church is a recent

development. The painting that tells in glowing colors and tender outlines the stories of Holy Writ, is not much older. Shall poetry only, of all the arts, hang back, unwilling to lay its offering upon the shrine?

The third Movement of 'Taliesin' shows what a modern poet could do for modern ritual. The Litany and the songs of the choristers are filled with the rapture of worship; the reflected splendor of the Graal foreshadows the Mystery of the Incarnation; Taliesin's Hymn of Joy is the exultation of the seer in his vision of the Divine; while the song of the Angels is the supreme utterance of religious ecstasy,

"Thine! Thine!

Shrined in the worlds of worlds, whom yet the shrine

Of the domed universe doth not confine!

Red in the chalice of the years like wine!

Uttered, unutterable, awful, and benign!

Thine! Thine! Thine! Thine! Thine! . . .

Thine! . . . Thine! Thine! . . .

Thine!" . . .

And now we come back to our first question, Was Richard Hovey a great poet? Some will affirm it; more will deny it. It is idle to attempt an answer. Judgment has not yet had time to crystallize. American literature requires a score of years before it can know in how far he has responded to its needs; in how far he has become an influence on his time; and in how far he has anticipated the needs of a later time. Whether a poet is wanted by any age except his own is the final test of greatness. The praise disproportionate to the performance, the recognition withheld from true merit, — this myopia of the judgment is a defect incident to contemporaries' eyes only. The years have normal sight, and restore all things to their true proportion. What Richard Hovey would have done had the full measure of a man's years been granted him, we do not know. What he intended to do does not concern us here. A man's intentions never count for much except to his intimate friends. Promissory notes are not a bid for immortality.

But this we can say even now, that Richard Hovey was one of the most richly endowed poetic personalities this country has yet produced, combining lyric fervor with the dramatic instinct to a degree not found in any other of our poets, and adding to these the scholar's equipment with the artist's sense of form. The future smiled fair upon him. He gave to the world one fine drama and one splendid poem. Then he was called off, leaving his chief work a fragment. He must be named with poets like Lanier, whose work is incomplete, whose promise was greater than their achievement, and whose untimely loss American literature will mourn for many a day to come.

Helena Knorr.



NATURE ANTHOLOGIES.

To call them such is to express the one quality held in common by two recent volumes — 'Nature Pictures by American Poets' and 'The Open Road.' Alike in external form, both selections from the poets about Nature, they are in spirit and purpose essentially different. The secret of this difference appears in these lines by Whitman taken from 'The Open Road':

"O public road, I love you,
You express me better than I express myself,
You shall be more to me than my poem!"

In one book the emphasis is on the *poem*, in the other on *Nature*.

'Nature Pictures' is a book of distinctly educational aim, designed, as the editor tells us, to "aid in Nature study and foster æsthetic observation and culture," and to give an idea of the history and development of the Nature element in American poetry. The introduction is scholarly, and the volume offers for the student who wants to see what his poets have said about Nature a treasury of poems beautiful and fitly chosen. It is a book for the library, the study and the class room.

'The Open Road' has no literary pretensions. It is born in the fragrance of pine woods, or in the radiant sunshine on the

heights, and is for the holiday time of the year. It provides "lazy reading for the time of rest, with perhaps a phrase or two for the feet to step to and the mind to brood on when the rest is over." It sings the playtime of Shakespeare and Herrick, of Shelley and Burns and Stevenson, and the air it breathes is pure and free and bracing.

One book is compiled by the critic, the student of books; everything is selected with an eye to literary quality and historical value. In the other we have the choice of the lover of nature in all her moods, who turns to the poets for words to express his own emotions.

Harriott S. Olive.

(Nature Pictures by American Poets, selected and edited by Annie Russell Marble, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25. The Open Road, a Little Book for Wayfarers, compiled by E. V. Lucas. New York: Henry Holt & Co.)



LIFE AND LETTERS.

—THE origin of the name of the "Boxers" is an edifying comment on Boxer movements the world over, whether martialled in the spirit of unjustifiable Asian Rudyards or only of justifiable European and American ones.

The movement in China is inspired, it appears, by a strikingly similar capability for that driving of self-interest and ethical standards in double harness, which, according to Mr. Aline Gorren, in his book on the superiority of the English-speaking peoples, marks off the Anglo-Saxon from the Latin race. There is, he says, "a psychological difference between English-speaking men and others, which makes that which would be hypocrisy in others not hypocrisy in them." This is the explanation, perhaps, of that seeming incongruity in the message reported from the English-speaking missionaries in China of a religion that abjures revenge: "Save us, or avenge us!"

However that may be, it comes out that the "Boxer," also,

has a psychological tendency to shove into the same compartment—to put into one box, as it were—his Chinese sense of self-interest and his Chinese sense of religion. When he joined the Boxer movement he declared he stood for righteousness and the fist, the name he assumed of *I Ho Chüan*, meaning “Righteousness conjoined with Protection.” Upon this a punning change has been rung, turning it into *I Ho Ch’uan*, meaning “Righteousness and the fist,” whence arises the nickname, “Boxers.”



—CAN it be that what Mr. Gorren calls the distinctive Anglo-Saxon “genius for making facts of physical and material significance look as if they were facts of spiritual import” is not so much a racial trait, as an illogicalness belonging to all men of all races whose minds and natures are not as developed as they may come to be? This awkward query suggests itself in connection with the origin and meaning of the term “Boxer.”



—WE are even led thence to wonder whether there may not be traits of universal kindness belonging to the developed minds and natures of humanity generally, which are more desirable to base world movements upon than upon a racial trait which does not seem to be peculiarly ours after all, but one we own in common with the unawakened Boxer intelligences of more than one race.

Yes, still further, we are led to wonder whether the “Anglo-Saxon” races might not follow a more enlightened policy of self-interest plus ethics if their course in Asia and elsewhere were run in accord with the traits of the more developed instead of the less developed specimens of the race which has so little power to follow Burns’s wish :

“O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us !”

—WHOEVER has not seen a Shakespeare play out of doors at Wellesley "in the sweete month of June" has yet to know one of the most fascinating of the poet's rich fund of dramatic possibilities.

The idyllic beauty, the ideal grace belonging as a whole to the presentation of 'The Tempest' in the glade near Longfellow Pond, in Commencement week of this year, seemed to us to put the play into closer relation with the gleaming vision in Shakespeare's own mind which guided him in writing it, than any performance possible to give "on the boards" of the professional stage. So we were inclined to believe, as we sat on the grassy slope, canvas-carpeted from damp, in the summer twilight, with our eyes turned to the little level valley space below. There Prospero and Miranda, a stately black-robed presence and a girlish gleaming white one, were conferring gravely. Upon the slope rising gently behind them flitted in and out among the tree-trunks the airy Ariel, sheathed in a pale lucent green shining through a glistening silveriness of scarf-like veils that undulated with fresh grace about her at every movement. How gently she did her spiriting, with a pure natural lightness and liteness of limb peculiar to the modern gymnasium-trained college girl!

If we were roused from the sheer loveliness of the scene by an inimitable howling "gr-r-r!" from Caliban, the shapeless, brown, hulking, crouching mystery of her strange figure was, in its own way, quite as compelling an allurements. The hicoughing pomp-apeing butler, too, and the sprightly mocking little Trinculo, as well as the earthy worldlings of the ship-wrecked court group of characters, served but to sharpen the contrast with the color and motion of the masque and the dance of goddesses, nymphs, and reapers—to reveal the clash of real with unreal—to intensify the beauty and significance of Shakespeare's most wonderful of romantic mummeries.

The performance brought out both the spiritual and spectacular "composition" of the play. And the "go," and grace, and fun these Wellesley girls put into their action, the enjoying sympathy

they seemed to feel were so full of intelligence, also, as to make many a deep suggestion of Shakespeare's meaning to the mind.

The 'Liste of the Players' read in antique spelling as follows: *Alonso, King of Naples*, Anna Blackmer; *Sebastian, his Brother*, Susan Hall; *Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine*, Hilda Meisenbach; *Antonio, his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine*, Frances Hughes; *Ferdinand, son of the King of Naples*, Louise Sylvester; *Gonzalo, and honest old Councellor*, Bertha Doane; *Adrian and Francisco, Lords*, Louise Williams and Clare Conklin; *Calaban, a savage and deformed slave*, Constance Draper; *Trinculo, a Jester*, Alice Knox; *Stephano, a drunken Butler*, Harriet Goddard; *Master of a Ship*, Alice Spink; *Boate-Swaine*, Catherine Dwight; *Mirandes, daughter to Prospero*, Ethel Bowman; *Ariell, and ayrie spirit*, Jean Gregory; *Iris, Cerco, and Juno, Spirits*, Clara Blattner, Anna Blackmer, and Alice Harding; *Nymphs, and Reapers, Spirits*, Jessica Sherman, Mary Davis, Eleanor Conlon, Alice Spink; Marion Cooke, Rowena Weakley, Catherine Dwight, and Bertha di Zerega.



—"A MINOR mystery of 'Hamlet,'" says a writer in the London *Academy*, "seems to be cleared up by a discovery which has lately been made at Elsinore, the scene of the play. An old document has been found in the archives of that ancient seaport setting forth the fact that in 1585 a wooden fence, which had been put up in the year 1585 by the Burgomaster, had been destroyed by a company of English actors. The names of these actors are given, and they include some who are known to have belonged to Shakespeare's company. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, whence the information comes, points out that Shakespeare 'shows a curiously exact knowledge of the local conditions of that little seaport.' . . . Shakespeare's choice of Elsinore is curious. The older play which he worked up into his own, followed the legend and placed the drama in Jutland. Shakespeare's arbitrary preference of Elsinore, and his truthful touches about that place, are easily accounted for if we suppose that he consulted some of

his fellow-players who were of the party that broke down the Burgomaster's fence. There is good evidence that troupes of English actors did wander Western Europe at the time necessary to establish this interesting theory. In fact, the Earl of Leicester sailed to the Low Countries in 1585, taking his players with him, and four years later Shakespeare, we know, was of that company."



—A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following verses on Richard Hovey, on condition that we print them anonymously :

THE DEAD MINSTREL.

THE harp is silent, the strings are broken,
The golden song like a bird is fled
That winged away in a sudden rapture,—
The minstrel lies dead.

Dead ere the roses drop, petal by petal,
Ere the vintage of autumn is ripening and red,
While the heart-beats of summer thrill yet through the forest,
The minstrel lies dead.

Hushed are the halls once mellow with music,
And laughter of ladies and clangor of arms,
And passions and sobbings, and mad joys of living,
And strange old charms.

Delighted we listened, and half in wonder, —
"And the end of the story, that's yet unsaid?"
The silence deepens, — there is no answer, —
The minstrel lies dead.

No answer, — and so much remains unspoken :
The world-old mysteries, the riddle unread.
Did the Sphinx not whisper to him her secret? —
But the minstrel lies dead.

Hang up his harp, for none now may touch it,
The master is gone. But over this bed
Strew lilies and laurels and roses and pansies,
Where the minstrel lies dead.



EPHRAIM'S BREITE.*

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

BY CARL HAUPTMANN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

GOTTLIEB EPHRAIM, a peasant. BEATA EPHRAIM, his wife. BREITE EPHRAIM, their daughter. ERNEST EPHRAIM, their son. OLD SCHINDLER, a woman harper. JOSEPH SCHINDLER, her son, a farm hand on Ephraim's farm. Bohemian FRANZEL, a young woman harper. BLUMIG, a cattle-dealer. HERMANN HUHNDORF, GUSTAVE KRETSCHMER, } peasants. HEINRICH HILDEBRANDT, }	Mrs. HUHNDORF, Mrs. KRETSCHMER, } their wives. Mrs. HILDEBRANDT, } GLUMM, an innkeeper. PAULINE GLUMM, his wife. Old MATTERN. FATHER JACOB, an old pedler. TINE, a milkmaid. ZOTTELBECKER, a woman from the poorhouse. Two workingmen, a boy, peasant boys and girls.
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ACT I.

Scene.— Large living-room in Ephraim's farm-house.

Fire is burning in the stove, on which some pots are steaming. In a narrow space behind the stove are some beds. On the table are bread and a knife. Most of the time the door at the back stands open, so that the door to the stable can be seen.

BEATA EPHRAIM'S voice is heard. You can buy the pigs or not, for all I care! I shan't say another word. [*She bustles in the door at the back, and goes over to the fire.*] Things keep a going wrong—the whole time! Because of this strange hand, my son must have who knows what said to him; and now he would like, if he could, to get those little pigs for nothing,—Father would!

[TINE, the milkmaid, appears in the doorway of the stable, a milk-pail in her hand.]

Beata [*continuing to busy herself around the fire*]. Tine! [*Louder.*] Tine! You—

Tine [*comes in*]. Well, you needn't yell so. I'm here.

Beata. Bring me the milk, then! You might bring it on time, for once, so that I wouldn't have to yell my insides out to get it. [*Takes the milk-pail.*] Won't you soon have your bit of milking done?

Tine [*calmly wiping her face with the bottom of her skirt*]. Yes!—but go ahead!— [*Roughly.*] I've been looking at them pigs, too, ma'am. I was shaking down the straw—

Beata. You've been looking at the pigs!—You've been looking at the pigs!—And Breite? What has she been looking at? Has she been with that fellow, that Joseph, again? Has she? [*EPHRAIM'S voice is heard.*]

Tine. No, Joseph hasn't come in from the fields yet. [*Takes up the empty milk-pail.*] Breite's milking the goats. [*During the preceding, EPHRAIM, a tall, somewhat bent, beardless old man, bustles through the farm-yard toward the house. Behind him*

comes the cattle-dealer, BLUMIG, a tough, sly, old tradesman in an open smock-frock of coarse, hairy cloth, his hat on the back of his neck and his whip in his left hand. TINE goes out, and disappears in stable.]

Ephraim [turns in the doorway]. It won't make any difference if you follow me like a dog, forever. Twenty-one dollars for those four miserable, bony, little pigs,—and not a cent more'll you get! [BEATA is now standing in the centre of the room, holding a corner of her apron, and looking on.]

Blumig [scratching his head]. Well, I guess not! I haven't an idea of selling at that price. It can't be done, no, sir! I'd only lose by it; and why should I lose? Well, then, I'll just have to take my pretty little pigs quietly away with me. [He turns irresolutely toward the door.] Ephraim isn't the only man that can buy 'em.

Ephraim [his hand on the latch of the door to the left]. Very well! No, I said, and no, it stays! Take 'em away,—all of 'em together! There's plenty of pigs in the world. [He goes into the small room.]

Blumig [placing his hat firmly on his head, with a short, dry laugh]. Oh, well, Beata! There's plenty of pigs in the world; but they're not all of them just such dainty little things.

Beata [as soon as EPHRAIM disappears, hastily and furtively draws some money out of her pocket. In a low tone.] Blumig [Beckoning.] Blumig! [Furtively pressing a dollar into his hand.] A dollar more! The pigs please me! Hold your tongue about it, though, you understand!

Blumig [wrinkles up his nose slyly]. Oh, now! — See here! — [Protesting with a motion of the hand.]

Beata [aloud]. You can't believe how much harder it keeps getting, every day, to do anything with that man!

Blumig [laughing loudly]. It's the same way with dogs! They always get worse toward the end.

Ephraim [returning from the little room, says casually to BLUMIG]. What're you a-waiting for, Blumig? — You better hurry

up, and get out of here! I've had enough of this commotion around the place! You better take yourself off, and all your pigs with you!

Blumig [*catching EPHRAIM by the sleeve*]. Just listen to reason a bit,—Ephraim!

Ephraim [*scornfully*]. What're you talking about! When a man doesn't let dirty rascals like you cram his throat up to his nose with talk, then you always say, "Listen to reason." I don't want any such reason. [*Suddenly he looks comically around, as if in search of something.*] Are you going? Or, perhaps, I'd better get my whip, and chase you and your pretty little pigs off the place. [*All at once he walks toward the door, as if considering something.*]

Beata. Well, that's the way with him these days, Blumig [*BREITE comes in with a small dish-pan in her hands.*]

EPHRAIM [*has busied himself meantime at the cupboard to the left. He now says to BREITE in a business-like tone*]. Has Joseph Schindler come in?

Breite [*calmly*]. Certainly, father, they've come in. They're over there back of the barn.

Ephraim. It's about time.

Breite. Oh, father! It takes time to bind and load all those sacks. Time goes quickly, and they can't be very idle nowadays.

Blumig. God's greetings to you, Breite! Dear me, you've grown to be a most charming girl! God only knows how such a pretty flower could have grown in your hard soil, Gottlieb. Well, have you got a husband yet, girl?

Beata. Oh, my God, my God! She might have a very decent one!

Blumig. Oh, well, you needn't worry about it. You've red cheeks, and at least you don't make such ugly faces as the old man does.

Breite. I've no reason to worry. You'd rather laugh, too. [*She picks up her dish-pan, and starts to go out.*] Besides, I've too much to do to-day to find time to worry, even if I'd any reason to.

Blumig [coming nearer to her]. That's the kind of a girl!—just the kind—a deuced nice little thing— [*He tries to chuck her under the chin.*] Huh?

Breite [laughing scornfully and harshly]. You dare to come near me, you old pig-dealer, you! I dare you to!

Beata [vexed]. Don't be so rude, girl! It isn't nice! [*BREITE goes out.*] You can just guess, Blumig, that girl can do what she likes, and it's all right; and she can have what she likes, and it's all right—

Ephraim [curtly]. Don't make me mad! My girl's no concern of yours, Blumig! She isn't anybody's concern! You understand me, woman? You better worry [*growing angry*] a little more over that son of yours! If you don't, I might set to work again, to correct him! You wouldn't like that!—I might take a notion to speak my mind.—You wouldn't like that, either!

Blumig [after making several vain attempts to interrupt him by gestures]. Oh, Gottlieb!—Gottlieb!—Listen to me a minute!—Listen to me a minute!

Ephraim. Well, I'm listening! I'll listen to you for a few minutes, but not much longer!

Blumig [with shrewd persistence]. It's my last word, Ephraim! Just one dollar more!

Ephraim [emphatically]. Not a half a cent!

Blumig. Just tell me yourself, Beata,—they are pretty little pigs, aren't they?

Ephraim. I've had enough of this! [*He calls from the door.*] Joseph! Joseph! He must of gone back again.—Ernest!—Boy!—Ernest!

Ernest's voice [from the stable]. What?—What is it?— [*Afterward he appears at the door of the stable, and comes slowly forward as far as the door of the house.*]

Ephraim [as soon as he sees him]. Where have you come from?—Huh?—From the stable? Why didn't you lead Blasse up and down, a little, long ago? Have you nothing to do but look on at the work a hundred times?—Huh?—I'll teach you how to

stir your legs! I think you may hear something for your good from me yet. Pull yourself up!—It may come later!—It's possible it may come any time! [ERNEST *starts to go with an air of indifference and without venturing a word.*]

Ephraim [energetically]. You stay here awhile!—and listen to what I have to say!—First, chase this herd of swine off my place. Do you understand?—All of them—right away—and the dealer with them. And be quick about it! I'll see whether I'll have things my way!

Beata. I thought it'd be like this. You might think over it again, Blumig! [ERNEST *remains standing in the doorway, undecided.*]

Blumig [holding EPHRAIM]. Gottlieb!—[Laughs.] You're a foolish fellow! Well, I suppose I must let them go. [As they go toward the stable.] It's my loss! Jesus! But let it go! It's my loss! My father always said—[*They disappear in the stable, followed by BEATA.*]

[ERNEST *goes to the table, and cuts himself a slice of bread.* JOSEPH SCHINDLER, a sullen, gypsy-looking man of about thirty, comes in from the yard, a horse bucket in his hand, and goes over to the fire.]

Ernest [scornfully]. Have you been growling about me to father?—Ha, ha, ha! Keep on growling!—keep on! [JOSEPH contemptuously says nothing.] Let father touch me once, on your account, and God have mercy on you, I say!

Joseph [full of hatred]. You just be rough to my old mother again, you lazy bones! and things may be better still than they are to-day! You hear?

Ernest [excitedly]. I'll fly at your throat—you—you—

Breite [bustles in]. What've you got against Joseph now, you silly devil? [She goes over to the fire, and resolutely takes JOSEPH's work away from him.] Give it here: I'll do it.

Ernest [keeping his temper]. I only want to make it plain to Mr. Joseph, once again, who I am. [Scornfully and lazily.] Father can beat me to death; but I'm not afraid of him. [JOSEPH laughs contemptuously.]

Breite [to ERNEST]. Get out of here !

Ernest [suddenly, ridiculously]. Yes, yes, I'm going, I'm going.

Breite. Besides, you'll carry this so far that father'll misunderstand everything again.

Joseph. God knows you better put your rage into good, honest work, you high-flyer ! You hear !

Ernest [goes up to JOSEPH, excitedly, without paying any attention to BREITE]. I'll fly at your throat,—you scoundrel, if you keep on crawling into my father's ear, like an ear-worm,—you —

Breite [forcibly pushing him back]. You go ! Go, I tell you ! [Suddenly she calls.] Father ! Father !

Ernest [mimicking her]. Father ! Father ! [Goes out lazily.]

Joseph [excitedly]. That boy'll give us no peace — until either I or your father teach him a good lesson — but that won't be long coming.

Breite [listens awhile at the door, then turns suddenly and hangs on JOSEPH]. You talked a long while with Franzel this morning, Joseph ?

Joseph [harshly]. What ?

Breite. You talked a long while with that gypsy, Franzel ! I want to know about it, Joseph !

Joseph [indifferently]. You better give me some warm water, quick ! [He pushes a lock of black hair back from his forehead.] I must shake down some warm hay for Blasse right away. [Harshly.] I thought you were going to snap at me, too. I'd just like it if you did !

Breite [letting him go]. What do I care for Blasse ? What do I care for that boy ? But I must know one thing ! — Joseph ! — If what the people say is true —

Joseph [drawling]. What ?

Breite. I — I was sick — when I saw you laughing and talking so privately with Franzel.

Joseph [astonished]. How could I talk to Franzel, when she's just come back to the village for the first time ? — We just said how d'y'-do to each other, as anybody —

Breite. Not much! You think I can be put off with that kind of talk, like other women! I'm not like other women. What I am, I am. What I have, I must have for myself alone. I won't share it with any one, you must know. [*Almost weeping.*] Why did I take such a liking to you right away —

Joseph. Well, now, tell me, what did I talk to Franzel about? — Tell me, will you? — You're in such a rage about it, you must surely know!

Breite. How should I know? I was in the stable, and from the window I saw you standing at the hedge —

Joseph. Simply because Franzel and my mother passed by on the street! — And now you shall hear what I have to say. Franzel is going to the tavern to-day with my mother; and to-night they'll make no end of a good time for the people of the village. Do you hear?

Breite. And you intend to be there, too?

Joseph. What?

Breite. Who'll have the good time, then? Huh? You and Franzel! — And I'm to stand by and see how the wheels go round? Am I?

Joseph [*laughing*]. You've guessed about right!

Breite. It'll be like it was the other time, when you were so mad in love with that harper-girl, and held her in your arms the whole evening. [*In tears.*] Well — I'd better listen to what the people —

Joseph. For the last time I ask you! — What did I say? Good! — She's quite another person now. — Oh, pshaw! — You must of heard what I said!

Breite. Oh, no! I don't go onto that bridge.* — I want to know for sure whether what people say is true? I want to know whether you and Franzel —

Joseph [*suddenly assuming a contemptuous tone*]. And I want

* A slang phrase, meaning, I am not deceived by that sort of talk! Corresponding English slang would probably be, You don't catch me in that net!

to know what I gain by loving you?—Your mother acts like a witch to me. Your brother hates me, because I am, as the boor says, a gypsy,—the clown! And your father,—what do I know about what your father thinks? Whatever it is, however, his daughter does not dare to go to him and say, Father—I'm going to marry Joseph!

Breite [irresolutely]. But—Joseph—that—is—

Joseph. Don't say a word! What I say's as true as the Bible!—Now pour some warm water into the bucket for me to take out to the horse! As to this matter—we'll talk it over seriously again, when I come to your room to-night!

Breite [sulking]. No, you can't come to-night.

Joseph. What?

Breite. I won't let you come.—I can be disagreeable, too!

Joseph. Oh, all right!—All right!—Then I won't come!

Breite [yielding]. Oh, well! You might as well come. Now that things have gone so far—and we have to be doubly careful anyway—

Joseph. Because your father and mother despise such a black devil! [*Sharply.*] Any farmer's son might come to your room and welcome!—[*Contemptuously.*] What do I gain by it? Tell me!—What do I gain by it? [*He picks up the bucket, and starts to go out.*]

Breite [holding him]. If that's the way you feel about it, you know I'll do what I can, Joseph! [*She strokes him.*] Everything'll come out all right. Father'll come out all right, too. If I don't need to say anything just to-day or to-morrow—

Joseph. Or not for five years, perhaps! [*Contemptuously.*] I've had enough of the whole business!—Besides—I engaged to stay here from yesterday until to-day—I've let myself be kept here for many days—perhaps I may be here from to-day until to-morrow—how can I tell?—Do as you please! Tell your father and mother—or don't tell them! It'll be all right either way! [*Starts to go.*]

Breite. I know, I know it's only the trouble about father that

sticks in your mind. You have your proud thoughts — you always have your proud thoughts, and they give you no rest day nor night!

Joseph [going out with a mocking laugh]. Proud thoughts — and a poor devil like me! A poor devil! Nothing but a poor devil! What are you talking about?

Breite [weeping]. You aren't as fond of me any more as I wish you was. I see it better and better. If you was, you wouldn't run away now —

Joseph [comes slowly back and puts down the bucket]. Breite! Breite! [*He tries to raise her head with both hands.*] You stubborn thing — you stubborn thing —

Breite [speaking between sobs]. — you would come to me —

Joseph [facetiously, trying to catch her eyes and to threaten her]. I'm coming, I'm coming! I know what a dear, good girl you are!

Breite [not entirely quieted, continues in the same tone]. And you wouldn't think of any father or of any mother — [*Voices are heard approaching from the stable. Hastily.*] Lord! They're coming! They're coming! [*JOSEPH picks up the bucket. BREITE goes with him to the door, and says hastily and cheerfully.*] I can easily go to the dance, Joseph! You and I'll go together! I don't care about the other.

Joseph [merrily]. You're sure? You're quite sure? [*Goes out. At the same moment EPHRAIM bustles in from the stable, and goes over to the cupboard to the left. Behind him, at their ease, come BEATA and BLUMIG.*]

Beata [as she comes in]. Come in, come in, Blumig! While my man looks for the money, you can sit down a minute. [*She wipes off a chair with her apron.*]

Blumig [gayly]. No, no, Beata, I won't sit down. [*BREITE gets ready to go out.*]

Ephraim [while he rummages about in the cupboard, says to BREITE]. Look after the pigs, girl: see that they get something to eat soon. [*BREITE goes out.*]

Blumig [with a side glance at EPHRAIM]. I won't sit down, Beata. Your man's too mad at me. [As he says this, he smiles slyly at BEATA.]

Ephraim [scratching his stubbly chin with the palm of his hand, and watching the pig-dealer with a blinking grimace]. Yes, yes, you better go now! You can squander away again in the tavern, this hour, all you've cheated the people out of during the day.

Beata. Don't, Ephraim! [BLUMIG smiles at BEATA.]

Ephraim [with the same expression]. I don't know, Blumig. I keep thinking and thinking about this all the time. The devil must of laid a pretty big egg for you here, you keep grinning and laughing so to yourself.

Blumig [startled, turns him off]. Me?— You know, Beata, I must go over to the inn soon, and see to getting my drove in a place where they can rest.— These little beasts—

Beata. I know, I know!

Blumig [with assumed indignation]. Me [laughing]? What queer things you do imagine, Gottlieb! [As EPHRAIM is busy reckoning and counting and pays no attention, BLUMIG continues.] You needn't look so long, Gottlieb! You don't need to be so careful over your count!

Beata. You know how particular the man always is, Blumig: he'll never have what isn't his in his hands for long.

Blumig. Yes, yes! Yes, yes! He's known for that, and he's honored for it. [Turning to EPHRAIM.] It's the way of the world, and it always will be, Gottlieb. Everything must always hurry up a little.

Ephraim [scornfully, as he closes the cupboard and comes over to the table]. Yes, yes!— I know all that,— I knew it before you did.— While Adam and Eve were still alone, our earth was a paradise. Now that there are so many people here, they all sit in a heap, and do nothing but plan how they'll pull dollars out of each other's teeth. They haven't time to believe anything. They don't believe in a God!— They don't believe in a devil! And,

what's more, they don't even believe in a good deed. Now take your money — and then be off with you — [*He starts to count out silver dollars.*]

Blumig. What makes you so cross, Gottlieb? I believe you're imagining that I've done a good piece of business.

Ephraim [*stops counting, and looks at BLUMIG with the same grimace as before*]. Oh, no! I believe you, I believe you. Of course you haven't! — You can hardly keep from laughing over it. [*He goes on with his counting again.*]

Beata. Oh, Ephraim, let him laugh.

Blumig. Am I laughing at you?

Ephraim [*again stops counting*]. I'd advise you not to. But you're not laughing over anything good, not you; and your eyes sparkle so, too. [*He counts the money over again. BLUMIG starts to count it over after him.*] No, no! Let the money alone! It still lacks a dollar. [*Entirely unsuspectingly.*] I gave you a dollar at noon, mother. Put it down here with the rest.

Beata [*embarrassed*]. Me?

Ephraim. You? Of course, you! Who else? Put it down here with the rest. I've another twenty left. I'll give it back to you again to-morrow.

Beata [*searches confusedly in her pocket*]. Oh, Lord! — The dollar —

Ephraim. You must have the dollar yet.

Beata. The dollar? — I must have — a dollar? — Did I send for anything? — Oh, yes, of course I sent for something!

Ephraim. You sent for something! — What was it?

Blumig. It doesn't have to be just a silver dollar, Beata. Change'll do just as well.

Beata. All right, then! I can give you nickels!

Ephraim. Oho! — So you can give him nickels, can you! — But first I want to know what you've done with that dollar! — You'll first show me that dollar! You hear me! [*He suddenly gathers the money all up again.*]

Blumig. Let the money stay where it is in the mean time, Gottlieb!

Ephraim. You'll first show me that dollar, woman! On the spot!—You're not laughing any more, Blumig! Why aren't you?

Blumig. Me?—I could really laugh now. And that's the truth.

Beata. Besides, it doesn't have to be just a silver dollar!

Ephraim. You'll show me that dollar on the spot, mother! I say it kindly!

Beata. I haven't any dollar just now. Let me alone!

Ephraim. Aha! So you haven't any dollar!—But I gave you one only a little while ago!

Beata. I've already spent it!

Ephraim. Indeed!—You've already spent it!—Please to tell me what for?

Blumig. If you two are going to quarrel, I'll go my way.

Ephraim [screams]. Go, go!—So that's the way the thing stands, woman. Now I'll tell you something: I paid that arch cheat of a pig-dealer twenty-one dollars,—and, while I was doing it, you threw another silver dollar at his head, behind my back.

Beata. I did?—I?

Blumig. She threw another silver dollar at my head? I would like to know what for?

Ephraim [still boiling suppressedly]. Heavenly Father!—Heavenly Father!

Beata. O Lord! Lord—Father—

Ephraim. I'm surrounded by cheats! I'm surrounded by cheats!

Blumig [withdraws toward the door at the back, which he pushes open]. Now please! Do act like crazy!

Ephraim [holding BEATA firmly by the arm and screaming]. This is the last of it!—Fie—fie—fie—! This is the devil's world. There's not one person in a hundred with a good conscience.

Blumig [has put his hat on in the entry: he now sticks his head in at the door, and screams out with gallows humor]. Ha, ha, ha! —As to conscience,—Gottlieb—you'll take a dollar, too, wher-

ever you can get it. [*He hurriedly disappears in the yard.* BREITE hurries in.]

Ephraim [*starts to rush after him. His wife and daughter hold him back*]. What's that?—What's that?—You wicked devil's rogue? I'll—I'll push you—against the wall yet—against the wall, until you go to pieces like a miserable flower-pot. [BREITE and BEATA try to hold him back.]

Breite. Father—father—don't make trouble.

Ephraim [*stands still and groans*]. Is this what I have to expect in my own home? My life isn't even safe, my life isn't even safe, now that my wife and children deceive me! [TINE looks out of the stable door curiously.] I'd like—I'd like to break this whole miserable house to bits this minute. [*He seizes a stool, and dashes it on the floor until it crashes into pieces.*]

Breite [*trying to hold him*]. Father! Don't make trouble! Don't make trouble!

Ephraim. Let go of me! Let go of me! [*He tears himself loose.*] You're all cheats! You're all cheats! Ha, ha, ha, ha! One can't be sure of even one's own people any more. The devil! The devil! [ERNEST and JOSEPH appear in the doorway.] Joseph!—Joseph! [*He pulls JOSEPH out.*] Drive 'em away, Joseph! Drive 'em away! The pigs don't belong to me. [*He disappears, but his voice is still heard.*] Open the pig-sty! [*Less distinctly.*] Drive 'em away! [BEATA and BREITE run out after them. TINE hurries eagerly to the window. ERNEST goes lazily over to her.]

Tine. Look at them! Look at Blumig, marching off to the village with his drove. Oh, Lord! He's got his walking papers. He's off as fast as he can go. What's the matter? What happened?

Ernest [*laughs scornfully*]. See him! See him!—He always has to have Joseph about, father does!—Of course! Of course! [*From time to time EPHRAIM's voice is indistinctly heard, saying: "They don't belong to me! They don't belong to me!"*] For ever going where you're not wanted! May God have mercy on you if you come into my hands again, young man! I don't know what might happen!

Tine [*nudging him insinuatingly*]. You won't do anything, Ernest. [*ERNEST puts his arm around her suddenly, and presses her to him.*]

Breite [*hurries in*]. Haven't you anything better to do than to fool around like children? Huh? Go do something, Tine. Set the table. [*TINE busies herself around the room.*]

Ernest [*still at the window*]. The pig-dealer must be down in the village, this long time; and now that old gypsy fellow's chasing the new pigs out into the street. [*He takes a hand-basin from under the bench by the stove, and fills it with water.*] I'll clean myself up a bit now,—and then [*laughs at TINE*] there's the dance to go to. You hear, Tine! The gypsies have just come.

Beata [*hurries in in the mean time*]. He has actually chased those dainty little things out into the street. [*Working around the fire,—reproachfully.*] It all comes because people are forever plaguing and tormenting him,—forever plaguing and tormenting him. Then he gets mad! Of course, he gets mad! I'd thank the Lord God on my knees —

Breite [*warns her furtively*]. Mother! Father's coming. [*EPHRAIM comes in, followed by JOSEPH. Everything is quiet.*]

Joseph [*sharply and firmly*]. Ha, ha, ha! — Satan! Satan! — A wicked Satan — that old Blumig! What happened, sir? What happened, sir? — He knows that, whatever happens, there are sure to be dollars clinking in his pocket. Ha, ha, ha!

Beata [*with suppressed anger*]. Get the potatoes ready, girl!

ACT II.

Time.— Evening of the same day as Act I.

Scene.— Large bar-room in GLUMM'S inn.

At the special table for the prominent men of the village are seated HUHNDORF and KRETSCHMER. Two workingmen, who have been sitting at one of the tables near the wall, rise, and start to go out. ZOTTELBECKER stands near the bar, where she has just been helping the innkeeper. The faint tones of a harp and violin come from the dancing-room, the door of which is closed.

Zottelbecker [imitating the twang of the harp]. Bim-bim-bim-bim! Bim-bim-bim-bim! To be sure, to be sure, that old harper-woman, Schindler, and the young gypsy thing, that's with her, they can play the harp — [*Mrs. GLUMM comes out of the dancing-room, with empty glasses in her hands. The music grows louder.*]

Kretschmer. Well, well! Fun certainly runs high here, Pauline? Huh?

Mrs. Glumm [without stopping]. Yes, indeed! yes, indeed! It's always this way, when the pig-dealer's here, too. [*Boys and girls from the village go through the bar-room to the dancing-room, saying good-evening as they pass.*]

Huhndorf. The young fellows are fairly running here.

Zottelbecker. Bim-bim-bim-bim! Bim-bim-bim-bim! Now the peasant lads have really begun to kick up their heels.

The Two Workingmen [going out]. Come along with us, Becker!

Zottelbecker [without stirring]. Bim-bim-bim-bim! Bim-bim-bim-bim!

Mrs. Glumm [at the bar,— resolutely]. What keeps the woman standing here? Take her out, somebody. I won't have this!

Zottelbecker. What am I? What am I?

Mrs. Glumm. There, don't make me cross, Becker!

The Workingmen. Come along with us, Becker! Come along! [*One of them takes hold of her.*]

Zottelbecker [as she goes out with the workingmen]. What if the harper-woman's son is a servant of the richest peasant in the village — [*the peasants laugh*] and she holds her head who knows how high. [*The door closes behind them. BLUMIG comes out of the dancing-room with old SCHINDLER, behind them FRANZEL and some farm boys, who go at once to the bar. A few girls poke their heads in at the door, curiously, for a minute. SCHINDLER is an old woman with dark complexion and coal-black eyes: she is dressed rather slovenly and theatrically. FRANZEL is young and slender, of the pale, dark type, with coal-black, tangled hair: her costume is also somewhat theatrical.*]

Blumig [as he enters, loudly and self-complacently]. Well, for once we've been doing something, in the big room, — haven't we, Franzel? We've made ourselves thirsty. Good-evening, Hermann. You make such a sly face! You don't believe it, perhaps?

Schindler [goes lazily up to HUHNDORF]. Good-evening, Hermann. You here, too! Time goes! Time goes!

Huhndorf. Good-evening, Schindler! [*To BLUMIG.*] It's really incredible, Blumig, how you, at your age, can go ramming around like a young buck!

Schindler [seats herself at the table]. It's a nasty business to have, a nasty business, Hermann,—this coming and going, coming and going! Our life's like life in a dove-cot. Nobody has any money in his pockets. We have picked the strings from early morning until late at night, till our fingers bled, — my God, what have we to show for it?

Franzel [goes carelessly up to the middle one of the empty tables by the wall and glances over a newspaper. Bored]. I say, Mrs. Glumm! What fun can a body have with these old men, if Joseph doesn't come?

Blumig. Don't worry yourself about the old Goths!* What if the people from Gottlieb's don't come! [*To Mrs. GLUMM, who is pouring out beer.*] Wait a minute, Pauline! [*He goes over to the bar.*] Wait a minute with your beer! We'd rather open a bottle at once, wouldn't we, Schindler? [*As she continues her low conversation with KRETSCHMER, undisturbed, he remarks to the people standing around—*] When she's talking about Joseph, she never hears anything else.

Schindler [incidentally]. Let's have whatever's there.

Huhndorf [to FRANZEL]. I believe the pig-dealer thinks himself a boy of twenty to-day, Franzel. Just imagine it! [*Mrs. GLUMM carries wine over to the table.*]

Franzel [indifferently]. Well, I don't think him any boy of

* "Old Goths," an expression meaning people who do not concern you.

twenty! — That pig-dealer! — That would be some fun! — You must know, Hermann, Blumig's generous to-day? He's fleeced the great Ephraim, and now he's having his fun with the harper-folk. [*All laugh: she comes over to the table.*]

Blumig [*pours the glasses full*]. None for you, Franzel, if you're going to talk like that.

Kretschmer [*ridiculously*]. It must be true, Franzel. It must be true. [*The farm boys laugh among themselves.*]

Huhndorf [*seriously*]. Tell me, Blumig, you've had some trouble with Gottlieb?

Kretschmer [*laughing slyly*]. He made a frightful noise for a few minutes this evening.

Blumig [*still pouring*]. Well, what was the trouble? I was to take what he intended should burn his wife's back. [*He raises his glass.*] Who cares! We'll never come together again, as young as we are now! To your health, Franzel! To your health, Schindler! [*They all pledge each other lazily.*] We're not going to worry ourselves about that rough Gottlieb! Don't mention Gottlieb to me!

Schindler. It's all that woman, Blumig! It's all that woman. She was at me, too, to-day, with her rudeness and her haughtiness! Pshaw! I've borne my son of my own flesh and blood, just as rich people do, if I am only a poor harper-woman.

Franzel [*at the table*]. What do I care for the old men, when Joseph doesn't come! [*Roughly.*] Oh, pshaw, Schindler, let Ephraim's people alone!

Schindler. Let them alone? Haven't I brought my son up to work, Hermann? — My Joseph? Is that the truth, Hermann? or is it a lie?

Huhndorf. No, no! Nobody can deny it.

Blumig. No, indeed! It's the truth, Schindler.

Schindler. Well, then, why does the woman despise my son? Why does the woman despise my son?

Franzel [*wantonly to KRETSCHMER*]. What am I to do to you, Gustave, you simpleton? Say! Kiss you? — You'd like that,

but I wouldn't. Abuse you? I'd like that, but you wouldn't. Sing—you can't, so that I could listen to you!—and converse about oxen and calves—I can't!—Give us the dice, Mrs. Glumm! [*She rises, then suddenly seats herself on HUHNDORF's knee. While she strokes him.*] But you, Hermann, I've always been so fond of you!—[*She turns with a gesture to Mrs. GLUMM, and says again.*] Give us the dice, give us the dice!

Kretschmer. Oh, not those things! Don't count me in. What're you a-going to play for?

Franzel. For your big potatoes, Gustave! You miser!—For bottles! For bottles!

Kretschmer. The pig-dealer ordered them, and he can pay for them, God knows! [*Mrs. GLUMM gives FRANZEL the dice.*]

Franzel. Pshaw! I'll pay for 'em if I lose!—Throw, throw, Hermann!

Huhndorf [*holding the dice in his hand, ready to throw*]. Oh,—don't spoil the fun, Gustave! Come on, play! The sixes count! Whoever has the most pays! [*He throws the dice. All watch intently. The innkeeper, too, comes up. They play in turn to find out who is to pay.*]

Kretschmer [*throwing*]. I'll try my luck, too!

Blumig. You'll have bad luck, Gustave!

Franzel [*throws last*]. Ha, ha, ha! Gustave! [*She springs up, and claps her hands in his face.*] Gustave! [*Makes a gesture toward BLUMIG.*] He's generous, he wants a drink, and you have to pay for it! How sorry I am! How sorry I am! [*All laugh.*]

Hildebrandt [*a thick-set, boorish man, comes in from the entry*]. Three or four little pigs are running around out there in the street. It's a pretty state of things!

Blumig [*forgetting his rôle*]. Let 'em run where they please! Gottlieb bought 'em of me, and I'm not going to go after 'em.

Franzel [*pulling at KRETSCHMER's coat*]. Gustave!—Gustave! What do you see behind the pig-dealer's eyes? Say, Gustave?

Hildebrandt [screams, laughing]. I'll tell you, this minute, right before everybody: there's a shameless rascal behind them! As soon as a big trader comes into a little village, of course the bottles must pop.

Kretschmer. I say! He ought really to set to work, too, Heinrich!

Franzel [gives him a slap on the cheek]. Oh, you! You're such a stupid! Behind the pig-dealer's eyes is written — [*She points at BLUMIG, then at the peasants.*] You peasant! you're a stupid fellow! [*All laugh.*]

Hildebrandt [without paying any attention to FRANZEL's joke]. It's never good to eat cherries * with these pig-dealers, particularly. You never rightly know which one of you is the stupid one.

Blumig [interrupting]. I don't know what you're making such a row about, all at once! Have I done anything to you?

Huhndorf. Don't begin to quarrel, you two! Gottlieb can quarrel all he wants with Blumig: it's no concern of ours.

Kretschmer. The matter stands just this way with Gottlieb—

Hildebrandt [screaming]. A trader like this one has a fox behind him — and a fox before him!

Franzel [pulls him]. You! — Heinrich! — Heinrich!

Hildebrandt. Well, what's the matter?

Franzel. Jesus and Mary! — you mustn't yell so! I tell you it gives a body a headache, a dreadful headache.

Hildebrandt. Dear me! I guess you can stand it. Nobody here is so delicate. [*Continues to scream without paying any further heed to her.*] I tell you: the big traders come into our little village —

Franzel [calls to JOSEPH, who comes in at this moment]. Help, help! Joseph! the old men are fighting!

Blumig. If we two should ever have any business — all you need to do is to think over this matter with Gottlieb —

Schindler [joins in loudly]. Blumig! Blumig! It's all that

* "Eat cherries with," an expression meaning to have any dealings with.

woman! It's all that woman! Just ask my Joseph about Gottlieb. Tell him, Joseph, tell him!

Joseph [indifferently]. What? I don't know anything, if you please! What sort of a life do I have with Gottlieb? please, mother? I have to work all the time; and that's the truth!—Well, what more?—I do my work—and, when there's extra hard work to be done, who has to do it? Joseph has to, if you please! What more? He's master—and he'll stay master! And I'll—stay servant—that's all!

Hildebrandt [screams out again]. I won't let anything be said against Gottlieb. He has his bit of brain and heart just where they belong. When any one's in trouble—he can go to Gottlieb!

Blumig. As to trouble, I know nothing about it! I'll never go to Gottlieb.

Joseph [knocks on the table, and makes an insolent grimace at BLUMIG and then at HILDEBRANDT]. Blumig! Heinrich! What does this mean? What're you playing for? What're you quarrelling about? Have I come here to quarrel with you, Heinrich? or am I to play and drink with you? Which is it to be?

Hildebrandt. Oh, go way with your nonsense!

Joseph [laughing]. You're as red as a lobster, Heinrich! And you, Blumig! I thought you'd had your experience, for to-day, of what a peasant can be like! Didn't you? Or have you forgotten that business with Gottlieb already?

Franzel. What does it mean, your having left me alone with these quarrelling old men the whole evening, Joseph?

Joseph. Well, Ephraim was raging mad. Everything in the house went head over heels! Now he's gone to bed, he's so mad.—If you're going to rave so, Heinrich, you'll have to go to bed, too.

Several voices [calling in at the door]. Music! Where's the music all this time?

Franzel [chants]. "For a kiss from my mouth, the whole German League longs!" [*ERNEST goes through the room to the dancing-room, behind him BREITE, who casts a sly glance at the*

special table.] When I have you, my Joseph — Throw the dice, Joseph, throw! He who wins must die! When I have you, my Joseph, I can live or die: it's all one to me.

Joseph [indifferently]. Oh, pshaw! I don't want to sit here and play, anyway: do you hear! Come dance!

Several voices [calling again from the dancing-room]. Music! Where's the music all this time?

Schindler [rises resolutely]. Come along, Franzel, the wait's been long enough.

Franzel [watching her opportunity, passionately to JOSEPH]. All of a sudden, like this? — What does it mean? — Why do you act so? I'll stroke you, Joseph, if you like — [*JOSEPH goes toward the dancing-room. FRANZEL holding him back, beseechingly.*] Joseph! Joseph! [*Suddenly and angrily letting him go.*] I haven't taken adder's poison, but without it I can see in your eyes what's the matter.

Schindler [suddenly, in a hard tone to FRANZEL]. Don't say another word, Franzel, or you'll have me to do with. [*Good-naturedly to the peasants.*] Don't take it unkindly, gentlemen, business is business. [*SCHINDLER and JOSEPH go out.*]

Franzel [follows irresolutely, laughing to those who remain]. It's this way, Hermann, ha, ha, ha — you must know, Schindler's son has got to marry money, sure! ha, ha, ha! Procuress! Procuress! [*As she says this, she goes out.*]

Blumig [rising resolutely]. Come along, you people!

Kretschmer [paying no attention to BLUMIG]. Now for the paying! Plague it!

Blumig. What makes you old fellows so cross? [*To GLUMM, who has just come in.*] Send Frederick out to drive those little pigs into the stable. They won't be far away. [*The men rise.*] I can tell you, if it hadn't been a holiday, and I wanted to rest with my drove, I'd never have made such a low price to Gottlieb.

Hildebrandt. Oh, yes, yes, of course! If you say so, it must be true and I believe it. Go way with you!

Blumig [shrugging his shoulders and making a grimace]. Go way with you! [*Goes into the dancing-room.*]

Kretschmer. It's always this way! Between the trades-people and the women, one's forever up a tree.

Glumm [*accompanies them to the door officiously, laughing*]. Sleep well, gentlemen! [*The peasants go out slowly, one after another. The next moment the door is thrown open, and FRANZEL appears, followed by BLUMIG and ERNEST, who are quarrelling.*]

Ernest [*screams angrily*]. You've no business round here! You've no business round here! You shan't be giving yourself airs round here! I tell you! Though, for aught I care, you can dance with old Zottelbecker as often as you please!

Blumig. Such an idiot!

Ernest [*trying to hold FRANZEL*]. Oh, don't act that way, Franzel! What do you care about this strange man, anyway?

Franzel [*wildly*]. O!—what do I care about farm boys? Say!

Blumig. I believe the youngster is trying to put on airs! Huh, Franzel? Come on, Franzel! Dance with me!

Franzel [*evidently out of humor, steps into the centre of the room*]. Mrs. Glumm, you! Is it past midnight yet? [*Several couples, among them TINE, crowd into the bar-room.*]

Blumig [*to ERNEST, who measures him from head to foot*]. Well! Stare ahead! It's me. [*JOSEPH appears with BREITE, and pushes his way through the others.*]

Breite [*remains standing anxiously in the doorway*]. Joseph!

Joseph [*quickly and sternly*]. Blumig? Blumig? What are you quarrelling about? What are you quarrelling about?

Franzel [*motioning to some one in the dancing-room*]. Stop the music, Schindler, stop it! [*To JOSEPH, angrily.*] I won't dance with these peasants! I won't dance with the pig-dealer! You hear me,—Joseph! You hear me!

[*The music stops for a moment.*]

Breite [*as before*]. Joseph!

Joseph. Ha, ha, ha, ha! You'll dance with me, though! [*He seizes FRANZEL.*] More music! More music! [*The music begins again.*] *JOSEPH says passionately—* Now let's dance, Franzel—

[All except BREITE whirl out, JOSEPH and FRANZEL at their head; TINE seizes ERNEST, etc. As they go, JOSEPH says—] And this dance shall be like a thunder-storm, sweeping over the village. [At these words the door of the dancing-room is closed.]

Breite [stands still for a while, then goes over to MRS. GLUMM, who is at the bar]. I'd better go home: I'm no use here.

Mrs. Glumm. Well, see here, girl, it can't be any pleasure for you to fool round with these people after midnight, anyhow!

Breite. If I can't rest, Pauline, what am I to do?

Mrs. Glumm. How do you mean, you can't rest?

Breite. Oh, I can't tell you.

Mrs. Glumm. Well, well! I wonder at you, *Breite*—very much.

Breite. Don't say a word to me,—for I won't believe what you say.

Mrs. Glumm. Then I certainly won't say anything much to you, *Breite*. When one thinks, though—

Breite. When I just hear his footstep, Pauline, I'm carried away by it. What shall I do about it? You don't know how good he is.

Mrs. Glumm. Oh, yes, he may be good enough! He can be very entertaining, too, I won't deny that. But, Lord, Lord! they're a fickle lot just the same!

Breite. Oh, yes, that's the way he's abused. Everybody abuses the person he'd like to keep to himself. But this all comes because I've never had any spirit,—because I've never dared to say anything to father about it. Of course, Joseph is sure to think in the end that I just wanted to fool with him behind father's back. Now I'll tell father. But first I want to see whether that harper-hussy'll take my Joseph—[*She dries her eyes hurriedly.*] Some one's groping about in the entry, Pauline.

Mrs. Glumm. Good Lord, he'll never find the door! Has my man put the lights out as early as this? [*BREITE hurries back into the dancing-room. Mrs. GLUMM goes to the door, and opens it.*] Who's there? Gottlieb! Oh, Lord! Where did you come from?

Ephraim [*comes into the room*]. Oh, I just came! Give me a little whiskey. You're quite frightened.

Mrs. Glumm. Do tell me! I really am a little frightened. I thought you were in bed this long time! It's past midnight.

Ephraim. I did go to bed in a fit of rage over that stupid trader. Then all sorts of things came into my head—and, besides, I heard the music over here all the time [*Mrs. GLUMM shows a certain uneasiness*], so I got up again.—You have jolly times over here, when those disreputable harper-people are in the village!

Mrs. Glumm. I can't imagine where my man is. [*She looks into the entry, and calls.*] Glumm! Glumm!

Ephraim. He's probably in there with the hoppers. Oh, my God, what burdens one has to carry!

Mrs. Glumm. No, he's not in there. He went out here.—Well!—Tell me, Gottlieb, it has seemed to me as if something was troubling you. For a long time you've been—how shall I say it?

Ephraim. I know it without! I know it without, Pauline!—You don't need to hint for words! We understand each other without them!

Mrs. Glumm. Well, then tell me—

Ephraim. I don't know, either, you're so restless, too. Is anything the matter with you? Are you hunting for something?

Mrs. Glumm. No, oh, no! I'm just anxious about my man: where can he be? I believe he must of gone to bed.

Ephraim. Well, you can stay with me a little while, then, can't you?—I'll tell you something, Pauline, dear! Good Lord! What a noise they're making. Who's that?

Mrs. Glumm. Nobody of any account. But you was a-going to say something else.

Ephraim. At my age one doesn't feel much like laughing and dancing any more. I'm sixty now.—I suppose that pig-dealer's having a good time here?—Ain't he?

Mrs. Glumm. Yes, the pig-dealer's in there, too.



Ephraim. Well, a greyhound like that can easily grow to be sixty, and not have any sense even then!— See here, Pauline! My big farm keeps running in my head! I'm old.— I'm deceived behind my back, I'm deceived before my face. They make me as cross as a mastiff. I shall go down to my grave in wrath, and I don't want to!

Mrs. Glumm. No, certainly not! Nobody could suspect you of wanting to do that.

Ephraim. My old woman's tired of the farm: she's tired of the hard work.— Yet I don't want to let the land I've inherited go out of my hands into the hands of strangers. The land has fostered my grandfather, it has fostered my father and my mother. — Why shouldn't it also — Lord! What stupidity! — My boy's no good! My girl —

Mrs. Glumm [*rising*]. There you have it, your girl —

Ephraim [*jumping up*]. What's the matter with my girl?

Mrs. Glumm. Nothing, nothing! What should be the matter with her? Go on! Tell me what you was a-going to say.

Ephraim. I'm not going to begin now to do much talking about my trouble; but she doesn't like any one! She won't have anything to do with any one! — Everything depends on her liking some one, and she don't like any one —

Mrs. Glumm. Dear me! Isn't there really any one she likes? I thought —

Ephraim. Well, what? — What did you think?

Mrs. Glumm. Nothing, nothing! I just thought — that perhaps there might be one —

Ephraim. Does she go with some one behind my back? Does she?

Mrs. Glumm. No, no! I don't know that she does. I don't know anything about it. I didn't mean that at all.— But, Gottlieb — you must remember — there's always something queer about young folks — you can —

Ephraim. That's so, Pauline, you're quite right: it isn't at all an easy matter to get along with these young folks.

Mrs. Glumm. You can never tell —

Ephraim. No, no, it isn't at all an easy matter! I see it here, too: you need only to have a thing like this Franzel come along, and they're all here after her, like flies! — What a noise they make! — Oh, well! — My people have to work so hard all day, they're glad when they can get to bed evenings! I wouldn't be sitting here, either, if that devil's rogue of a Blumig hadn't stirred up everything at home so.

[*Noise is heard in the dancing-room. Mrs. GLUMM hurries toward the room. As she goes in, ERNEST'S voice is heard.*] I'll use a knife — I will, if you keep forever interfering with me.

[*Confused cries of "Ernest!" "No fighting, Ernest!" "Oh!" "Give it to him!" are heard, mingled with laughter. EPHRAIM crouches down, and listens.*]

[*The next instant the people crowd into the bar-room, following ERNEST, whom several of the young men are trying to force away from JOSEPH.*]

Ernest [*screams*]. Let go of me! Let go of me! — I'm going to settle accounts with this gypsy fellow for once —

Ephraim [*springs up*]. So you're here, too? — You — [*ERNEST is frightened into silence. The people push back.*] I might of known it! I might of known it! So you dressed and brushed yourself up for a good time this evening — I suppose the gypsies gave you no rest! [*More people push their way in.*] There are plenty of good-for-nothing people here now! [*Loudly.*] Come on in! You can all listen to what I have to say. Perhaps your fathers won't give you any such talking to. [*ERNEST, in his embarrassment, is about to sit down.*] You stand up there! What business have you here at midnight? I'd like to know! [*ERNEST remains silent. EPHRAIM goes up to him.*] Shall I help you to think about it? Perhaps it might come to you if I did. [*ERNEST still says nothing.*] Well! — How about it, you mother's darling? Don't you know yet?

Ernest [*defiantly*]. It doesn't hurt anybody.

Ephraim. It doesn't hurt anybody. It doesn't hurt anybody,

either, if you're a scapegrace—if you idle round with a woman instead of working, and if you can't do a single thing but eat and sleep and knock around with all sorts of people! Does it?—You! —Have you grown maggoty all the way in to the bone? [*Boxes his ear.*]

Ernest [*motionless*]. Keep right on, I can stand it!

Ephraim. Listen to him, just listen to him! Mother's darling! That's the mother's darling for you!—They can stand all their father's trouble and sorrow over them, and the only effect it has or good it does is to make them spiteful and angry.

Ernest [*boiling*]. The girl can do what she pleases, and it's all right! She can get what she pleases, and it's all right—

Ephraim [*screaming*]. The girl! The girl! She accomplishes something.

Ernest [*scornfully*]. The girl! She accomplishes something! She'll soon accomplish something with Joseph Schindler! That's what! [*Some of the people who are looking on laugh.*]

Breite [*makes her way in from the dancing-room. JOSEPH follows her. She is as white as chalk. Speaking to JOSEPH.*] I will tell him. I will tell him.—Father! What the boy—[*She can say no more.*]

Ephraim [*breaks down and stares at her. Speaking with difficulty*]. O!—Girl!—Girl!

Mrs. Glumm. Gottlieb—Gottlieb! [*Others laugh.*]

Ephraim [*distracted*]. Pauline!—Pauline!—Please go!—Please go!—I must speak a word—with—my girl!—[*There is a slight, lazy motion among the people.*]

Mrs. Glumm. Yes, of course!—We'll go, Gottlieb! But do be gentle. Be nice and gentle! [*The people disappear slowly, urged by Mrs. GLUMM.*]

Ephraim. My God, my God, what has happened, Pauline?

Mrs. Glumm [*dragging JOSEPH out with her*]. There, there, Gottlieb! [*At the door.*] Be gentle, Gottlieb! You hear me! You hear me! [*All go out except EPHRAIM and BREITE.*]

Ephraim [*continues to stare straight ahead of him*]. Girl—

Breite [*irresolutely*]. Why are you so cross, father? [EPHRAIM *remains motionless.*] When you're so cross, I don't trust myself to talk to you! — Why are you so cross?

Ephraim. Ha, ha, ha —

Breite. I tell you, father — what the boy said —

Ephraim. Girl! — Girl! — Think carefully — and tell the truth.

Breite. I want Joseph Schindler for —

Ephraim. Who?

Breite. I'll say it again, very quietly, father! — Joseph Schindler —

Ephraim. Come here to me, girl!

Breite. I've known this long time, father, that the people in the village don't like him and won't like him. I know, too, — that mother imagines I ought to marry, — who knows what great man!

Ephraim. Oh, of course, of course! She always imagines she'll get the biggest plum! Oh, well! ha, ha, ha! — The only sort of man she could stand would be one who'd look at her darling boy through his fingers! I can't ask that! Oh, dear, no!

Breite. Well, then, you know yourself, father, that Joseph is a reliable man!

Ephraim. See here! — Don't say too much! Breite! Don't say too much! — You may be deceived. — A peasant's son's safer. He's a worker — is Joseph! but he's light-footed when it comes to the girls. He has his mother's blood, even if he can work ten times as much as the others! You said he was reliable — that's as you take it!

Breite. But, father —

Ephraim [*laughs to himself*]. Ha, ha, ha, ha! — So you want to get married?

Breite. I want to marry Joseph Schindler.

Ephraim. Well, get married! Go ahead and get married!

Breite. I must have a man. I don't like the peasants' sons. I never, until now, found any one toward whom I warmed the least bit — except Joseph —

Ephraim. So you've thought over the matter this far, already?

Breite. There's nothing further to be thought over.

Ephraim. I suppose you've never heard from anybody what the sparrows chirp on the roofs: that old Schindler picked Joseph up by the road. Who knows whose child he was? That isn't exactly what you'd call fine society.

Breite [excitedly]. As to children being picked up — that's all foolishness, father! I'll tell you that straight! How can the children help it if their parents have forgotten them? And I tell you this, too. What I am, I am. And I'm not one to change from to-day to to-morrow. And, if all the women in the village think one thing to-day and another to-morrow, I'm one who will not change from day to day. For me, what is is; and it never is changed from day to day. I say, I want this and no other. I take it, and I keep it. That's the way it is with me, and it'll never be otherwise,— not if the whole village take it into their heads there must be something against it.

Ephraim [dissimulating]. So this harper crowd is to sneak into our house to the end of time! Girl!—Girl! Have you gone crazy? Ephraim's farm is to fall into the hands of Joseph Schindler!

Breite [weeping angrily]. That's just it, he's not a peasant's son; but he can work. You must know better than any one else how Joseph can work.— Besides, I'd like you to tell me what you'd do with your big farm — if Joseph wasn't here — I'd just like to know?

Ephraim. Well, well! — You may be right. I'm old, and he just thinks, Why shouldn't I have Ephraim's farm? — Girl! — Get out of my sight!

Breite. I only want to say, father, that what people say about old Schindler isn't very nice; but, after all, that only has to do with his mother.

Ephraim. Only has to do with his mother! Only has to do with his mother! Get out of my sight, or I'll beat you!

Breite [*pale, but quiet*]. I'm not afraid, father. You know me. I'm never afraid. Drive me away, father. Things come as they come. I can bear it. I've learned to work. I'll soon earn my bread.

Ephraim [*quivering with anger*]. Get out of my sight! Get out of my sight!

Breite [*quietly*]. What good can it do for us to make a row about it here, like bad people, father? Tell me what good can it do? — And if I tell you — [*She hesitates.*] If I tell you — But, anyhow, I must tell you [*hesitates*] just on account of the people. — But, anyhow, I must tell you, besides — that —

Ephraim [*groaning*]. Girl! What is it? [*Whispering.*] Can't it be hidden in any way? [*He seizes her by both wrists.*] Can't it be hidden — in any way?

Breite [*weeping*]. It can't be hidden much longer, father. — [*Crying out.*] Father! You'll crush my hands to bits!

Ephraim [*as if beside himself*]. Can't it be hidden in any way? Can't it be hidden — in any way?

Breite [*anxiously*]. Father — [*Crying out loudly.*] You'll crush my hands to bits!

Mrs. Glumm [*hurries in*]. Gottlieb — Gottlieb —

Ephraim [*lets go of BREITE. After a while, tonelessly*]. What?

Mrs. Glumm. I think something must have happened here! I'm just scared to death. [*A moment's silence.*]

Ephraim [*dully to himself*]. Come, girl!

Mrs. Glumm [*timidly*]. Go home quietly, Gottlieb. [*She lights them out.*]

ACT III.

Time.— Three weeks later than Act II.

Scene.— Large living-room in EPHRAIM'S house.

The room is in Sunday order. TINE stands at the fire, working at one thing and another, and at the same time indifferently singing psalms.

Beata [*comes in from the little room, in Sunday attire*]. See

to it, girl, that nothing happens while nobody's home here but you.

Tine. You don't need to worry, ma'am. I'll do everything all right!

Beata. Tie my kerchief for me, and pin it down. [*Before the mirror TINE waits on her.*] When it's time to fix the potatoes, Breite'll be back again.—Ho, that's crooked.

Tine. Crooked! How?

Beata. Hurry up! hurry up! so that I shan't be late to church. Father said he wouldn't be at church to-day.

Tine. Oh, don't fuss! It isn't half-past eight yet. They're just beginning to ring the bells now. [*Bells are heard far away.*]

Old Mattern [*comes in, limping: she leans on a stick decorated with green ribbons. She is a wrinkled old woman, and wears, with self-consciousness, a bonnet and gown trimmed with green.*]. Ah!—Ah!—Ah!—If I could only get my breath! If I could only get my breath!

Beata. Just this minute! Pshaw! You haven't made your appearance for a long time! And now, when I want to go to church—

Mattern. Dear me! There's time enough yet, Beata! I'll go with you. Let me first get my breath for a minute. Oh, misery, I've a hard enough time to-day, Beata, with my bad legs! But, oh me! oh me! One must go once again into the presence of the dear Lord.

Beata. How are you these days, Mattern?

Mattern [*seats herself on a chair*]. Still on the road to the grave, Beata. After all, there is no other goal. We must go forward, even if we don't want to. We can, at best, only look backward.

Beata [*still hunting around for different things*]. Oh, my God, my God! Look backward!—Where's that hymn-book gone to now, girl? It was lying here in the cupboard yesterday.

Tine. I think the master took it yesterday, ma'am. I saw him go into the little room with it.

Beata. The master? [*She hurries into the little room for a moment.*] Oh, yes! He's taken to that sort of thing lately.

Mattern. Does Gottlieb read the hymn-book, too?

Beata. Oh, I don't know what's got into father lately! — [*Suddenly interested.*] To-day, though, he got a letter from the Mayor's office — and he ran right off to the Mayor. What do you suppose that can mean? — [*Wailing.*] I'll tell you, dear Mattern, since our son has gone, I believe many a time he has — a — [*Interrupting herself with a gesture.*] Well, you know how he is. He won't let any one see it. You can believe, though, since he drove our son out of the house —

Mattern. What's that? Drove him out? Why, you told me yourself Ernest wouldn't stay here.

Beata. Oh, yes! Of course, he just let him go! Oh, my God, my God! what trouble I've had in the last few weeks! The boy's so alone now, among strange people. There's no one to advise him, any more, no one to set him on the right road; and he's always so thoughtless. Here, on the farm, a stranger keeps making more and more room for himself. Father lets him do it, and the girl helps him. He doesn't even dare to say anything to the fellow, any more — father doesn't! Besides, since that day, he has been — I can't make any sense out of it! Since that day, he acts as if he didn't care.

Mattern. But a young thing, Beata, especially a young man thing, must go out into the world.

Beata. What for? Our own blood! When he had enough at home!

Mattern. Oh, had enough, had enough! That don't make a man. Besides, you must see how it is. It won't do the boy any harm to sow a few wild oats. Oh me, oh me! When I think how things have been with me. Many a time, in the fall, when I went round in my bare feet — with who knows what old rag for a dress — and I had to stand on the stubble, in the wind, and watch the cows, — when they made water, I quick stepped into it for the warmth, so frozen was I —

Beata [resolutely]. Come to prayers. Oh, I know, I know! You've no trouble. I have it all to myself. I haven't any one left to me in the world. They've taken Ernest away from me, too. A stranger gives himself airs round here, just because our girl's determined she will take a gypsy fellow like that —

Mattern [rises to go, laughing]. Oh, misery, Beata, we never take anything,—everything takes us! No, no! Everything takes us, although the men act a little big, as if they could and would do something.—People must get crooked notions in their heads as well as straight ones. [*Both go toward the door, laughing.*] You may be sure of that, Beata. [*JOSEPH comes in with a horse collar over his shoulder.*] Are you the only master here to-day, Joseph?

Joseph. Master of what?

Beata [curtly]. If anything happens, father's over at the Mayor's office.

Joseph. All right! [*BEATA and MATTERN go out. JOSEPH sits down on the bench, and begins to work on the leather part of the collar.*] Ephraim's gone to the Mayor's office?—Ephraim got a letter from the Mayor's office to-day. Have you heard anything about what was in it?

Tine [going out]. Me? No. It's none of my business! [*Goes out.*]

Schindler [her harp over her shoulder, hurries in]. Good-morning, Joseph! You here alone?

Joseph. Yes. I'm here alone! It's good to be alone.

Schindler. I thought you was alone: that's why I jumped in on you so briskly.—Has Ephraim spoken to you, at last?—Say?

Joseph. What business is it of yours?—Do go way!—Where're you going? What makes you hang round me just at this particular time?

Schindler. Joseph! What do you mean?

Joseph. You know well enough Ephraim doesn't like to have you come here. He doesn't like it.

Schindler. He doesn't like it? What business is it of Ephraim's if a mother comes to see her son?

Joseph [contemptuously]. Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!

Schindler. What do you mean by your pshaw?

Joseph. You was going by, was you? — Where's Franzel?

Schindler [wheedlingly, pleasantly]. Franzel's going by, too. We've to go down to the valley to a fair, and we was just going by here.

Joseph. Well, you better go on.

Schindler. I can't understand this, Joseph!

Joseph. What can I tell you when I don't know myself what may happen.

Schindler. About the wedding?

Joseph. About the wedding! or, indeed, about anything! Besides, I haven't any mind to be chained here, with or without a wedding.

Schindler. But, son!

Joseph. What?

Schindler. Why, when you're Ephraim's son-in-law, he'll go halves with you.

Joseph. Oh, pshaw! Much go halves! — I've something to do.

Schindler. What does Ephraim think about it?

Joseph. He thinks all the time. Since Ernest got up and ran off, he is silent and quiet, and he thinks all the time. He's kind to his people — and he says nothing. I'll take good care not to say anything to him. — Franzel'll go by here, will she?

Schindler. You'll wait until the day of judgment, Joseph, if you don't pick up your courage and speak to him. You know what he is!

Joseph. Courage! I'm to pick up my courage? I'm to throw myself down — before Ephraim? — Am I?

Schindler. You've got Ernest out of the house. You've got Ephraim's daughter to go with you openly. In time you'll — you'll have a warm seat such as nobody else has! That you will!

Joseph [breaking out disdainfully]. I'll have a warm seat such as nobody else has! I'll be chained as nobody else is! I'll be, always, what I am to-day. I'll keep on hoping — and hoping for who knows what — [*He puts both hands to his head.*] I — I — I — [*with a gesture of aversion.*] Ah! — [*FRANZEL, her violin bag under her arm, has appeared noislessly in the doorway. She looks in, and laughs scornfully.*]

Schindler [contemptuously]. Oh, pshaw! I didn't think you'd be such a fool!

Franzel [comes in and says mockingly]. Miss Fiancée's not at home! Aha! — [*Contemptuously.*] So this is what you like! pooh!

Joseph [flaming up]. Be off with you, Franzel, I say!

Schindler. We're going, we're going. [*She tries to drag FRANZEL away with her.*]

Franzel [half plaintively, half scornfully]. Is everything over between us, Joseph? — Is everything over between us, forever? Is it?

Joseph. If I take a notion to, I'll speak to him; if I don't take a notion to, I'll never speak to him. I'm going to be free and stay free.

Schindler [in the doorway, calls back]. And be a poor wretch, be a poor wretch, forever! You blockhead! [*As she says this, she strikes her forehead with the palm of her hand, and then disappears.*]

Franzel [in a passionate whisper]. I want to ask you just one thing, Joseph! Will you let me? May I? [*Suddenly all devotion and fervor.*] I'll kiss your hand, my Joseph! [*She seizes his hand and kisses it stormily.*] I want to ask you, Joseph: are you going to invite me to your wedding?

Joseph. I can't say. I can't say.

Franzel [as before]. I'll kiss your hand, my Joseph —

Joseph [tortured]. Oh, do go, Franzel, I beg you!

Franzel [suddenly changes, and says quickly and sharply]. I'm going. I'm going. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm coming to your wedding,

Joseph. I'm going to play at your wedding.— [*Half pleadingly, half scornfully.*] Joseph! [*She goes out.*]

Ephraim [*comes in meditatively. Speaking to some one still outside*]. He has loaded too much on the cows again! It's no wonder they sprain their fetlocks when they come down the mountain on those stones. [*A boy appears in the doorway.*] Oh, well! I'll come! Tell your father I'll come and twist it into place.

The Boy. But father said you'd have to come soon.

Ephraim [*walks back and forth uneasily and looks at his watch. After a while he says*]. So the harper people were here, were they?

Joseph [*working*]. Of course, Franzel was here!— My mother was here, too.— [*EPHRAIM walks back and forth silently.*] Perhaps you have something against their coming? If you have, it'd be better for you to tell me of it in time!— for —

Ephraim [*as if to himself*]. It had to come out just this way! — Didn't it? — The son has left his father's house! The son has left his father's house! His father's rule didn't suit him any longer —

Joseph [*feeling his way*]. What is it?

Ephraim. Isn't it true that, when your parents don't hand you everything on a waiter, you always cry out, at once: Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll go out into the world! We can work for strangers — some place or other.— The world has no doors! Go ahead! Go ahead!

Joseph. What do you mean, sir? Why do you talk this way?

Ephraim [*in a low tone, to himself*]. I will strike him — the boy! and if Hermann tells me fifty times that I oughtn't to have boxed him on the ears before all those people! Oh, no! I'd better have gone to him and said: So, my son, you'd like to go on a journey? Well, take this handful of money that your father has worked himself nearly to the bone for — and journey into the world. And if you should some time take it into your head to come home again, and go back to your stupid tricks.— One can't help but be ashamed — ashamed in one's very soul, when one

gets such a story as that to read. [*He takes a letter from his pocket and throws it on the table.*]

Joseph [*indifferently*]. I think—it's just possible—the letter—

Ephraim [*gesticulating at the letter*]. Nobody could expect me to go to him! None of my children shall think that I'll ever come to them, as long as I live. I'm their father! What my children want, they must come to me for! I'm their father—and, when my teeth fall out, I'll still be their father—and'll continue to be their father!

Joseph. Are you in trouble, sir? What's it all about?

Ephraim [*picks up the letter and puts it back in his pocket*]. What did you say, Joseph?

Joseph. You see, sir, you've told me a long story—and I'm all in the dark about it. You've told me about anger and sorrow, and I'm all in the dark about that. Make it clearer—

Ephraim. What do you want? I haven't anything to tell you! I haven't anything to tell anybody!

Joseph. You told me something about a son leaving his father's house. You told me he ought to have come to you and have asked.—Asked what? What ought he to ask, sir? It isn't everybody's place to come and ask. You understand me. Not everybody likes to stretch out his hands for things which may come or may not.

Ephraim. What kind of talk is this? Probably you'd like to give me some good advice. Would you?

Joseph. I don't want to give you any "advice" at all! None at all! I only tell you what I think! But—

Ephraim. Well, what do you think? That children grow more and more stubborn as the evil years come upon the old people? Is that what you think?

Joseph. Not at all, sir! Stubborn? Who's stubborn? Am I?—Why must you always force everything that won't go your way?—You think a man must just get to his goal blindly! There are as many goals as there are ways in the world; and the one a

man chooses with his best judgment is not always the best that could be chosen, by a long way. You think a man must fall on his knees, and burst out, and ask —

Ephraim [coming toward him]. I'll tell you something, Joseph —

Joseph [carelessly]. My old mother tells a story like this: Once on a time a man went to a place where everybody thought there was nothing to be found. Something seized him and drove him there. He thought: Something drives me, so it will be well to go.— So he came to a bridge.— Perhaps there may be a treasure on this bridge! — Good! — He waits. As yet he sees no treasure. He waits.— Another man comes. The new-comer is wiser! He's one of the kind who always think, beforehand, that they see everything; and always think, beforehand, that they wish only what is wise.— This wise man thinks, What makes that man walk back and forth,— the fool? “What are you doing here?” “I?” asks the fool. “I'm walking back and forth, and waiting.”— “What for?” — “Maybe for a treasure.”— “For a treasure? Are treasures going to come to your arms, here on this bridge? Once I dreamed a treasure lay under that linden-tree; but I'm no dreamer. The things that come into one's head like that are only foam. I just simply laughed at such an idea!” — “Laugh at what you please!” He lets the wise man go off, digs under the linden-tree and — finds a treasure.— So it goes.

Ephraim [confidentially]. I've had a letter to-day, Joseph. Ernest has played the workingman on his way from one place to another,* and has begged from the people. The police have caught him at it.— You mustn't tell anybody! It's shame enough that I know it.— Oh, well! Lord,— such things do happen! and he hadn't any money, any more. But you mustn't tell any one. They've let him go again. [*He locks up the letter in the cupboard.*]

* In Germany the workingman who has lost a situation and goes to another town or village to find more work is exempt, on his way, from the laws against beggary.

Joseph [with some astonishment]. What's all this about Ernest? — Dear me! Who would I tell that sort of thing to? What have I heard about Ernest? I've heard nothing,— nothing at all.

[BREITE comes in, in Sunday attire, a small package wrapped in a gay cloth under her arm. She tries to take in the situation, quietly. EPHRAIM starts to go out.]

Breite [cautiously]. Where are you going, father?

Ephraim. To Gustave's. They sent for me. *[Goes out.]*

Breite [looking after him until he disappears in the yard]. Where is he going?

Joseph. Gustave's cow has sprained its fetlock, and they sent for him.

Breite. No — but he is so kind!

Joseph. Kind — oh, yes, always silent and kind! He hasn't said anything, though! *[He keeps on with his work all the time.]*

Breite [opens her package and holds up a bright-colored table cloth]. Look here, Joseph! — My aunt gave me this — for our housekeeping.

Joseph [indifferently]. It's very pretty!

Breite [goes over to JOSEPH]. What's the matter with you, Joseph?

Joseph. With me? — Nothing more than usual.

Breite. Oh, Joseph, when I'm with you — I don't know which way to turn, sometimes.

Joseph. What? — I thought only your father felt that way!

Breite. When I'm with you, when I see you, all the anxiety disappears again. I believe everything then. I'm happy again. I think then I shall never feel any fear or anxiety again.

Joseph. What are you talking about? You're afraid? Of what?

Breite. No, no! Of course I know it's all just stupidity! Maybe it comes to me, just because I'm a little weaker now. Besides, I've no reason to be afraid — now, when father knows everything. If he would only be lively once more, and talk to us again.

Joseph [indifferently]. Just what I think! *[Looking up from his work.]* I say! you look mighty fine to-day!

Breite [*lovingly*]. Oh, Joseph, you don't know the least bit what is tormenting me! [*She begins to lay aside her kerchief and jacket and to arrange her dress for the house.*]

Joseph [*laying aside his work*]. Let me button you.

Breite. No, not to-day.

Joseph. But it's just to-day that I want to! Just when you hang your head down like that! [*He jerks his finger away.*] There! A body always sticks himself on your stupid pins! Oh, pshaw!

Breite [*anxiously*]. Oh, show me, Joseph! There now! Why didn't you let it alone? I could have done it all right myself.

Joseph. You better tell me what makes you have such heavy thoughts just to-day, when your father has spoken pleasantly to me again for the first time.

Breite. I'm really going to be pleased, too! When I'm with you, when I look into your eyes! [*Lost in thought.*] If I could just for once see through you to the bottom.

Joseph. Look ahead! You stupid little witch! So you want to see to the bottom of me?—I do, too. I'd like to get to the bottom of you—and I'd like to get to the bottom of your father!

Breite. You can look through me to the bottom quite calmly Joseph. There's nothing in my heart to hide from you. Look for once deep into me! Keep on always looking deep into me! You'll surely see that no one sits in my heart except one who makes me split my brain with who knows what sort of thoughts.

Joseph. One who makes you split your brain? Tell me about him, child. I must see him. [*They look into each other's eyes.*]

Breite. Yes, now you're satisfied! I know, too, that everything flies away when I have you near me.—Besides, I always think perhaps everything will yet be all right. When you once belong entirely to me,—and when we really have our baby,—I'll work so hard!—that perhaps you'll feel again— You shall have it good, then, Joseph—

Joseph [*merrily, tenderly, mimicking her*]. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Good! I believe you! You'll wrap me all around, so that I'll completely smother like a baby in swaddling clothes! Isn't that what you'll do?

Breite [*kissing him suddenly and stormily*]. Oh, you — My Joseph! My — [*she forces JOSEPH down on the bench*] dear — good — Joseph! You — and you — and you!

Joseph [*trying to get up*]. Oh, you, — now everything's — all right — all right!

Breite. And never in my life any one else — but you — and you — and you!

Joseph [*warding her off*]. *Breite!* — *Breite!*

Breite [*suddenly lets him go and heaves a deep sigh*]. Ah —

Joseph. You stormy little maiden! You've almost torn my coat!

Breite. Oh, yes! Now make yourself merry!

Joseph. What's distressing you now?

Breite. Don't I ever distress you? You must first tell me that!

Joseph. You — me?

Breite. My heart's torn to pieces. I must get rid of these thoughts.

Joseph. I don't understand a word you say.

Breite. I gave myself up to you so lightly —

Joseph. Lightly! Well, if you hadn't, there certainly wouldn't have been the least chance that your father —

Breite. You think that, too!

Joseph. What?

Breite. That it was only because of that that it had to come this far.

Joseph. What do you care, if no one else knows anything —

Breite. But I've drawn you on in this way — and now everything's to be made all right again by a wedding, — because there's no other way to make things right before the world! — That's what I can't bear.

Joseph. What? I suppose, though, it's your father.

Breite. It's you I mean, Joseph.

Joseph. Me?

Breite [*resolutely*]. You're going to take me only for that reason — because —

Joseph. I take you? But I'm fond of you. I'm fond of you. Oh, pshaw! If you don't know any better, what's —

Breite. Don't get cross right off, Joseph.

Joseph. But you must know what I've said to you a hundred times about this thing —

Breite. Oh, Joseph! You just don't know. You don't understand me. When I'm with you, you can do with me what you please! You can take me up in your arms, you can drown me in the river, God knows, and I'll not defend myself. When I think that it does sometimes happen, that one person loves another so much, and the other doesn't feel at all the same way, — oh, it gives me such anguish sometimes! It takes hold of me. I don't know any longer what I'll do. [*Steps are heard in the entry. She goes over to the fire.*] I could run out and scream with the pain: the thought stings me so, here.

Beata [*comes in from church, a hymn-book in her hand. She goes up to the table, panting, and watches BREITE and JOSEPH until JOSEPH gathers up his work and goes out. When he has gone, she begins to talk*]. It isn't even trouble enough that one's own daughter can forget herself so!

Breite. Go ahead, mother!

Beata [*angrily*]. If what the Mayor's wife told me is true —

Breite. Have those stupid women stirred you all up again at church? Has the Mayor's wife been finding fault with Joseph again?

Beata [*without listening to her*]. But you and your father have to just carry everything so far! Is it any wonder if our Ernest lies out on the country roads, and hasn't a cent in his pockets! [*She sits down and weeps for a moment.*]

Breite [*eagerly*]. Tell me about it! Tell me all about it!

Is it about Ernest you're troubled? Does father know about it yet?

Beata [*rising and laying off her things*]. One doesn't dare meddle the least bit with father just now — with him — the way he is! — Of course he must know, he's had a letter from the Mayor's office — [*Resolutely.*] The Mayor's wife's going to get the address for me now, and I'll send him something right away. [*Steps are heard. BEATA busies herself, apparently innocently.*]

Ephraim [*comes in*]. Give me a slice of bread and some whiskey.

Beata [*cuts the bread, at the same time watching him from the corner of her eyes*]. What's the matter with you, father? Do talk to us a little! [*EPHRAIM sits down on the bench at the side of the room without saying a word. BREITE puts a glass of whiskey down in front of him. EPHRAIM follows her with his eyes.*] What have you been doing at the Mayor's office all this time, father? You might at least tell me that.

Ephraim [*harshly*]. Oh, plague take it!

Beata [*hands him the bread*]. Oh, my God, my God! What a life!

Ephraim. Have you all your things in order, girl?

Breite [*astonished*]. My things, father?

Ephraim. Well,—you mustn't begin married life like a beggar-hussy!

Beata [*looks questioningly at EPHRAIM and then at BREITE*]. Well, what does this mean? What does it mean — man? — Our boy's lying out on the country roads —

Ephraim [*jumping up*]. Where is our boy?

Beata. How should I know where he is! But that's no reason why that stranger should be settling himself down here on us this long while —

Ephraim [*firmly*]. He's no longer a stranger when our girl carries a child by him. You understand me! Anyhow, there's nothing more to be said.

Beata. Oh, my God, who'd ever have thought of anything like this!

Ephraim. And now you can arrange for the wedding ! Everything must be done now honorably before people. You understand me, woman !

Breite [*suddenly overcome by her tears*]. Oh, father —

Ephraim. Things mustn't go so far that everybody'll have to see and hear it. So we'll have the wedding soon.

Breite [*as before*]. Mayn't I call Joseph in, father ?

Ephraim [*holds her back by the arm*]. You'll take him openly. I'll give you to him openly. I want it so.— Everything else I want to forget.

Beata. Forget everything — and our boy a vagabond out in the country —

Ephraim [*with sudden vehemence*]. Is he a vagabond ? Is he ?

Beata. Well, if he isn't a vagabond, are we going to have a fine feast here — and our boy —

Ephraim [*rummaging in the cupboard*]. It shall be a fine wedding, too. I'm determined it shall be. [*BREITE stands by undecided.*] You can tell Joseph. [*He comes over to the table.*] Here — [*he counts out some money*] here's something for you, woman. You can send that to Ernest. You understand me. [*He seizes the glass of whiskey.*] I'll give you the address. [*BREITE hurries out.*]

Beata [*astonished*]. Oh, father ! [*EPHRAIM pours the whiskey down his throat.*]

ACT IV.

Time.— A little later than Act III.

Scene.— Large living-room in EPHRAIM'S house.

The room is rustically decorated for the wedding feast with garlands and paper flowers. Around EPHRAIM and JOSEPH, and near the door to the little room, sit and stand a group of people, among them BREITE and MATTERN. Some young people are playing on the centre of the table ; near them old SCHINDLER is holding a low but animated conversation with Mrs. HUHNDORF ; now and then she

looks over at JOSEPH and EPHRAIM, and gesticulates. *A few chairs stand by the table, vacant. BEATA and TINE are busied here and there about the fire and table. The meal is nearly over, and the spirits of the guests are already heated. On the table stand wine bottles, glasses, and fruit, all in confusion. Some of the people are smoking pipes or cigars. There is constant moving about.*

Ephraim [a little tipsy, loudly]. Who am I? Who am I? I suppose I'm still Gottlieb Ephraim,—or maybe I'm not him any longer, Heinrich?—I tell you: don't talk to me! I certainly know who I have to give up my farm to.—I know.—Besides, if God, our Lord, had meant that we should know everything beforehand, and all at once, he wouldn't have bound up our eyes so.

Mattern [interrupting merrily]. He must have a few things more to think about, too, besides ours, the Lord our God. Isn't that true, Gottlieb?

Ephraim. Oh, I've always known how it must come out.—For these two—these two—everything is just as it should be for them: it's come about so, and it's going to stay so.—Now they can bother their heads about how the farm is to—

Beata. Oh, my God, my God! They've gotten father to go as far as this!

Hildebrandt [also heated, loudly]. When a body has anything to do with black player-folk like these, who haven't any light side, at least he mustn't sit down in the shadow right away, or he'll never get out of the darkness.

Joseph. When a body finds a bit of good luck, there's always somebody ready to abuse him before and behind. But no such noisy fellow as Heinrich's going to stretch me on his fiddle to-day. You needn't give yourself the trouble! I'll not give out a single tone! Not to-day! Never a one to-day!

Schindler [breaks off her conversation, and calls across the table]. If Heinrich isn't making the men wrangle and fight—Jesus and Mary!—he can't live, he can't live at all!

Ephraim. Don't be giving me any of your advice, I tell you! You're not to, mother; and I'm certain none of these old fellows

shall! We know ourselves, Breite, how we're going to manage it. Don't we, Breite? [*Laughing drunkenly.*] These old fellows!—these old fellows—who can't even stand up straight, they're so dumb!—They can't even stand up straight, they're so dumb; and yet they want to meddle with our affairs—

Joseph. Ha, ha, ha, father! That's so! That's so!

Some of the girls [surrounding MATTERN]. Tell us our fortunes, Mattern! Tell us our fortunes!

Mattern [comically]. That's just the thing, girls! We'll have more fun telling fortunes. This everlasting jawing back and forth of the men-folks! While they're at that, we can have a right good time amusing ourselves a little with our fates. [*She goes over to the cupboard.*]

Hildebrandt [laughing]. You superstitious women! You're forever asking questions of your pot and jugs! [*Impressively.*] Perhaps you can find out for yourselves how things are going to come out here.— [*Emphatically.*] It's written in the Bible—

Mattern [while she rummages around in the cupboard with BEATA]. Don't you listen to Heinrich!

Ephraim. What's written in the Bible, Heinrich?

Hildebrandt [loudly]. It's written in the Bible: Remain thou the ruler over thine own goods! That's the thing! The ruler over thine own goods!

Breite [speaking in a low anxious tone across the table to MATTERN]. He'll surely get father excited again, Mattern, Heinrich will. Do tell him so! Do tell him so!

Ephraim. I've given the farm over to the young couple, but I haven't given it up so entirely that I don't have any word to say about—

Huhndorf [has come in, and remains standing in the middle of the room, an interested listener]. Your word to say! I know just how that goes. Your word to say. Generally, Gottlieb, that word—

Hildebrandt [screams]. Remain thou the ruler over thine own goods! That is the thing. The ruler over thine own goods!

Mattern [comes over to the table good-naturedly. *She carries four little jugs*]. God knows you've been making as much noise the whole evening, Heinrich, as if you yourself were the bridegroom. [*All laugh. EPHRAIM crouches down, and stares into space. MATTERN continues talking pleasantly to HEINRICH.*] And, anyhow, you oughtn't to mix yourself up in such matters, Heinrich. I'll tell you something,—setting relatives against each other this way—well! I've had experience of that sort of thing myself! [*She gradually gets the attention of everybody.*] Only to-day I was dreaming of the way they treated me, a poor girl!—How could I help but compare myself with the gypsy. [*Merrily.*] They insulted me then the same way, Joseph,—and they'd have liked to get me by the throat,—yes, by the throat!

Kretschmer [*interrupting laughingly*]. Well, you certainly haven't stayed in their debt since, old woman!

Mattern [*impressively*]. See here! You'd better not come round here with such talk!—It'll be engraved in me until the day of my death. If I'd known beforehand how things'd go, I'd have thought over marrying ten times more than I did. I wasn't at all inclined to be the sort of woman who hangs around the men so foolishly,—at least in comparison with other women—

A Young Boy [*interrupting noisily*]. I must have a man, mother, or I'll set the house on fire!

Mattern [*laughing*]. Oh, no! Things were never so bad as that with me! I'd have had to laugh at anything like that, God knows. [*Firmly.*] Now keep what you have to say to yourself for a while, Heinrich! We've had enough of that matter! [*In the mean time she has arranged the jugs. Deliberately.*] I put four little jugs here on the table! Now pay attention, everybody! [*She holds up each little jug in turn, as she alludes to it.*] A little piece of coal—a warm room! A little piece of money—a full purse! A little piece of bread—plenty to eat! [*Laughing slyly.*] And this little piece here—

Several voices. It's a bit of rag! a bit of rag!

Hildebrandt [to himself]. A rag for him who's going to be a rogue.* [*MATTERN goes over to BREITE.*]

Breite [half merrily]. Do I have to begin?

Several voices. Of course, the bride must begin!

Breite [roughly]. Well, then, hurry up with your fortune-telling!

Mattern [binds a cloth over her eyes]. Come, hurry up, girl!

Breite. And I have to have a cloth over my eyes, too! [*Yielding.*] Shall I, Joseph?

Joseph. Oh, yes! Let them do it!

Breite [her eyes bound, says drolly]. Oh, pshaw! I don't like this a bit! If it turns out bad — I tell you, Mattern — if it turns out bad! — Once before to-day I — put —

Mattern [leads her into the corner back of the stove]. Into the corner with you!

Several voices. You mustn't peep, Breite!

Mrs. Glumm. She'd never peep. If she did, she'd only peep into the oven!

Mattern [at the table]. First — second — third — fourth Be careful now!

Hildebrandt [laughing to himself]. So that you don't happen to get the rag!

Breite [frightened]. Oh, Heinrich!

Mattern [turning it off good-naturedly]. Oh, there is no danger! Wait and see, Heinrich!

Joseph [calls out excitedly]. Not to-day, Heinrich! You won't do it to-day! Not to-day! You hear me, Heinrich!

Mattern [undisturbed]. Go ahead, Breite!

Breite. The third.

Mattern [lifts up the jug]. The money!

Several voices. Darn it, but she's lucky! The bride is lucky!

* The German word "lump," which is used here, means both rag and rogue.

Mrs. Kretschmer. She has plenty of money already!

Hildebrandt [breaking out scornfully]. If I had to have anything to do with black harper-folks like these, who haven't any light side —

Ephraim [jumping up suddenly, as if he had been asleep]. Nobody! Nobody! I wouldn't advise anybody to —

Breite [hastily untying the cloth]. Father! Father! [*Everybody looks at HILDEBRANDT and EPHRAIM.*]

Ephraim [still screaming]. Not anybody! Not anybody!

Hildebrandt [rising heavily]. That's our pride! That's our pride! That's the way with us peasants, Gottlieb! It never goes out of us! It'll never be gotten out of us until we come to our blessed end. Your girl has the same thing, too, Gottlieb! One must hold fast to one's character, Breite! One must hold fast to one's character, friends, let come what may!

Ephraim [stands and stares into space]. I've given my girl to Joseph. [*He sits down.*]

Hildebrandt [continues]. Breite has always been one of that kind. What one is, one is. You've never let yourself be led off the track. [*He falters.*] When any one — when any one — has a character — [*He falters.*]

Mattern [continues]. When any one flings away his character, flings away his courage, flings away his obstinacy, then the man is lost —

Hildebrandt [sits down contentedly]. Am I not right, Gottlieb?

Beata. As if father and the girl were not made of obstinacy. Oh, my God, my God! I've surely had experience enough of that.

Ephraim [striking the table violently]. For once I'm enjoying myself, and I'm going to give expression to my enjoyment. You don't know what enjoyment is, woman. So all you can do is to choke down your anger with good wine.

Joseph [calls out]. To your health, father!

Ephraim [laughing immoderately]. That dollar! Mother! That dollar! Oh, I must tell all you people about that, it's such a good joke on my old woman —

Beata [*tries to hinder him by interrupting*]. Go ahead and tell!

Ephraim [*laughing drunkenly*]. That dollar, that dollar!

Breite. Oh, father, not that! You won't tell that!

Mattern. Oh, Gottlieb! Don't! You better tell instead about —

Ephraim. Ha, ha, ha, the story about Blumig and that dollar! Ha, ha, ha!

Beata [*angrily*]. Go ahead and tell! But I tell you one thing: I've had enough of this business, that's what I tell you! And, of course, I can't pretend the way you can.

Ephraim. Ha, ha, ha! — How they deceived me to my face and behind my back — mother and the boy! [*Suddenly flying into a rage.*] What did you say then, mother? I want to know exactly what it was, so that I can tell the people about it!

Mattern. Oh, no! — Don't! Let the woman alone, Gottlieb! You better tell us, instead, how you feel to-day.

Ephraim [*rises*]. What? — What? — Well — I have a child — that is — I have a child — a child — that is dear to my heart — yes, — a child that is dear to my heart. What else shall I say to you? — [*Beaming.*] You have seen my girl! You have seen how she looked to-day in her bridal wreath! And when I give her up now, — well — when I give her up — what am I going to do? — What? — I — [*He sits down, overcome.*]

Schindler [*animatedly*]. The man, too, Gottlieb, has to leave father and mother and cling to his wife —

Hildebrandt [*screams, laughing*]. If he has a father! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Your Joseph — your Joseph! A man who has never seen a father can't very well leave him — can he?

Joseph [*jumping up*]. What's that? What's that? — Heinrich? Say it again!

Breite [*anxiously*]. Joseph — for heaven's sake, Joseph!

Joseph [*sputtering*]. I have no father. I was begotten a stranger, and born a stranger. I've been bred a stranger, and am to-day a stranger among men. For you, you rough peasant — you seem to be a perfect stranger to me, as if you had come from an entirely different world! Do you understand me?

Hildebrandt. Oho, born a stranger — ha, ha, ha, ha — so that's what you call being born a stranger!

Joseph. But, in spite of that, I was born in love. I was born as the birds in the sky are born; I was born as the fish in the water are born; and I have grown to be a human being, just as your son and your daughter have!

Breite [anxiously to Joseph]. Oh, Joseph — Joseph! [*Turning to the others.*] See here! — I want to tell you right now whoever insults Joseph insults me. I've taken Joseph — and I haven't asked —

Hildebrandt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Breite! — He was born a stranger — and now he has just hunted out a good home for himself. — Isn't that the truth, Schindler?

Ephraim [tries to draw himself up, and says to himself at the same time]. Be quiet! Be quiet!

Schindler [with suppressed rage]. Don't make me mad, you people!

Huhndorf. See here, what makes you people carry the thing so far?

Joseph [laughing]. Tell them about it, mother! You can tell about it before everybody, so that they know —

Schindler. Me? — Joseph?

Several of the people. Ha, ha, ha, ha! — go ahead and tell us about it, Schindler! You'll have to tell us about it! Hurry up!

Schindler [as if pursued]. What do you want me to tell? — Why didn't you let me alone with your talk, Joseph? [*Angrily.*] You must know, I carried my child in my womb, just as every woman does. — Do you understand me? What if I was driven out — and didn't know where I was to find a roof, and wandered hither and thither in this miserable world? — My heart beat with glowing love, too, for a long or a short time. — For — for — long is short enough — and you can't measure love with a yard-stick. — My heart beat with love when I loved your father [*angry tears overpower her*], and it was my fate to be a poor harper-girl. It was my fate, too, to be taken up by a man and to be thrown away

again.—[*With increasing excitement.*] You were born in love. [*She begins to weep pathetically.*] My heart was torn to pieces over your father, just as Breite's is to-day over you. [*Angrily.*] But things didn't turn out for me the way they have for Ephraim's daughter to-day! Another woman bit out of him all his love for me, she hated me so, the witch! Do you understand me? [*EPHRAIM has again seated himself, and now stares fixedly into space.*]

Several of the people [excitedly]. Who was she? Where is she?

Schindler [*sputtering angrily*]. Who? Where? What? In the world—some place or other. It's all the same, where. [*Scornfully.*] I didn't sit at a great table, with a wreath in my hair, like a pure young girl. [*Pathetically.*] I sat down by the river, alone, and wrung my hands, and wondered whether I wouldn't rather throw my wretched life away than try to bear all the misery.

Breite [*looks around, not knowing what to say*]. Schindler,—Schindler—you shall see!—Joseph!—I don't the least know—oh, Joseph—*I* sit here as an honorable woman?—[*Quietly and bravely.*] I won't appear to be what I'm not, before all these people. I won't have all these people think me more than I am, Schindler! Do you hear? I'll take my wreath off, too. [*She takes the bridal wreath from her hair, and lays it down.*] Schindler, I've no right to it, and I want you to know—

Ephraim [*tries to rise wearily*]. What are you saying, Breite? Keep quiet! Keep quiet! [*FRANZEL appears in the doorway, and remains standing there.*]

Breite [*without listening to EPHRAIM*]. I want you all to see—I want you all to know.—I, too, have given my honor to Joseph without stopping to think about it,—Schindler,—and I asked for nothing further—and I, too, would have had to bear it if he had driven me and the child under my heart—

Several of the people [interrupting her]. Oh!—Don't, Breite!—Don't, Breite! [*Others laugh. The women surround BREITE.*]

Several of the people [calling]. Franzel! Franzel!

Joseph [ecstatically]. Breite! Ha, ha, ha, Breite!

Ephraim. My girl! Joseph!—Did you hear her? My girl!

Joseph [interrupting him ecstatically]. Me, a poor servant! Me, a poor devil! [*HILDEBRANDT laughs immoderately. FRANZEL stands motionless in the doorway, and looks on.*]

Several of the people [at the same time]. Franzel! Music!

Ephraim [at the same time]. She has a heart! She has courage! My girl!

Joseph [interrupting him, as before]. I could be something! I could be something! I, a poor servant! I, a poor devil! Such a good—Such a brave—It makes me quite beside myself,—anything like this!

Ephraim [interrupting him, says contemptuously to the others]. She's not afraid of any of you!—not the least bit! [*He sinks back wearily, and falls asleep. The noise quiets down.*]

Several of the people [impatiently]. Music! Music!

Others [crying out again]. Music! Franzel! Music!

Franzel [laughs contemptuously]. I'm to come in, am I? I'm to come into the noise and smoke, am I! Outside the night is clear as crystal,—and the moon moves silently over the earth; and Franzel'd rather look at the moon than at the faces of old peasants that are red with wine, and screaming. [*She goes over to the harp.*]

Joseph. Music, Franzel! Music!

Franzel [without paying any attention to JOSEPH, animatedly]. Oh, Hermann!—do you know, Hermann, when Franzel was a child, the child Franzel often sat at the door of her wretched home and gazed at the sky and at King David in the moon, I mean the man with a harp, who sits in the moon—and she prayed: Dear, good King David, grant that the child Franzel may be a good harper, too; grant that the child Franzel may learn to play the harp as beautifully as you do in the golden moon. [*She strikes a chord. Silence.*]

Hildebrandt. Somebody must fill my glass again before you begin, or I won't be able to stand your whining.

Franzel [indifferently]. Hold your tongue, you pig! [*She plays a melancholy Slavic melody with an accompaniment of chords. HILDEBRANDT rises while she is still playing, and goes out noisily.*]

Ephraim [in the midst of the music says wearily to himself]. My girl's not afraid of any of you! — not the least bit!

Franzel [plays and sings]. "I think of him alone to whom my heart belongs. And he never thinks of me!"

Some of the boys [calling to FRANZEL]. Oh, don't play such a sad thing! [*BREITE weeps.*]

Others. There; we won't cry!

Franzel [her eyes fixed on JOSEPH, continues to sing passionately]. "The clouds sail away over my head: gladly would I flee with them, far away over sea and land, until I found the soul of my beloved." [*She grows pale.*]

Joseph [excitedly]. Franzel! — Franzel!

Franzel [suddenly leans back as if losing consciousness, and almost whispers]. I don't know — I don't know — give me a sip — give me a sip —

Mrs. Glumm [springing to FRANZEL'S assistance]. Water! Water!

Hildebrandt [has just come in again. He puts his arm around FRANZEL]. I'd better give her a kiss. Then you'll see how quickly she'll come to life again.

Mrs. Hildebrandt. Don't, man!

Franzel [furious]. Joseph! Joseph! Help! Help! — Heinrich! You go way! [*She struggles.*]

Several of the people. Hildebrandt! Heinrich! Don't! [*Others laugh.*]

Joseph [pushes him away angrily]. Such a beast! [*BREITE looks on anxiously.*]

Hildebrandt [struggling with FRANZEL, scornfully]. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Gottlieb! — Gottlieb!

Several of the people. Gottlieb's asleep. [*JOSEPH tries to free FRANZEL.*]

Franzel [struggling violently]. You peasants! You peasants!

Hildebrandt [*forces her over toward the table*]. What concern of Gottlieb's son-in-law's is the gypsy girl? That's what I'd like to know! [*Laughing and struggling.*] You understand me! You don't come that game on me!

Several of the people. Heinrich — you — you let her alone!

Franzel [*succeeds in snatching a knife from the table*]. I'll bite — I'll stab — [*She gets one arm free, and before HILDEBRANDT can kiss her she makes a slight wound in his hand, at which he at once lets go of her.*] When any one that I don't love comes near me, I cut, I bite, I stab!

Hildebrandt [*looking at his hand*]. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Joseph [*furious*]. Such a beast!

Hildebrandt [*goes up to JOSEPH, and scrutinizes him*]. Ha, ha, ha! — a beast! — What concern of yours is the harper-girl, anyway?

Joseph [*contemptuously*]. You've already spoiled our whole evening, you beast! [*Boiling.*] I tell you what, I'll give you some good advice —

Franzel [*suddenly laughs wildly*]. Joseph! — Joseph! Your peasant wife will last! — But true love's only a thing like a storm, and the day after to-morrow it's over, like an illness! Ha, ha, ha!

Breite [*jumping up*]. Franzel! Franzel! You haven't any shame!

Joseph [*wildly*]. Ha, ha, ha! Franzel! Franzel! Don't make too much of it! Don't make too much of it! Ha, ha, ha, we enjoy our hour and — throw it away! Ha, ha, ha, ha! What does last? — Not you! Not you! Ha, ha, ha! Not you, with your black hair — nor, later, with your white!

Breite [*interrupting excitedly*]. She has no shame — Joseph! What did she say? — You dare to say such things! — You bad harper-hussy! You can think such things — [*Several of the people protest with BREITE.*]

Schindler. She didn't mean anything wrong, Breite! She didn't mean anything wrong! And you know my Joseph! [*The people are busied about BREITE.*]

Franzel [without deigning to look at BREITE]. Joseph! Joseph! [She holds out her glass toward JOSEPH.] You turncoat!

Hildebrandt [interrupting and mimicking her]. You,—you turncoat!—The bride's father is asleep. We don't need to take off the bride's wreath *—

Joseph. Ha, ha, ha!—You'll grow wrinkled, too, as you get older,—ha, ha, ha, ha!—you understand! You understand! Ha, ha, ha—like the old witches!—like the old witches!

Hildebrandt [interrupting noisily]. So we may as well go to bed, too.

Others. Who wants to go to bed so early? We're going over to Glumm's. We're going over to Glumm's! [They look for their things.]

Franzel. Ha, ha, ha!—Because she has a child, you marry her! [Laughing wildly.] “She took the little glass in her hand, and broke it in two in the middle!” Ha, ha, ha! Look here, look here, you young menial—

Joseph [turning hastily to the weeping BREITE]. What are you crying for? What are you crying for?

Franzel [throws down the glass contemptuously, so that it crashes at JOSEPH'S feet]. “Here you have my faith!” [Laughter and noise.]

Several of the people [calling out]. We're going over to Glumm's! We're going over to Glumm's! [There is a general uproar. SCHINDLER and FRANZEL have grasped their harp and fiddle, and now play a wild dance melody. Some of the people go out, others dance.]

Joseph [when the music stops, calls stormily]. Come on, people! Come on, people! Let's go to the tavern! Let's go to the tavern!

Beata [shaking EPHRAIM]. Father! They're going over to the tavern now.—Don't you want to go with them, you two?

Breite [resolutely drying her tears]. If Joseph wants me to,

* It is the custom among German peasants for the guests to take off the bride's wreath before they leave the wedding feast.

I'll go with them, mother. [SCHINDLER and FRANZEL disappear with the rest.]

Beata [follows her daughter into the little room]. I'll put away your good things for you, girl. Come, let me help you!

Breite [speaking from the door of the little room]. Wait for me, Joseph, I'll come right away. [Both go out, and the door of the little room closes behind them. MATTERN and Mrs. KRETSCHMER are the last to leave. As they go out—]

Mattern. The bride's father has decided to do the best thing. I'm going to go and sleep, too. [The room has emptied.]

Joseph [standing alone in front of the sleeping EPHRAIM]. Wake up! Wake up, sir! [EPHRAIM mutters good-naturedly to himself. FRANZEL comes in unconcernedly, apparently to search hastily for something she has forgotten. JOSEPH in a low tone, shyly.] Franzel.

Franzel [coldly]. Joseph? [JOSEPH goes toward her irresolutely, listening at the same time for any movement in the little room. EPHRAIM talks incomprehensibly in his sleep. FRANZEL, with a low, scornful laugh.] You've regularly rocked him to sleep—the great Gottlieb—your old mother and you.

Joseph [trembling with passion]. Franzel!

Franzel [coming nearer to him, drawling]. What? [JOSEPH seizes her stormily in his arms, and kisses her. She allows it, yielding quietly to him. The next instant JOSEPH starts. FRANZEL whispers passionately, almost tenderly.] Is true love only a thing like a storm—and day after to-morrow is it over like—bliss? [With an anxious gesture toward the little room, she says hastily and in a low tone.] I'm going! Joseph! Joseph! [She hurries out.]

Ephraim [mutters to himself in his sleep]. I've given my girl to Joseph for once and all—

ACT V.

Time.—A full year later than Act IV.

Scene.—Large living-room in EPHRAIM'S house.

It is very early morning, long before dawn. The room is dark. After a while the door of the little room is opened carefully from the other side. EPHRAIM appears half dressed, and goes quietly, listening all the time, to the door at the back of the room, which he also opens carefully. As the door creaks on its hinges, it can be seen that some one is tossing in the bed on the bake-oven, behind the stove.

Father Jacob [the voice that of a rusty, wrinkled old man, mutters]. Isn't there ever any rest to be had in this house any more? [His head becomes visible from behind the stove. He tries to make out something.] Who's there? Who's there?

Ephraim [listening at the door]. Pst!

Father Jacob. There's somebody there! Who is it? Who is it? I can't see!

Ephraim. There was such a commotion, again in the young folks' room, overhead. And I heard the youngster crying, too. [He continues to listen.] Don't you hear anything?

Father Jacob. Oh, Jesus! Dear me! It really seems as if things wasn't quite right in your house any more. I'm not accustomed to hearing the cows rattle their chains, either. [He listens, too.] It can't be anything of much account, anyway, Gottlieb!

Ephraim [dully]. They're forever walking up and down.— Even at night they're forever walking about. When we was talking last evening, I thought one of them ran out doors into the winter night a couple times.

Father Jacob. See here, Gottlieb! You really oughtn't to get frightened so easily. Go back to bed. Besides, you'll be sure to take cold standing there with nothing on but your shirt.

Ephraim. We hear it more in our room. They sleep right over us. [He continues to listen.] I heard the youngster crying, too.— But I won't go up to them.

Father Jacob. Pshaw, Gottlieb! What good would it do if you did?

Ephraim. That's just it! I won't go up to them. If I should happen to see anything like that again — if I should happen



to see anything like that again, with my own eyes — you know — [*Boiling up.*] I'd take a hatchet and break in the stove. [*Dully.*] I feel sometimes as if it would strangle me.

Beata's voice [*comes suddenly out of the darkness*]. What's the matter, father? You just spoil the whole night's rest — on account of that child! — [*She strikes a light.*] Where are you?

Ephraim. Oh, pshaw! I slept like the dead — and then wakened up all of a sudden.

Father Jacob. Go back and go to sleep again, Gottlieb. That youngster'll be the death of you yet.

Beata [*reasoning with him*]. Besides, it's only just four. We can get another good hour's sleep yet. That would be quite a long time! You better go upstairs again, and have them tell you again that we old people are forever running round, listening and prying, and never giving the child a chance to sleep. I thought you knew what a loose tongue Breite had, when it came to that.

Ephraim [*excitedly*]. And she's quite right about our not mixing ourselves up in their affairs. The old folks can make things much worse if they don't keep out of them. Things are always made worse by fault-finding and scolding. [*Gloomily.*] Yet I'm often in dread of something. I can't help it. [*Again excitedly.*] The girl's quite right!

Beata. Oh, yes, of course! She's always right! [*She puts out the light, angrily.*]

Father Jacob [*starts to climb down from the bake-oven*]. I don't like this at all! I don't like this at all!

Ephraim [*closes the door*]. I don't hear anything any more. I'll go back and go to sleep again. [*He goes into the little room.*]

Father Jacob [*swings himself down on to the bench near the stove*]. Well, I really wouldn't get up if I didn't have such a long way to go before me. [*The door to the little room is closed.*] Oh me, oh me! [*He lights a small oil lamp and at it lights his short pipe, which burns close to his nose. He puffs at his pipe from time to time, while he phlegmatically finishes his dressing. Then he laughs, shakes his head, and mutters to himself.*] Oh, heavenly

Father! Many's the hundred good times we've had here,— and now it has come to this! I'd never have believed it once on a time!

Tine [*comes in, a lantern in her hand, her hair still dishevelled*]. I'll make you a bit of coffee right away, Father Jacob. [*She goes over to the fire.*]

Father Jacob [*puffing away at his pipe*]. Oh, my pipe'll do just as well.— How do you happen to be up so early, girl? What did you get up for?

Tine [*excitedly*]. I really haven't been to bed to sleep at all. The young wife is so everlastingly wretched, I've had to be up with her all night!

Father Jacob. What's the matter? What's the matter? Has something really gone wrong?

Tine. Well, I should say so! You sat quietly with the old folks last evening, while we ran up and down the village, looking for — Joseph.

Father Jacob. You don't mean it! You really had to — look for Joseph!

Tine. He's not home yet.— He's never carried it this far before. He's never been so crazy as not to come home the whole night! [*She lights the fire, and goes around to the oven.*]

Father Jacob. Well, well! I have to get up early, or else I won't get home by noon, the snow's so deep.— [*To himself.*] I thought something of the kind was up! I thought something of the kind was up!

Tine [*working around the oven*]. God knows, it seems as if Joseph had real power over that woman.— She never thinks so, though! — She doesn't think so! She does everything for that man.

Father Jacob [*arranging his pack*]. Don't yell so! Do let the old folks sleep a little. Sorrow and trouble make people tired.

Tine. Oh, when they're in that big bed, they never hear anything. [*Continues bitterly.*] She does everything for that man. I've never seen her lose her temper. Oh, Jesus! Whatever

Joseph says must be done. Besides, her father's never allowed to go up to their room. [*Scornfully.*] If he did, something might happen. She won't allow it. The young woman won't allow it. — But Schindler goes.

Father Jacob. I don't like it at all. I don't like it at all.— When I used to come here, some time ago, the old folks and the two children sat here—they sat here often way into the night, and I had to tell them who knows what yarns. Now the son's away among strangers—dear me, dear me! And Gottlieb's got to be a very queer sort of a man.

Tine. Just as if we couldn't have known from the very beginning where Joseph would run to in the end. Since that gypsy girl from the huts is round again—

Father Jacob. I don't like it a bit that I have to go on my way with such thoughts for company. [*He starts to take up his pack.*] The young folks have their room, upstairs, better furnished than the old folks have theirs, down here! They have a pretty little boy—

Tine. They could have everything! But no, Joseph must needs run after the gypsy girl. [*Laughing.*] Well, some day, when he doesn't come back at all, she'll see at last—Breite will—that he doesn't care a fig for the big farm or for his wife and child—that's what she'll see at last.

Father Jacob. Help me to get my pack on my back.—See here, Tine! Everybody ought to carry his pack joyfully, if it doesn't get too dreadfully heavy. [*Starts to go.*] I don't like it a bit! I don't like it a bit!

Tine [*as he goes out, puts a bottle into his pocket*]. Here's a drop of coffee to take with you.

Father Jacob [*without turning round*]. Thank you, girl! Say thank you for me to Gottlieb's folks for their hospitality. I'll be back again in the spring. [*TINE lights him out. Both go out. The door of the room remains open. Immediately after they go out, BREITE is seen in the entry, stealing after them. A moment later she hurries timidly back into the room, as if she were frightened*

and would like to hide. She is worn out with watching and scantily clothed. Soon after light footsteps are heard in the entry, and JOSEPH appears noiselessly at the open door of the room.]

Joseph [stares at BREITE for some time]. What're you doing here? [BREITE does not stir; stands shivering. JOSEPH steps quietly over the door-sill.] They're asleep! They're asleep! [He turns toward the door again.] Don't say a word — and come! — God knows, it'd be better for you if you stayed with your child — and wasn't always at my heels, like a dog. You hear me!

Breite [hastily]. Joseph —

Joseph [warding her off, coldly]. Oh, let me alone, you love-sick woman! [BREITE, at a loss what to do or say, stands shivering. JOSEPH looks contemptuously around at the walls.] What're you doing here, anyway! [Suddenly, in a tone of command.] Come upstairs! There's nothing for you to do here! [BREITE remains motionless. JOSEPH stares at her again.]

Breite [incensed]. Where have you been, Joseph?

Joseph [scornfully]. Oh, yes, no doubt you'd like to know! I believe that! [Bitterly.] I lie chained the whole day long,—and work hard for you—I don't even dare to taste a bit of freedom in the evening! I believe that! [He has stepped into the entry. Sternly.] Come upstairs!

Breite [suddenly throwing herself on him]. I've been so anxious, Joseph,—I have—over your leaving me and the baby alone so, the whole night —

Joseph [contemptuously]. Don't hang on me so, you love-sick woman! I'm tired of you! [BREITE stares at him confusedly.] Do you want to stir up those quiet, sneaking old people against me? — [Dawling.] Do you? [He goes into the entry. BREITE stands motionless in the doorway. JOSEPH gives her a slight push back into the room.] Well, then, stay, stay, stay! You hear me! I'm tired of you! [He is still heard, as he disappears up the stairs, saying] I'm tired of you! [In the mean time TINE comes in from the stable with a lantern.]

Breite [throws herself suddenly and passionately on TINE].

Tine! Tine! — He — he — he — [*She cannot get her breath.*]
You must — you must — you must — Tine — you must —

Tine. What must I? What must I?

Breite. You must — you must — Oh me, oh me, oh me! It's all up with me! It's all up with me! It's all up with me!

Tine. What's the matter? What's the matter?

Breite. It's all up with me! It's all up with me! It's all up with me!

Tine [*energetically*]. Lord! My dear Breite!

Breite [*shuddering*]. And father — father — father —

Tine. What's the trouble about your father?

Breite. If father should have heard everything — There mustn't — be any trouble! O — O — O —

Tine [*shaking her*]. Breite! Breite! Come to your senses! Come to your senses!

Breite. He has pushed us away from him.

Tine. Who has?

Breite. Joseph — Joseph — he has pushed me and my baby away from him —

Tine [*excitedly*]. If that's so, then, God knows, I'm going to call — [*She starts to hurry across the room to go to the little room.*]

Breite [*begging in a low tone, and half unconsciously holding her back*]. Tine! Tine! [*TINE stands still in the entry.*] I can't ever! — You see I can't! — You — surely know! [*Her tone changes and grows gentle.*] Oh, no, no! You can't imagine what it's like! [*As if confiding something to her.*] My Joseph! [*Again wailing.*] When he comes home this way! —

Tine [*resolutely*]. Now you're just going to come into the room and sit down on the bench by the stove. I'm going to give you a little coffee right away; and then, perhaps, you'll be a bit more reasonable. [*BREITE sits down. TINE works around the stove.*] You must gather yourself together a little. [*She gives her some coffee from a small coffee-pot.*] There now, drink! Drink some more! [*As BREITE is drinking.*] Father Jacob's just gone. He left good-by for you all!

Breite. When my Joseph — comes home this way! — I'll tell you something, Tine — he hasn't — he hasn't been home all night long. He's been with that stranger — with that stranger. — Help me, Tine, I don't know any more what to do —

Tine. There's nothing to do but to keep quiet and go upstairs again. You might make a body real worried and anxious — talking the way you do! — You must drink some more coffee! [*She drinks.*] Now you'll soon be better!

Breite [*growing quieter*]. I know. — There's nothing else for me to do — I — I — [*Again wailing.*] It's all up with me, Tine! — It's all up with me!

Tine. Have you heard anything definite?

Breite. Ha, ha, ha — and I — never saw it until now, all at once, everything is dead! I — never noticed whether he still acted as though he loved me! [*Uncannily.*] I won't have bastard children! [*She rises timidly.*] No, no! I shall — go away! go away! I'll go right away —

Tine. Where're you going?

Breite. Go 'way! Go 'way! Let me get a little fresh air —

Tine [*holding her firmly*]. You're going to stay here! If you don't, I'll call the old people — [*She calls once.*] Mrs. Ephraim —

Breite [*furious*]. No, you shan't! Father — father — If you call them, if you call them! I'll choke you —

Tine. Lord! There's no need of you're being so rough!

Breite. If father — if father — I wouldn't have father see anything — and I'm so afraid he will.

Tine. Go upstairs again then, and rest a little more. That's the very best thing you could do!

Breite [*starts to go, then stands still*]. Oh me, oh me, oh me! [*Weeping.*] I won't have bastard children! — I won't have bastard children! [*Suddenly she dries her eyes.*] Tine — [*gently*] it's so beautiful to care for any one so much that your heart just bursts with love — you don't know anything about it! [*Smiling.*] No, you don't know anything about it! — You know — [*She*



loses herself in this thought.] I am so stupid — I — you know — I — I — well, what if I am? — [*Smiling.*] No, no, I'm not going to be so heavy-hearted all at once!

Tine. That's right! Now go upstairs and rest yourself a little!

Breite [*uncannily*]. By this time — he's asleep — he's asleep! — he's fast asleep! — No, no! [*in a low tone, as before*] I can never do it! When he comes home like this! When he's so cold! [*Excitedly.*] He's another man! He's another man! I can never lie down beside him again! I'd feel ashamed.

Tine. You're going upstairs!

Breite [*wailing*]. I know now where he's been! [*Weeping.*] I know now where he's been! Oh me, oh me, oh me! I've been kicked out! I've been kicked out — and nobody can help me any more —

Tine [*holding her*]. Your mother's getting up now.

Breite [*suddenly freeing herself*]. Let me go! Let me go! [*She rushes unexpectedly out into the yard.*]

Tine [*calls after her*]. *Breite!* *Breite!* [*Then she comes back excitedly, and knocks at the door of the little room.*] Mrs. Ephraim! Mrs. Ephraim!

Beata [*comes out of the little room. Dully*]. What have you been everlastingly whispering and talking about in here?

Tine. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! *Breite!* She's in such a state! — She just ran out of here in a fearful state.

Beata [*indifferently*]. She'll come back again soon. [*She goes over to the fire.*]

Tine. But, really, I've never seen her like this before, — Mrs. Ephraim —

Beata. How?

Tine. Joseph hasn't been home all night long.

Beata [*calmly*]. Well, he's here now, isn't he?

Tine [*hastily*]. Hurry up and go after her, Mrs. Ephraim. Yes, yes, he's here now! — When a body hears, as I did, the way she grieves over that Joseph —

Beata [*contemptuously*]. As we make our beds, we have to lie in them.—I've told her a hundred times how it'd all turn out.—That fellow cares not a fig for the big farm and his wife and child. [*She works around the stove.*] Did you give Father Jacob a little coffee to take with him?

Tine. Of course, I gave him some.

Beata [*resolutely*]. Now hurry up and get out to the stable. The girl'll have this sort of thing happen to her often enough. It was she that drove the boy out of the house! [*Meditates and laughs to herself.*] So he hasn't been home all night! And this is the end of the business! [*Scornfully.*] Well, he's probably been off with that harper-hussy again. [*She goes over to the table, and sets it with cups, sugar, bread, and butter. TINE goes out irresolutely. BEATA calls.*] Father! You can come now. The coffee's ready.

[*EPHRAIM comes out of the little room and sits down at the table. BEATA carries a pot of coffee over to the table and fills the cups. EPHRAIM sits silent. BEATA sits down near him, and drinks her coffee.*]

Ephraim [*dully*]. There's been such a commotion in the house!

Beata. There'll be a commotion in our house many a time again! And no wonder!

Ephraim [*tasting his coffee*]. This coffee—this coffee? What have you done to the coffee?

Beata. Nothing! What should I have done to it? I used pure water—and beans, as I always do. The trouble must be with you.

Ephraim [*pushes his cup away from him. After a while*]. God knows, I fell asleep again!—But when I got awake—in the night—I heard the youngster screaming—and they were walking back and forth—there was such a commotion in the whole house. Has anything happened to the youngster?

Beata. What could have happened to him? Breite has just come downstairs!

Ephraim. The girl has come downstairs?

Beata [*scornfully*]. The young wife has come downstairs — and the young husband, Mr. Joseph, has just gone up.

Ephraim [*indifferently*]. What?

Beata. Mr. Joseph has probably been spending the night again with that gypsy harper-hussy.

Ephraim [*as if awaking from a dream*]. What did you say, mother?

Beata. Well, it's the truth! That's just what's happened! It's about time that you regularly pitch into that crowd! Oh, no, indeed! Father mustn't come upstairs, everything must go just so smoothly, because the young woman will have it so. Some day there might even be a fight. She's always imagining that some miracle will happen. Now she has her miracle! And things will keep right on like this.

Ephraim [*muttering to himself*]. Gottlieb Ephraim! Are you never yourself any more? Are your veins so dried up in you that you can't gather yourself together any more? [*Louder.*] What will keep right on like this, mother?

Beata. Oh, ask the girl herself! — Joseph didn't come home at all last night.

Ephraim [*still louder*]. Mother! Mother! — All at once my eyes are opened! All at once my eyes are opened! Have I never really been the master here? [*Growing angrier every moment.*] Haven't I the power to do or not to do as I please any more? [*He rises.*] I'll clean my house out! I'll clean my house out! Call Joseph to me! Call my girl to me! [*TINE hurries in.*]

Beata [*anxiously*]. Go call the girl, Tine!

Ephraim. Where has she gone?

Tine [*weeping*]. She would go — she ran — she was crying so — [*Goes out.*]

Ephraim [*as before*]. Ha, ha, ha! — Have I opened my house to this crowd for them to bring disgrace into it? — Call Joseph to me, mother! Call my girl to me!

Beata [*calling*]. Tine! — Where has she gone? — Oh, Lord,

Lord! [*Stands still, not knowing what to do. Footsteps are heard on the stairs.*]

Joseph [*comes lazily down from the upper room*]. What's the matter? What's the matter?

Ephraim [*walking back and forth, screaming*]. Hunt the girl for me, mother! [BEATA *hurries out*.]

Joseph [*unapproachable and rigid*]. Well, but — where is Breite? Where has she gone? She was here just a minute ago. Where has she gone?

Ephraim [*his hands over his ears, walks rapidly back and forth and screams*]. Hunt for the girl!

Joseph [*laughing coldly*]. Where can she be?

Beata [*comes in, wailing*]. Oh, my God, my God! Time will bring her soon —

Ephraim [*screams*]. Hunt for the girl! [BEATA *hurries out again*. EPHRAIM *goes over to JOSEPH*.] Where's my girl? Where's my girl? [*He shakes him*.]

Joseph [*laughing coldly*]. I haven't her in my pocket, if you please.

Ephraim [*lets go of JOSEPH again*]. Don't make me raving mad, you people. Don't make me raving mad!

Joseph. I haven't the least idea what's up here! What's struck the woman? What's struck you all?

Ephraim [*grinning*]. Where have you been? Where have you been all night!

Joseph. Ha, ha, ha! —

Ephraim [*suddenly takes hold of him, and forces him down on the bench by the stove, at the same time screaming*]. Give me a rope! Give me a rope! [*He shakes him*.] I've struck my girl down under your feet. — I've — struck — my girl — down under — your — feet —

Joseph [*interrupting him, frigidly*]. If you please! Don't do anything you can help doing. You must think that I'm too comfortable here with you. I'll tell you what, Ephraim! So comfortable as you are, when you're in such a rage as you're in now — exactly so comfortable I am.

Ephraim [interrupting him, screaming]. Give me a rope! Give me a rope! I'll tie up this windy swallow-catcher so fast that he'll never move from this spot again!

Joseph [motionless]. Kill me! Strangle me! — I beg you! — Then — I'll — be — rid of — this — misery —

Tine [comes in, wailing]. I've been down to the foot-bridge! We can't any of us find her —

Ephraim [immediately lets go of JOSEPH, and rushes to the door, wailing out]. Hunt for my girl! [*Goes out.*]

Tine [goes over to the fire, weeping]. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! My teeth chatter. I noticed something was wrong with her! I didn't want to let her go.

Joseph [without paying any attention to TINE. Boiling]. Every step I take, a loving wife at my heels! Every step I take, these gloomy old people at my heels!

Tine. God knows, Joseph, you're a bad fellow, anyhow.

Joseph [harshly]. Oh, pshaw! What do you know about it? — Give me some coffee! One gets hungry and thirsty when one burns up so with passion and misery and hate. [*TINE gives him some coffee, which he drinks.*]

Joseph [lightly]. This business is the devil's own doing, Tine! Ha, ha, ha — life's a fool's game! And I'm a big fool — ha, ha, ha — a big fool!

Tine [suddenly becomes so stirred up that she throws her work aside again]. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! What if they shouldn't find Breite? — She was completely beside herself! She talked so crazy! Suppose she should have done herself any harm! [*She starts to hurry out.*]

Joseph [in a terror of foreboding holds her firmly, and screams brokenly]. What did you say? — Tell me! — She! — but no — no! — It can't be! — [*He stands rigid in the doorway, while TINE hurries out.*] It can't be!

Beata [comes in in the greatest excitement, moaning]. O — O I won't hear another thing —

Joseph [screams at the same time]. Breite, Breite!

Beata [hurrying toward the little room]. I won't hear another thing! [*Goes out. Calls and running are heard in the entry; then EPHRAIM's footsteps. JOSEPH sinks down in the corner of the bench near the stove, and stares at the doorway.*]

Ephraim [bent and broken, appears in the doorway. He stares long at JOSEPH]. Come in, girl! [*BREITE follows him, sits down on the bench by the wall, and suddenly breaks into tears, which she immediately dries. JOSEPH stares at BREITE. EPHRAIM to TINE, who has also come in.*] You—go on out to the stable, Tine! [*Severely.*] And shut the door behind you! [*TINE goes out.*] Do you hear me? [*The door is shut.*]

Joseph [as if awaking gently]. Where have you been?

Breite [harshly]. Were you hunting for me?

Ephraim [solemnly, tremblingly]. And now—at last, it's your turn—yours.

Breite [forcibly]. You let him alone, father! He hasn't done anything to you. I'm the one to talk!—[*Turning to JOSEPH.*] We two have gotten to the end—both of us! You understand me, Joseph!

Joseph. Understand what?

Breite. I've thrown away father and mother for you! I've gone so far for you.—I was in the best way to throw myself away!—So far would I have gone for you.—But, at the right moment, the child came into my mind.

Ephraim [out of the depths]. Go on, girl! It's all true! It's all true! Nobody shall dare to say a word against—

Breite. Come, father! Go to your work! [*To JOSEPH.*] You go to your work, too, Joseph! And I'll go to mine! [*BEATA looks timidly in from the door to the little room.*] But my tears have been dried up this cold winter night. I have found rest once more—I'll weep no more tears for you. [*Scornfully.*] You were hunting for me? You'll never find me as long as you live. You may be sure of that! And I'll never trouble myself about it.

Joseph [rising]. What does this mean, Breite? [*He comes nearer to her.*]

Breite [full of contempt]. Don't come near me! You have at last lighted a light in my mind that has made me see where I am!—And now you, too, shall know where I am. During this last night I've become a rock. You can believe me!

Joseph. *Breite!* *Breite!* [*He again comes nearer to her.*] Do talk sensibly! You hear!

Breite. Don't come near me. You know now what I am.—God knows, I've stood a good deal from you. [*Breaking into tears, which she immediately conquers again.*] I can stand the shame, too, now. [*She tries hard to find something with which to busy herself. EPHRAIM stares at her. BEATA gradually comes all the way into the room, weeping.*] Now we'll go to our work, father. The cows must be hungry.—To keep by force what is flying by, and could never belong to me anyway—no!—certainly not! I'll never be so blind as to try to do that. [*She turns again to JOSEPH, who still stands motionless.*] You can go where you please. Go to the harper-girl—go day and night! Or, as far as I'm concerned, you can stay here. [*Proudly.*] I can stand it. You understand me! [*Sharply.*] You are, after all, the father of my son!—We know, however, how we stand—to-day and to all eternity! [*She begins to work around the fire.*] Did you understand me?

Joseph pushes the lock of hair back from his forehead, and says coldly]. You're right! Certainly you are! Certainly you are! It's enough to make one laugh! Ha, ha, ha!—[*Gloomily.*] But you don't laugh.—You despise me!—[*Full of hatred.*] Well, go on and despise me. [*He turns to go.*] I'm certainly not going to be a burden on you any longer. [*He draws himself up.*] Certainly not! Certainly not! Hate against hate! I'll make my own way. [*He goes out.*]

Breite. [*Neither EPHRAIM nor BEATA dares to say a word.*] Come, go to your work, father!

THE END.

Translated by Mary Harned.

MERLIN REVIVIFIED AND THE HERMIT.

Merlin.

O, who would not be joyful, joyful,
Out of the heart of a tree
Cleaving, triumphant, his way?
Wrapt in close magic I lay.
All the steady repose of the tree,
Roots set in earth, and boughs sweeping the sky;
All the dominant power of the sod,
That would spring, that would burgeon and be;
All the fiery kiss of the light,
All the tremulous touch of the night,
Were in me, were quiescent in me.
Every quiver of earth, every throb of the sky,
Every whirl of an insect, pricked through my dream;
But the dream was supreme, was supreme,
Till I dreamed of the magic of God.
Then what torrents of swift-rushing strength!
I was breathing, ah, living at length.
And I woke,
And I broke
From the oak.
Yea, the oak felt my power of control,
And it rocked at the stress of my soul,
At the thought of my heart rocked the oak.
What magic, what spell, can withstand
My desire? I advance through the land.

Hermit

[*with the rood, strides into his path and would stop him*].

O Merlin, O Merlin, bow low;
O Merlin, bow low to the sod,
For the pain and the passion of God.
O Merlin, the passion of God!

Merlin.

Lo, the magic of God is abroad in the land.
What soft chant of the trees,
What sweet touch of the breeze,
O omnipotent, wonderful Power that frees,
O ineffable, sunshiny flow !
See, I gather the crystalline stream
Till it lies in the palm of my hand,
And it mirrors the dream
Of the Beauty Supreme,
O, it mirrors the joy of the land.
What joy, what delight,
What incense, what might !
I am here, I am there, like a leaf on the wind,
In the tide of great Beauty, the glint of the sun.

Hermit.

Ah, poor, perishing one !
For a day
Is the sway ;
And the Beauty confined
To the passing of time in the mind.
Woe, woe to the dreamer, and woe to the dream ;
For sin is abroad (then to prayer, then to prayer !)
Like a vampire loose on the air.

Merlin.

Are the spells of strange evil abroad in the land ?
Do the shadows convene in a hideous dream ?
But the Caster of spells shall redeem, shall redeem.
He lifts me, and who shall withstand ?

Hermit.

O, dread thou the evil, and dread thou the woe,
And know thou no pleasure, no happiness know
Save in bowing thy soul in the mire, in the dust ;
But one way from the death, from the evil one's thrust,
By the Heaven-wrought, holy-rood scheme.

Merlin.

I am spring
On the wing.
All the Beauty I see
Is in me, is in me ;
And blessed be the Giver who beckons me free
With a waft of his wand o'er the land.
O potent in plenty, O potent in glee,
O the earth, and the glitter and gleam !

Hermit.

Lo, the Christ on the cross. How the ruddy drops stream !
With the blackness of darkness His face is beset.
Ah, the wound, and the cry, and the horrible sweat !
I swoon for compassion, I lose me in fear.
Is the agony o'er ? Then be near me, be near,
Lest the evil one vanquish me yet.

Merlin.

Lo, the Christ in the wood of the stall was born ;
He was slain on a tree, with a crown of thorn ;
And the tree and the thorn in the wild wood grew,
O, warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew ;
He knew, He knew.
And the woods are a-twitter, ay, mad with the year,
A-leap with the joy, with the carolling clear,
Softly peopled with birds on the wing.

Hermit.

By a passion of prayer He may grant us release,
And an anguish supreme is the pathway to peace ;
Ah, the terrible, thorn-bestrewn way !

Merlin.

Shall I stand on the earth in the thrill of the spring,
And not be rapt by the vanishing,
By the vanishing hem of the Beauty Supreme,
By the dream, and the joy of the dream ?

Hermit.

O pray for redemption, O pray without cease ;
Stay, stay, and pray !

Merlin.

Nay, nay,
Wherefore stay,
Wherefore pray ?
Living is praying, I go, I go.
I wrap my soul in the sunset's glow,
And rush to God in the wake of the stars.
You, in your hermitage, cower in prayer,
And bruise your soul against brazen bars ;
But God is without in the stir of the air,
Not circumscribed by your narrow prayer,
Here warmed by the sun, here wet by the dew,
Here under the blue.
And I praise the Giver, I praise the spring,
The glory, the fulness He spreads through the land.
His magic pervades me, and who shall prevail ?
He lifts me, and who shall withstand ?
O, Beauty I follow, and how shall I fail,
How fail of her ravishing ?
Beat, beat on your breast, and cease not to wail ;
Strive if your passion of prayer may avail ;
But I am the child of the Living One ;
Wrapt in the blue, I am gone, I am gone.

Hermit.

O, whither away, O, whither advance ?

Merlin.

O, into the air where the sunbeams dance ;
To weave me a crown of the sunshine bright,
To lose me in raptures of Light !

Hannah Parker Kimball,

TENNYSON'S USE OF HOMERIC MATERIAL.



CATTERED through the works of Alfred Tennyson are certain poems which bear names rich in allusion for every student of the classics,—‘The Sea Fairies,’ ‘The Lotos-eaters,’ ‘Ænone,’ ‘Ulysses,’ ‘Tithonus,’ and ‘Hero to Leander.’ A reader of Homer who opens by chance to one of these poems finds himself in the midst of familiar sights and sounds. He is before windy Troy again, with the reedy, whirling Simors crossing the plain and many-fountained Ida towering in the distance. Goddesses enveloped in golden clouds once more startle mortal eyes; the heavy tread of armed men reverberates in the ear; and the voices of lamenting women cut the silences after battle. The charm of familiar scene and word may suggest to the lover of Homer that Tennyson has used Homeric situations and characters in true Homeric conception and style. But this first impression may be altered by more thoughtful reading.

To understand the real nature of Tennyson's use of Homeric material, one must compare Tennyson's character-portrayal and style with Homer's, and one must see if Tennyson introduces into the Greek situations any ideas foreign to the Homeric age.

Character-portrayal, in the modern sense of the word, hardly exists in Homer, in such large, unfilled outlines are men presented, as types of human nature rather than as strongly individualized personalities. Some stereotyped epithet attached to the name gives a hero's reputation; some particular impression made by the man upon his fellows suggests his personal bearing; some rare lyrical speech hints with quiet reserve his inner feeling. But a man's character is presented not so much by description of him or speech by him as in his narrated action. Achilles never really appears

πάντων ἐκπαλότεατ' ἀνδρῶν

and *πολὺ φέρτατος* until, at the sound of his mighty voice from the ramparts, the dismayed Trojans flee, panic-stricken, over the plain; or until, furious at the death of Patroclus, he leads the Myrmidons to tear-causing combat. His deeds speak his might. They are the delineation of his character. For, in the Homeric age, life lay in externals. A man's actions were of paramount importance: the motives of action and the feelings circling round it held a subordinate place.

Tennyson's method of character-portrayal differs as widely from Homer's as the complex life of the nineteenth century differs from the simple life of the Homeric age. Tennyson does not give types of character or outlines in the grand style: he describes in detail; he fills in Homeric outlines; he individualizes Homeric characters. This he does by giving to the Homeric people the habit of self-expression, so that their subjective life becomes more prominent than their objective. Thoughts and feelings are emphasized instead of actions. Feelings are expressed fully, and are often unrestrained, passionate, and tumultuous. This change in treatment produces a vital change in the Greek temperament through the absence of that marked characteristic of all Greek life and thought,—moderation.

The absence of Greek restraint, the presence of modern exuberance of expression, are manifested most fully in two poems with themes not taken from Homer,—the lament of *Ænone* and the appeal of *Hero*. *Ænone* wishes to "build up all her sorrow with her song," thinking, she says,—

"it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe."

So she is ready to confess to the great mother mountain,—

"My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all weary of my life."

She is ready to tell the whole story of her happy love and

her bitter loss; ready, too, to implore of death release from her misery. "Thou weighest heavy on the heart within," she says. "Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let me die."

More passionate than CEnone in her grief is Hero in her pleadings with her lover. She alternates between joy in his presence and fear of his absence, in one breath exclaiming,—

"O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts art thou.
Come bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow,"

and in the next crying again in terror,—

"Hark how the wild rain hisses
And the loud sea roars below."

The mere recollection of Andromache's quiet farewell to Hector before he enters battle compels a recognition of the difference between this hysterical vibration between ecstasy and despair and the moderation of Homeric feeling.

Just as in these poems a new habit of self-expression develops and expands the feeling of the Greek women, in others a new habit of introspection works a change in the motives of action of the men. CEnone's feelings become unrestrained when she voices them: Odysseus's motives of action become abstract when he analyzes them. In the poem which bears the name of the noble Ithacan, a long monologue reveals the personality of the speaker,—his likings, his loves, and his ambitions. A man of unrest, who cannot brook to abide "an idle king" among the "barren crags" of his native island; a man of active sentience, who has "enjoy'd greatly" and "suffer'd greatly"; a man of reflection, who ponders on the value of his experiences and on his part in the universe; a man of intellectual ambition, craving

"To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought,"—

such is Tennyson's Ulysses.

The Ulysses of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' is a different being. For the hero of many wiles is, first of all, a man of practical affairs and of practical knowledge, skilled in many devices and full of cunning plans. He possesses an active mind, it is true, but a mind bent upon the solution of objective problems and curious about particular, concrete things. To such a mind, a thousand devices for escape from the Cyclops' cave would easily occur; but the vision of Truth and the passion for it — the eager, lonely quest of Olive Schreiner's 'Hunter' — would never be possible. The active Odysseus of the 'Odyssey' might exclaim, "I cannot rest from travel," or "How dull it is to pause, to make an end!" but he certainly would not take time to ponder upon the "untravell'd world" beyond "the utmost bound of human thought," and he would probably have set sail with but one line to his valiant comrades: —

ἀνέρες ἴσσι, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλαΐης,—

"Play the man, my friends, and be mindful of impetuous valor"
(*'Iliad,'* XV. 487. Lang, Leaf, and Myers's translation is used),—

instead of the analytical estimation of their "heroic hearts."

However far from Greek moderation of feeling and Greek objectivity Tennyson has wandered in most of these poems, he has reproduced once the Homeric spirit and character. In his dream of "the Lady of the 'Iliad,'" Homer's Helen appears in all her simple dignity and charm. His description of her, it is true, is un-Homeric, drawing, as it does, a clear, definite picture of this

"Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair,"

with "the starlike sorrows" in her "immortal eyes," instead of only suggesting her beauty by its impression on the beholders, as Homer does in the hush and the marvel which fall upon the old men at her coming. But, in the words he puts upon her lips, Tennyson presents the Homeric Helen. Her feeling of the resistless fate which has worked through her life; her realization of the

countless woes she has brought on Trojans and Achaians; her wish that death had overwhelmed her before these things came to pass,—all these Tennyson reproduces with Homeric simplicity. Helen's words, voicing her sense of the inevitableness of all this misery,—

“No one can be more wise than destiny,”—

suggest at once

ἀλλὰ τὰ γ' οὐκ ἐγένοντο,

“But those things were not to be” (‘Iliad,’ III. 176); and her last words, so full of unshed tears,—

“I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home,”—

are very like

ὥς μ' ὄφελ' ἤματι τῷ, ὅτε με πρῶτον τίκε μήτηρ,
αἰχέσθαι προφέρουσα κακῇ ἀνέμοιο θύελλα
εἰς ὄρος ἢ εἰς κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,
ἔνθα με κύμ' ἀπόερσε πάρος τάδε ἔργα γενέσθαι.

(‘Iliad,’ VI. 345-348.)

“Would that, on the day when my mother bore me at the first, an evil storm-wind had caught me away to a mountain or a billow of the loud-sounding sea, where the billow might have swept me away before all these things came to pass.”

It is this restraint of feeling, this suggestiveness of much in little, which is Homeric. The *abandon* of Ænone's grief and the passion of Hero's protest are modern.

Whether Tennyson's style throughout these poems is Homeric or not, whether it can be characterized by the three adjectives which have come to define Homer's style, *simple*, *plain*, and *grand*, can be tested most fairly by a comparison of definite passages in which Homer and Tennyson have used the same theme. The best material for such a comparison is furnished by two poems evidently based directly on passages in the ‘Odyssey,’ ‘The Sea Fairies,’ and ‘The Lotos-eaters.’

The story of how Odysseus filled the ears of his comrades with

wax, and then, bound to the mast, listened to the Sirens' song, is not told by Tennyson, who condenses all the narrative to a single stanza, introductory to the song itself. In this stanza the poet adds to the attraction of "shrill music," which the 'Odyssey' itself presents in *λιγυρήν ἀοιδήν*, the allurements of sight : —

"Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold."

Thus appeal is made to two senses instead of to one, and the strength of the enticement is doubled. The song in the 'Odyssey' is simple, and so brief that we can read it through before turning to Tennyson's expansion : —

"Come hither, come, Odysseus, whom all praise, great glory of the Achæans! Bring in your ship, and listen to our song. For none has ever passed us in a black-hulled ship till from our lips he heard ecstatic song, then went on his way rejoicing and with larger knowledge. For we know all that on the plain of Troy Argives and Trojans suffered at the gods' behest,—we know whatever happens on the bounteous earth." ('Odyssey,' XII. 184–191. Professor George Palmer's translation is used.)

Now apart from the charm of the music, the potency of which is suggested only by the infatuation of Odysseus, the proffered allurements are simply the promise of greater knowledge and a vague joy, the nature of which is barely hinted in *τερχάμενος*. But no one, the Sirens tell him,—as if in assurance that these rewards of tarrying are worth while,—no one ever fares by on his black ship. The delight of the delay is not made definite; and the fascination of the song is only suggested, not developed in rhythm or in words. It is a simple song with a simple charm and a quiet flow.

The most noticeable features in Tennyson's rendering of this song are the limpid sweetness of the sound and the intricacy of the metre. The verse-form is irregular, showing no system when reduced to a scheme, but only an irregular recurrence of certain rhymes in pairs or groups of three. But, in spite of this irregular-

ity of form, a peculiar sweetness of melody is produced by the use of but nine different rhyme sounds in the thirty-six lines of the poem, by the repetition of one rhyme (the sound in the word *lea*) nine times, by the return at the end to the rhyme with which the song begins, and by rhymes within lines. The peculiar rapidity and sweetness which come from the repetition of the same rhymes are increased by a recurrence of phrase at the beginnings of the lines — "Whither away?" "Come hither," "And the rainbow," "And sweet," "O listen, listen," "All the world o'er" — and by the use of alliteration in such lines as "Runs up the ridged sea," "And sweet is the color of cove and cave," "And the spangle dances in bight and bay," "And the rainbow forms and flies on the land Over the islands free." Tennyson, we see, has attempted to give the charm of the music of the song in the sounds of the words and in the verse-form.

It is not merely the music of the song which Tennyson has altered in his treatment of the story of the Sirens. He has expanded the simple narrative of the 'Odyssey' in another direction by presenting definite allurements of color, sound, and pleasure. The land of the Sirens is full of brilliancy in "the high green fields," "the blossoming shore," "the live-green heart of the dells," "the silvery-crimson shells," the "white bells" of the "clover-hill," and the rainbow in sand and on wave. Sweet sounds of calling fountains, gambolling waterfalls, "the full-toned sea," the carolling gales, "the sharp clear twang of the golden chords," and the "sweet words" of the "merry brides" entice the ear, while the lips are called to sweet kisses and the heart to "pleasure and love and jubilee." A sensuous picture it is, of a sensuous temptation, appearing in as fair guise as did Saint Anthony's. Eye, ear, and lip are tempted by glowing colors, ravishing sounds, and seducing offers. And always the melody of the music suits the sense.

In his 'Lotos-eaters,' Tennyson has developed the simple narrative of the 'Odyssey' more elaborately even than in his treatment of the Sirens' song. In the story of the Lotos-eaters in the 'Odyssey' there is no song, no description of the land or the peo-

ple, only the narrative of a few facts and a short account of the effect of the fruit upon the Greeks who ate.

"But whoever of them ate the 'lotus' honeyed fruit wished to bring tidings back no more, and never to leave the place; but with the Lotus-eaters there desired to stay, to feed on lotus and forget his going home." ('Odyssey,' IX. 94-97.)

Tennyson, on the other hand, begins his poem by a detailed description of the country, "in which it seemed always afternoon," a land of languid air, slow-dropping streams, slumbrous foam, silent mountains, and lingering sunsets, a land full of beauty, but so calm and quiet that it is a fitting home for "the mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters." The effect of the fruit of the "enchanted stem" is carefully analyzed through the poem as well as in the first wonderful description of the Lethe which it produces:—

"Whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and, if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make."

In this introduction and in the Choric Song, Tennyson analyzes the various steps in the development of the Lotos spell as carefully as a physician would diagnose the symptoms of dementia. He shows how the effect of the intoxicating fruit is first a separation from the world of sense, such as certain diseases cause in the mind, and a detachment from the past, as from something in which one never had a part; then the creation of a new world of delight and ease; and, last, the comfortable justification of forgetfulness and unending rest. The inactivity, lethargy, and forgetfulness which the Greek barely suggests are developed with psychological accuracy and truthfulness.

The change of style from the simplicity of the Greek to the elaborately melodious metre of the Choric Song is as striking as in

Tennyson's use of the Sirens' song. The metre is again intricate and irregular, no two stanzas of the song being alike in scheme of rhymes and only two pairs of stanzas containing the same number of lines. The irregularity, however, is not careless or unintentional, but planned to effect suitable sweetness of sound by recurring rhymes and glowing verse. Color and sound combine to form the charm of the land, which is sunset-flushed, bathed in amber light, surrounded by emerald-colored water, and golden with the yellow of the sands and the dust of the lotos-flowers,—a land fanned by lulling breezes and haunted by sweet music, dewy echoes, and the sound of "the downward stream." Here to see and to hear are enough: here action has no place. So graphic is the description of scene and spell that the words fairly produce the illusion of the Lotos Lethe.

These two poems, 'The Sea Fairies' and 'The Lotos-eaters,' which have furnished the best material for observing Tennyson's use of Homeric themes, give a fair idea of Tennyson's style, of its elaborate finished form, of its detailed descriptions, and of its use of specific words appealing to the ear and the eye. But a certain fine fancy of our poet's has not been noticed. It runs through all these verses based on Greek material, appearing in such figures as, in 'Tithonus,' "The vapors weep their burden to the ground," the horses of the dawn "beat the twilight into flakes of fire"; and in 'Ulysses,' where the hero says that he has "drunk delight of battle with his peers," or reflects that

"all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

This use of curious and fanciful expressions is another factor which, with the elaborate metre, the detailed descriptions, the specific descriptive words, and general studied finish of form, makes Tennyson's style unlike the simple, plain, grand style of Homer.

Along with the modernity of form and feeling in all these



poems appear also occasional turns of thought native to Tennyson's age rather than to Homer's. When Tithonus calls immortality cruel and esteems mortals fortunate in their mortality, thinking enviously

"Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead,"

we are reminded, by force of contrast, of Achilles' words to Odysseus in the lower world :—

"Mock not at death, glorious Odysseus. Better be the hireling of a stranger and serve a man of mean estate, whose living is but small, than be the ruler over all these dead and gone." ('Odyssey,' XI. 488-491.)

To the Greek of Achilles' age, "Death closes all," as Tennyson makes Ulysses say; and prolonged misery on earth is far better than entrance into the joyless shades, even though "the lot of mortals be most miserable of all living things." No Homeric hero covets death as a boon.

The Greek of the Homeric age, moreover, had not abstracted the end of action from the action itself. He could not set up, as Ulysses does for Telemachus, "the useful and the good" as the goal of his endeavor. Neither he nor the gods of his age had learned to "live by law" or had felt that

"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

The ethics of the Homeric age were unconscious and unanalyzed. They were based on a dim recognition of a still, small voice which prompted wisely and on a clearer perception of the voice of popular opinion, with the shame or honor which the judgment of its experience heaped upon certain deeds; but they lacked the definite concept of a moral law or of a universal good. Tennyson gives men and gods a more developed ethics than they had attained in Homer's time.

Such are the licenses which Tennyson has employed in using material from the rich storehouse of Greek fancy and fable.

Against a fair background of Hellenic skies and hills and groves, he has set men and women bearing Hellenic names and reacting Hellenic deeds, but feeling without the check of Hellenic moderation, and sometimes thinking in quite other fashion than did their prototypes. These pictures he has painted, not in the broad, grand style of Homer, but with subtle, shifting effects of tone-color and with delicate, intricate lines of fine workmanship, taking from Homer's great mural scenes themes suited to the miniature artist or the carver of gems. With a poet's skill he uses the borrowed material in his own manner, re-creating it in a new age and a new form.

Yet to say that Tennyson's use of Greek material is not Greek, and his use of Homeric material not Homeric, is not to maintain that the use is illegitimate or the result displeasing. The lover of Homer cannot but be the first to appreciate the felicity with which this modern poet has conjured with Homeric scenes and used Homeric situations and characters to enrich the feeling and the setting of his poems.

Elizabeth Hazelton Haight.



SOME SHAKESPEARIAN QUESTIONS.

VI.—CONCERNING CLAUDIO IN 'MUCH ADO.'



FOR myself, I am inclined to class Claudio with the men to whom Shakespeare gives wives that are much too good for them, like Proteus in 'The two Gentlemen of Verona,' Bertram in 'All's Well,' Leontes in 'The Winter's Tale,' and Posthumus in 'Cymbeline.' Most of the critics take this view of him, though I am not aware that any one of them has troubled himself to collect all the evidence in favor of it which is scattered through the play, or has noted how little there is on the other side.

Claudio is a soldier, and a good one withal. He has won "much honor" in the military expedition from which he returns at the opening of the play, and in which "he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion." Later, when Hero has been discarded at the altar, and the Friar suggests that there is "some strange misprision" on the part of those who accuse her, Benedick says that "two of them [Don Pedro and Claudio] have the very bent of honor"; that is, they are incapable of wilfully belying the maiden. As Leontes says, "Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie?"

This is really all that we find in the play in Claudio's favor except what Hero — whose testimony doesn't count — says when Ursula praises Benedick (iii. i. 92), —

"He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio."

We may wonder that Hero could have loved Claudio. If she had not been one of those soft, sweet, affectionate young creatures who are apt to see the ideal of their hearts in the first good-looking young fellow who shows a liking for them, it could never have come to pass. We all have known such women, and we know what sad mistakes they often make in marrying men who are not worthy of them.

Claudio loves Hero, or fancies that he does, but has not the spirit or courage to woo her for himself. Be it noted that it is not because, like Miles Standish, he is "a blunt old captain, a man not of words but of actions, a maker of war and not a maker of phrases"; for is he not the "exquisite Claudio," and can he not tell the story of his love in sufficiently rhetorical style to Don Pedro when he asks his help in gaining the "only heir" of Leonato? It was not without design that Shakespeare made him begin his talk with the question, "Hath Leonato any *son*, my lord?" And Don Pedro apparently understood the point of the question when he replied, "No child but Hero; she's his only heir."

I believe that no commentator has called attention to the fact that the question was an absurd one in itself, as Claudio says in his very next speech that he had been acquainted with Hero before he went to the war which has just ended, and had then

“look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love.”

Of course, he must have known whether she had a brother or not. If this is not one of the instances in which the dramatist is forgetful or careless in regard to minor incidents of his plot, he introduced this question, superfluous in itself, for some special purpose; and the answer to the question indicates plainly enough what that purpose was. Claudio had an eye to the lady's fortune, and wants to be sure about *that* before he makes love to her by proxy.

It is hardly necessary to add that, if this were the only charge we could bring against Claudio, no particular stress could fairly be laid upon it. In Shakespeare's day, it was no discredit for a suitor to be interested in the prospective dowry or heritage of the lady; but it must not be the sole or the chief consideration in his wooing. Bassanio has been classed by some careless critics with the crowd of mercenary suitors who come to Belmont with an eye to the fortune that might be won in the lottery of the caskets, and with little or no thought of the human encumbrance that went with it; but Shakespeare is careful to explain that the Venetian gentleman had met Portia “in her father's time” before she came into her inheritance, and that he placed her beauty before her wealth, and her character before both : —

“In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues.”

Bassanio is really in love — or at least half in love — with the lady before he goes to Belmont to try his luck with the caskets; and he hopes, from the “fair speechless messages” of her eyes on his

former visit, that he will win her heart as well as her hand if he chooses aright.

But, to return to Claudio, why does he make love by proxy? Because he is morbidly afraid of the possible refusal. He is not willing to risk that mortification in his own person, and therefore delegates the business of "popping the question" to his friend, who, understanding the feeling of the fellow, consents to do it for him.

One or two other things in this talk are to be noted, though I am not aware that they have been considered worthy of comment before.

In one of his first speeches about his love for Hero, Claudio begins thus: "If my passion change not shortly," etc. Does a true lover ever admit the possibility of change in his passion? He would resent the insinuation that such a thing could be. As Shakespeare himself has said in the 116th Sonnet:—

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
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Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

A moment after, Don Pedro says, in response to Claudio's declaration of love for Hero, "Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy." Claudio replies, "You say this to fetch me in, my lord," or, as we should say, "to draw me out." It is an illustration of the mean, suspicious nature of the man. He is constantly in fear of being made fun of. A spasm of suspicion comes over him now; and he suspects his friend, whom he has just made his confidant and his proxy in wooing, of wanting to draw him out that he may laugh at him afterwards. No wonder that Don Pedro

replies almost indignantly, "By my troth, I speak my thought"; that is, "I say just what I mean, with no ulterior purpose."

In the next scene, when the villain Don John tells Claudio that Don Pedro has betrayed him and wooed Hero for himself, Claudio believes the falsehood at once:—

"'Tis certain so: the prince woos for himself;
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love."

He knows Don John thoroughly, having just been engaged in warfare with him on account of his treacherous rebellion against his brother; but he does not for a moment hesitate to believe him now when he accuses that brother of treachery to his friend.

It is even more to Claudio's discredit that he is so ready to believe the evil reports concerning Hero, though they come from the same disreputable source as the falsehood about Don Pedro, which in the mean time has been detected and exposed. Claudio knows that the traitor who pretends to be reconciled to the brother against whom he had rebelled, has lied to him about the wooing of Hero, but he does not suspect him of lying now.

Some critic, if I remember right, has expressed surprise that Don Pedro should have been so easily deceived by Don John's monstrous and quite incredible charge against the gentle Hero; but when her lover, who should have defended her or refused to distrust her purity until absolute or incontrovertible evidence of her wantonness had been produced, has not a word to say in her behalf, it is not to be wondered at that Don Pedro accepts his view of the case. The fact that he has acted as Claudio's proxy in the wooing of Hero, and therefore feels a certain responsibility in bringing about the match, would naturally make him hesitate to take the lady's part, though he might have doubts concerning her guilt. When Claudio first hears Don John's story, his response is only, "May this be so?" instead of the indignant, "This *cannot* be!" which would be the instinctive exclamation of a true lover. Don Pedro, less prompt to distrust Hero, says, "I will not think it."

Don John replies that he will convince him by the evidence of his own eyes. Claudio at once declares that, if he sees any reason why he should not marry her, he will disgrace her publicly before the marriage altar. The vindictive brutality of this resolution needs no comment ; and Claudio carries it out in the most cold-blooded manner. His final utterance before leaving the church is characteristic :—

“For thee I’ll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.”

Since Hero has proved unchaste, he will be suspicious of all women. “On my eyelids shall conjecture hang !” That is his easily besetting sin. The slightest hint of evil leads him instantly to conjecture the worst.

Later in the play, his treatment of Leonato and Antonio is contemptuous and unfeeling in the extreme. He either cannot see, or, seeing, cannot sympathize with, their deep affliction at the bereavement and domestic disgrace they have suffered. There could not be clearer proof that he does not seriously feel his own loss. A moment afterwards, when Benedick comes in, Claudio says to him, “We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.” This is in the same unfeeling vein. Don Pedro says nothing like it ; and, in the preceding interview with Leonato and Antonio, his tone has been considerate and conciliatory. “Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man,” are his expostulatory words ; while every utterance of Claudio is a sneer, calculated to inflame their grief and wrath rather than to allay them. After referring to the quarrel with the old men, Claudio says to Benedick : “We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit ?” The lover, whose bride has been discarded at the altar for alleged unchastity, and who supposes that her disgrace has caused her death, feels only a “high-proof melancholy” which Benedick’s witty talk will serve to relieve or dispel !

When Hero is proved innocent, Claudio seems to feel something like genuine compunction for his hasty repudiation of the maiden. "Yet sinn'd I only in mistaking," he urges. But when Leonato proposes that he should take a niece whom Claudio has never seen, in place of the daughter whose death was due to his rash suspicions, the readiness with which the frivolous fellow accepts the offer is in keeping with all that we know of him. The remark of Leonato that "she alone is heir to both of us" may have had something to do with his prompt decision. He goes through with the ceremony in memory of Hero in the church, hanging a funeral elegy (of a mere conventional type withal) upon her tomb; but his words as he leaves the place indicate that his thoughts are with the living bride rather than the lost one:—

" And Hymen now with better issue speeds,
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe! "

" May I have better luck in the second match than in the first! "
A poor shallow creature this!

Charles Cowden-Clarke, who doubts whether Beatrice really loves Benedick, finds evidence of this in her willingness to involve him in a quarrel with Claudio which can only end in a duel. He says, "A woman, personally and passionately in love, has been known to involve her lover where her own self-love has been compromised; but no woman, so enamoured, would place her hero's life in jeopardy for a third party." Here I take direct issue with the critic. I see in this clear proof that she *is* in love. She has so exalted an idea of the knightly courage and prowess of her lover that the thought of any danger to him from an encounter with Claudio no more occurs to her than it does to Benedick when he calls him "boy" and "my Lord Lackbeard." She knows what Claudio is. "Is he not approved in the height a *villain*, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman?" "A goodly count, Count Comfect, a sweet gallant!"—as if she had called him "Count Sugar-candy! My Lord Lollypop!" "Kill Claudio!" is her brief injunction, as she would have ordered the killing of a cur

that had offended her. That Claudio should kill Benedick is as far from her thought as that the puppy should turn and rend its executioner.

I am aware that certain critics take a different view of Claudio's character; but I cannot believe that they have given due consideration to the accumulated evidence against him, while there is so little that can be said in his favor. He has been a good soldier and appears to have a high sense of honor, as might be expected of a soldier; but as a lover and a friend he is disloyal, and as a man he is deficient in all the finer traits of manly character.

W. J. Rolfe.



COLOR AND MOTION IN LANIER.



LANIER refers to all the senses in one line in his poem of 'Clover,' "And sees, hears, tastes, smells, touches, all in one." He refers to the sense of touch in eight poems, of smell in nineteen, and of taste in thirty-nine.

The table below contains the references to color he has made.

COLORS.		WORDS THAT EXPRESS LIGHTS AND SHADES.	
Spectrum colors	<i>Violet</i> (probably blue) — in 2 poems.	<i>Lights.</i>	<i>Shades.</i>
	<i>Indigo</i> (not mentioned).	<i>Bright</i> — 12 poems.	<i>Dark</i> — 14 poems.
	<i>Blue</i> — 19 poems (purple, 2).	<i>Gleam</i> — 8 poems.	<i>Dusk</i> — 2 poems
	<i>Green</i> — 20 poems.	<i>Glimmer</i> — 7 poems.	<i>Gloom</i> — 5 poems.
	<i>Yellow</i> — 8 poems (gold, golden, 9).	<i>Glint</i> — 1 poem.	<i>Shades and</i>
	<i>Orange</i> — 1 poem.	<i>Glitter</i> — 8 poems.	<i>Shadows</i> — 13 poems.
	<i>Red</i> — 20 poems (crimson, 3; rosy, 4; scarlet, 1).	<i>Glow</i> — 4 poems.	
	<i>Pink</i> — 3 poems.	<i>Light</i> — 25 poems.	
	<i>Brown</i> — 3 poems.	<i>Sheen</i> — 2 poems.	
	<i>Gray</i> — 18 poems.	<i>Shimmer</i> — 3 poems.	
	<i>White</i> — 24 poems.	<i>Shine</i> — 18 poems.	
	<i>Black</i> (raven, swart) — 5 poems.	<i>Silver</i> — 7 poems.	

The violet color is referred to several times in two poems (the First Song for 'The Jacquerie,' ll. 3, 6, 13; the Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 1), and in every instance the reference is made to the "violet sea." The blue sea is probably meant,—blue like the color of the blue violet flower. Lanier, however, may have meant this as the actual color of the sea; although such a phenomenon is very rare. The sky often becomes a violet color at the time of an approaching storm; and it may be possible that Lanier, who was a lover of the sea, had noticed the same phenomenon in regard to the sea before he wrote these poems.

Blue is referred to in nineteen poems,* and most of the references apply to the sky and the sea. The most pleasing references are made to the sky: in 'To Bayard Taylor,' "ecstasies of blue," and in 'Corn,' "heaven of blue." In 'The Golden Wedding' the "blue" of the rainbow symbolizes hope.

Purple, which is but a shade of blue, or rather a mixture of blue and red, is referred to twice, in 'Sunrise,' l. 150, and 'A Sunrise Song,' l. 6; and each time the reference is made to the sky.

Green is one of Lanier's favorite colors. He uses it in twenty poems.† He loves the delicate tints and shades of green, and the combinations of green with other colors: 'The Revenge of Hamish,' "greenish"; 'Corn,' "brown and green"; 'June Dreams in Jan-

* 'Sunrise,' ll. 132, 159; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 58; 'Clover,' l. 68; 'To Bayard Taylor,' ll. 17, 38; 'The Revenge of Hamish,' l. 103; 'Corn,' ll. 3, 37; 'The Symphony,' l. 195; 'In Absence,' l. 49; 'Remonstrance,' l. 25; 'On Huntingdon's Miranda,' l. 12; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 61; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 3; 'Baby Charley,' l. 10; 'Resurrection,' l. 18; 'Spring Greeting,' l. 10; 'The Wedding Hymn,' l. 2; 'A Florida Sunday,' l. 42; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 76, 303; 'To my Class,' l. 2.

† 'Sunrise,' ll. 3, 26; 'Individuality,' l. 82; 'Clover,' l. 56; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 7; 'The Waving of the Corn,' ll. 4, 22; 'Tampa Robins,' ll. 4, 22; 'The Revenge of Hamish,' l. 32; 'Corn,' ll. 3, 32, 38, 95; 'The Symphony,' l. 82; 'Acknowledgment,' l. 18; 'Laus Mariæ,' l. 8; 'To my Class,' l. 6; 'How Love looked for Hell,' l. 57; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 466, 471, 549, 347; 'A Florida Sunday,' ll. 42, 48, 61, 63, 50; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 79; 'Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut,' ll. 6, 23; 'The Raven Days,' l. 8; 'The Tournament,' l. 52; 'June Dreams in January,' l. 34.

uary' and 'The Symphony,' "dark and green"; 'A Florida Sunday,' "pea-green" and "green-gold"; and 'The Raven Days,' "sea-green." It is often used effectively in transferred epithets and other figures: 'Individuality,' "green worship"; 'Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut,' "green pleasures"; 'The Waving of the Corn,' "green leagues" and "cool green radius"; and in 'Corn,' "green heavens" (*i.e.*, forests).

Yellow is referred to in eight poems * with its ordinary application. Gold or golden, however, is used more effectively. It always expresses bright color: in 'Sunrise,' it represents dazzling color. Like green, it is often combined with other colors: in 'Tampa Robins' and 'A Florida Sunday,' "green and gold"; and in 'The Tournament,' "crimson and gold." It is used figuratively in 'To Richard Wagner,' "golden hues of Trade," "a stream of gold fire"; and in 'Corn,' "golden treasures of corn."

Havelock Ellis, in his study of the treatment of color by the poets of England ('The Color-sense in Literature,' *Contemporary Review*, 69: 74), says, "While we delight in things we vaguely call golden, deep yellow and orange are relatively unpleasant to us except during childhood." The same statement can be made with regard to Lanier: he delights in golden, but does not make much of yellow and orange. He refers to orange color but once, "orange streaks" in 'The Raven Days.' When he refers to the fruit, orange, he calls it "golden."

Red is generally used to express bright color.† Examples are: 'Special Pleading,' "rich reds"; 'The Ship of Earth,' "crystal red"; "The Psalm of the West," "red path of Mars" and "red

* 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 23; 'The Bee,' l. 14; 'Remonstrance,' l. 25; 'A Birthday Song,' l. 24; 'How Love looked for Hell,' l. 44; 'To our Mocking-bird,' l. 22; 'An Evening Song,' l. 1 (sallow); 'Thar's More in the Man,' l. 9.

† 'Tampa Robins,' l. 3; 'The Revenge of Hamish,' l. 20; 'Owl against Robin,' l. 15; 'Opposition,' l. 16; 'The Symphony,' l. 208; 'Rose Morals,' l. 6; 'Special Pleading,' l. 25; 'The Ship of Earth,' l. 6; 'To Richard Wagner,' l. 24; 'Between Dawn and Sunrise,' l. 5; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 8, 180, 192, 474, 599, 488; 'Thar's More in

flames." Crimson is found in three poems; * rosy, in four; † and scarlet, in but one, 'To Richard Wagner.' All represent bright colors.

Havelock Ellis, in the same article referred to above, says: "Predominance of green or blue — the colors of vegetation, the sky, and sea — means that the poet is predominantly a poet of nature. If red and its synonyms are supreme, we assume an absorbing interest in man and woman; for these are the colors of blood and love, the two main pivots of human affairs, at all events in poetry." We have already seen that Lanier, in his treatment of green and blue, applies the colors almost exclusively to nature: green trees, blue seas, and blue skies predominate. But with him red and its synonyms have the same application: nearly all his references to this color apply to nature. I find only a few instances in which it applies to man: 'Psalm of the West,' "men in red" (*i.e.*, dressed in red); 'June Dreams in January,' "red as virgin's lips"; 'The Wedding,' "tears are red"; 'Resurrection,' "redder stain." On the other hand, I find that nearly all the references to red and its synonyms apply to objects in nature: "red deer," "red breast" (robin), "red rose," "red hill," "red sea," "red flame," "red lips of June," "red path of Mars," etc. Nearly all the references made to crimson and rosy refer to objects in physical nature; but none of them are made to apply to man.

Pink is found in three poems ('Clover,' l. 56; 'From the Flats,' l. 19; 'Between Dawn and Sunrise,' l. 1), and brown in three ('Clover,' l. 58; 'Corn,' l. 24; 'The Hard Times in Elf-land,' ll. 59, 66, 67). All references to both colors are used with pleasant associations: 'Corn,' "pink and green clover" and

the Man,' ll. 2, 8; 'The Jacquerie,' ll. 109, 190; Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 11; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 3; 'Baby Charley,' l. 7; 'A Birthday Song,' l. 8; 'Resurrection,' l. 19; 'The Wedding,' l. 5; 'June Dreams in January,' ll. 8, 19.

* 'Tampa Robins,' l. 8; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 569, 611; 'The Tournament,' l. 6.

† 'Night,' l. 5; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 86; 'Opposition,' l. 20; Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 11.

"brindle-brown" clover stems; 'From the Flats,' "brindle sighs of brown and green."

Since all the references to purple, pink, and brown apply to nature, and since these colors are closely akin to red, being respectively combinations of red with blue, white, and black,— thus: red + blue = purple, red + white = pink, red (or yellow) + black = brown,— we have additional evidence that nearly all Lanier's applications of red are made to physical nature, and not to man. I am inclined to think that Mr. Ellis is wrong in regard to his statement concerning the use of the color red by nature poets. It is certainly not true with regard to Lanier in his treatment of that color.

Gray is also one of Lanier's favorite colors.* He uses it in connection with many of his favorite objects: 'A Song of the Future,' "gray and sober dove"; 'Special Pleading,' "as gray as any dove"; 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master,' "gray leaves." He uses it frequently as a bright color: 'My Springs,' "shining gray springs" (eyes); 'The Symphony,' "gray opal"; 'In Absence,' "gray-waved main" (sea); 'The Jacquerie,' "gray fires"; 'The Tournament,' "gray eyes." He uses delicate tints or shades of gray: 'The Marshes of Glynn,' "dim gray"; 'Acknowledgment,' "gray vision"; and 'To ——,' "dream was gray."

White is used a great number of times,† and nearly all the

* 'Sunrise,' l. 128; 'Individuality,' l. 26; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' ll. 38, 52; 'Tampa Robins,' l. 15; 'Song of the Future,' l. 10; 'The Symphony,' ll. 234, 339; 'My Springs,' ll. 34, 38; 'In Absence,' l. 3; 'Acknowledgment,' ll. 27, 44; 'Special Pleading,' l. 13; 'Remonstrance,' l. 67; 'A Ballad of Trees and the Master,' l. 6; 'A Florida Sunday,' l. 64; 'The Jacquerie,' ll. 183, 648; 'To ——,' l. 7; 'Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 12; 'The Tournament,' ll. 38, 57; 'Corn,' l. 180.

† 'The Song of the Chattahoochee,' l. 33; 'From the Flats,' l. 19; 'Tampa Robins,' l. 14; 'To Bayard Taylor,' l. 5; 'The Revenge of Hamish,' ll. 26, 103; 'Rose Morals,' ll. 19, 22; 'How Love looked for Hell,' l. 33; 'The Symphony,' ll. 209, 313; 'Nilsson,' l. 18; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 20, 24, 25, 606, 619; 'A Florida Sunday,' l. 64; 'On Violet Wafers,' l. 1; 'A Florida Ghost,' l. 1; 'The Jacquerie,'

references have pleasant associations. On the other hand, there is a constant repugnance to black.*

In studying Lanier's treatment of color, it is difficult to decide which one of the eleven colors mentioned by him is his special favorite. The green, blue, red, and gray are all favorite colors with him. These four colors in his poetry are more closely connected with physical nature and give better manifestations of his mood-effects than the other colors.

Although these four are the distinct colors that he loves to use, most of the pictures that he gives us have no definite colors. They are pictures consisting of lights and shadows rather than colors. Some of the words that refer to light are: bright, found in twelve poems; † gleam, in eight; ‡ glimmer, in seven; § glint, in but one, 'Sunrise'; glitter, in eight; || glow, in four; ¶ light,

ll. 210, 453, 650; Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 10; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 30; 'A Sea-shore Grave,' l. 8; 'To ———,' l. 7; 'The Palm and the Pine,' l. 4; 'The Tournament,' l. 42; 'To Wilhelmina,' l. 1; 'In the Foam,' l. 1; 'The Hard Times in Elfland,' l. 34; 'June Dreams in January,' l. 20.

* 'Remonstrance,' l. 32; 'How Love looked for Hell,' ll. 21, 34; 'Tyranny,' l. 26; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 31; 'Sunrise,' ll. 28, 66.

† 'Individuality,' l. 31; 'Clover,' l. 87; 'Tampa Robins,' l. 12; 'The Crystal,' l. 68; 'To Bayard Taylor,' l. 73; 'The Stirrup Cup,' l. 7; 'The Symphony,' l. 311; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 1; 'My Springs,' l. 36; 'Acknowledgment,' l. 7; 'To our Mocking-bird,' ll. 8, 36; Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 15.

‡ 'Sunrise,' l. 88; 'A Song of Eternity in Time,' l. 12; 'A Florida Ghost,' l. 23; 'The Jacquerie,' ll. 58, 345; 'The Tournament,' l. 55; 'Strange Jokes,' l. 14; 'The Raven Days,' l. 16; 'June Dreams in January,' l. 95.

§ 'Sunrise,' l. 78; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 38; 'An Evening Song,' l. 10; 'On a Palmetto,' l. 8; 'Night,' l. 25; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 42; 'The Psalm of the West,' l. 229.

|| 'Sunrise,' l. 146; 'Struggle,' l. 3; 'The Jacquerie,' ll. 218, 313, 336, 633; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 42; 'A Sea-shore Grave,' l. 13; 'The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson,' l. 1; 'A Song of the Future,' l. 4; 'June Dreams in January,' l. 21.

¶ 'The Jacquerie,' l. 42; 'The Tournament,' l. 57; 'Nilsson,' l. 21; 'A Birthday Song,' l. 21.

in twenty-five; * sheen, in two; † shimmer, in three; ‡ shine, in eighteen; § and silver, in seven.||

The shady portions of the pictures are represented by the words dark, ¶ dusk, ** gloom, †† shade and shadow. ‡‡

* 'Sunrise,' ll. 90, 168; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' ll. 3, 4, 52, 56; 'The Crystal,' l. 50; 'The Song of the Chattahoochee,' l. 36; 'Tampa Robins,' l. 6; 'A Song of Eternity in Time,' l. 8; 'Owl against Robin,' ll. 7, 59; 'Rose Morals,' l. 17; 'Corn,' ll. 26, 86; 'The Symphony,' l. 161; 'My Springs,' l. 9; 'Acknowledgment,' l. 54; 'How Love looked for Hell,' l. 51; 'To our Mocking-bird,' l. 7; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 26, 37, 78, 139, 175; 'The Jacquerie,' ll. 311, 654; 'Second Song for 'The Jacquerie,' l. 16; 'Baby Charley,' l. 11; 'Night and Day,' l. 5; 'A Birthday Song,' l. 29; 'Resurrection,' l. 1; 'The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson,' l. 7; 'Night,' l. 23; 'The Wedding Hymn,' l. 13; 'June Dreams in January,' l. 14.

† 'Nilsson,' l. 2; 'The Symphony,' l. 84.

‡ 'Sunrise,' l. 106; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 47; 'Psalm of the West,' l. 37.

§ 'Sunrise,' ll. 81, 132; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 19; 'From the Flats,' l. 19; 'Tampa Robins,' l. 9; 'The Crystal,' ll. 17, 22, 69; 'To Charlotte Cushman,' l. 8; 'My Springs,' ll. 12, 34; 'The Bee,' ll. 15, 32; 'A Sunrise Song,' l. 1; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 27, 74, 81, 96, 145; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 40; 'A Sea-shore Grave,' l. 15; 'Birthday Song,' l. 1; 'The Dying Words of Stonewall Jackson,' l. 22; 'In Absence,' l. 29; 'To Bayard Taylor,' l. 36; 'A Song of Eternity in Time,' l. 8; 'Owl against Robin,' l. 48.

|| 'The Marshes of Glynn,' ll. 86, 87; 'Clover,' l. 15; 'Psalm of the West,' l. 343; 'A Florida Sunday,' l. 70; 'A Florida Ghost,' l. 23; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 345; 'Nilsson,' l. 2.

¶ 'Sunrise,' ll. 8, 20, 27, 30, 41, 108, 176; 'Individuality,' l. 18; 'The Crystal,' ll. 5, 12; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 8; 'To Bayard Taylor,' ll. 52, 76; 'Opposition,' ll. 1, 9, 10, 11, 21; 'Corn,' ll. 85, 102; 'The Symphony,' ll. 71, 82; 'To Richard Wagner,' ll. 28, 38; 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 228, 234, 369, 431, 453; 'The Golden Wedding,' l. 29; 'The Raven Days,' l. 5; 'From the Flats,' l. 22; 'June Dreams in January,' l. 34.

** 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 11, 18; 'Special Pleading,' l. 20.

†† 'Sunrise,' l. 16; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' ll. 1, 12; 'Psalm of the West,' l. 238; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 319; 'A Birthday Song,' l. 15.

‡‡ 'Sunrise,' ll. 98, 106; 'The Marshes of Glynn,' ll. 2, 18, 56; 'From the Flats,' l. 21; 'The Bee,' l. 12; 'The Song of the Chattahoochee,'

Nearly all the references to lights and shades have pleasant associations. We might expect most of the references to darkness, gloom, etc., to have unpleasant associations, since he manifests such a repugnance to the color black. But not so: the shades and shadows that he sees are counterparts or complements, not antitheses, of the bright side of nature. While he loves the "bright drops of tune," "sacred rainings of starlight," "tissues of moonlight shot with songs of fire," "glimmering woods and streams," "star-lit streams," "glittering streams," "silver sheens of crystal frost," the same mood-effects are made manifest when he presents the shady side of his picture; for he loves, too, the "meditative dark," the "luminous darks," the "dear dark wood," the "dark" that is "rich with nightingales," the "sacred dark and green," the "whispered confidence of dark and green," the "oak's far-falling shade" that "darkens the dogwood," the "purities of shady springs," the "amber shades" of the "golden spray," the "solemn spaces where the shadows bide," the places where the "leaves make shadows with their sheen," the "sweet but shadowy dreams," the "small quick shadow" that spots the world, and the "fair cousin cloud" that is "shadow-browed." But the best of all he loves the "beautiful glooms," the "gospelling glooms," — the "glooms" of his live oaks: here he manifests his strongest degree-effects of mood.

Lanier uses many words which express both motion and color. Gleam, glitter, glimmer, shimmer, and many other such words that express lights and shades, convey also the idea of motion. There are also many words that express lights and shades combined with words that express motion. Examples are: the "shadow-shot-with-gleam," 'Owl against Robin,' l. 58; "crimson I will shine and shoot," 'Tampa Robins,' l. 9; "float and shine," 'A Birthday Song,' l. 1; and "small, quick shadows," 'The Jacquerie,' l. 317;

ll. 24, 25; 'The Jacquerie,' l. 317; 'The Symphony,' ll. 84, 94, 133; 'Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut,' l. 8; 'The Raven Days,' l. 10; 'On a Palmetto,' l. 12; 'Wedding Hymn,' l. 11; 'Individuality,' l. 3; 'Nirvana,' l. 19.

and one that gives a distinct color combined with motion, "gray-waved main," 'In Absence,' l. 3.

There are many instances in which color is combined with other sense-perceptions: smell, "rosy and silvery essences," 'The Marshes of Glynn,' l. 86; taste, "sweet but shadowy dreams" (figurative), 'Wedding Hymn,' l. 11; and "sweeter light" (figurative), 'Night and Day,' l. 5.

It would be interesting to extend the study of the treatment of color in Lanier's poetry, especially a study of those words and phrases that suggest color, such as "star-portraitures of apple-trees in June," 'Psalm of the West,' l. 189; or those that suggest color and motion, as "I marked a blossom shiver to and fro," 'The Bee,' l. 12; or those that suggest light, such as "fire," 'The Jacquerie,' l. 648, 'To our Mocking-bird,' l. 7, 'Sunrise,' l. 125, and "flame," 'Sunrise,' ll. 120, 154, 162, 'Psalm of the West,' ll. 24, 25. But it is not my purpose to make a complete study of Lanier's colors. I have attempted to show only how he has, in a general way, used color in his treatment of nature. No American poet has excelled him in this respect. His loving touches of beautiful colors and delicate lights and shades cannot be imitated by the painter. When he says ('Corn,' ll. 1-3),

"To-day the woods are trembling through and through
With shimmering forms, that flash before my view,
Then melt in green as dawn-stars melt in blue,"

we have a pen-picture that the brush cannot paint.

Keats has been called the "moon-poet" of England. Lanier justly deserves to be called the *sun-poet* of America. It would be easy to show by illustration of his treatment of the sky that Lanier loves the phenomena of the day better than he does those of the night, and that the sun is his favorite object of the sky. His deep love for the sun is made especially manifest in his treatment of color. No wonder he dislikes black,—the absence of colors! It is the white sunbeam—the combination of all colors—that causes his lights and shades. It may be claimed that he is, at times, too

luxuriant in his use of colors, that he exhibits too many gorgeous colors and brilliant lights,—that the “star-fed Bee,” the “build-fire Bee,” the “great sun Bee” that was of “dazzling gold” (‘Sunrise,’ l. 125), is too dazzling. But the mood-effects made manifest through his bright colors are not more noticeable than those made manifest through his dark colors; for it has been shown that his glooms and shadows are sufficient to form a counterpart for all the brilliant lights and bright colors found in his poetry.

In studying motion in Lanier’s poetry, it may be well to make a special examination of one of his poems. Take, for example, ‘Corn.’ In this poem nearly all the motion is gentle and quiet; and a frequent use is made of the liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, to express this gentle, flowing motion. A great part of the motion expressed in the poem is quick: the woods “tremble,” the “shimmering” forms “flash,” copse-depths “start” into little noises, and the poet “starts” when he hears the fragmentary whispers. There are also frequent references to slow motion: the shimmering forms “melt” in green, the leaves “wave” against his cheek, the boughs “embrace” one another, the muscadines “wreathe” the foreheads of the pines, the poet “moves slowly,” and “wanders” to the zigzag-cornered fence, the corn-captain “waves” his blades, the corn “grows” by double increment, and selfless chivalry “moves” in “gentle curves.”

I have not counted, in other poems, all the words that express motion. I have only noted a few that occur most frequently. I find that words expressing quick motion are used more frequently than any other. Examples are: beat, bounce, caracoled, dart, drift, fall, flee, fleet, flicker, flit, flutter, fly, gambol, glimmer, glitter, leap, palpitate, quiver, ripple, run, shoot, sift, spring, start, tap, thrid, a-thrill, toss, tremble, tremor, twitch, twine, twinkle, wheeled.

Examples of words expressing slow motion are: fared, float, loiter, reared and rounded, ride, ring, sail, steal, stir, swarm, swing, twine, wave, waver. The word “slow” is often used as an adverb in connection with verbs expressing motion. Silence, stillness,

tranquillity, etc., suggest the absence of motion, and are not here considered.

Although Lanier uses a great number of words that denote quick motion, they are words that manifest kind-effects, not degree-effects of his mood ; and most of these motions are simply what the name implies,—live motions, motions that suggest the idea of beauty rather than the idea of grandeur. When “the gates of sleep” in ‘Sunrise’ “fell a-trembling,” and the “invisible wings” are “fast fleeting,” the East is unveiled and becomes alive ; and, when a “motion of dawn is made,” his “heart and the earth are a-thrill.” How lively the “nimble noises” in ‘Clover’ “ran about the farm” ! And how lively the mocking-bird “shot down,” “bounced along the sward,” and “twitched in a grasshopper” ! What lively, bright colors are blended with motion in flutter, flit, flicker, glimmer, glitter, and similar words that express quick, delicate motion !

In many of the words that express quick motion there is implied a degree of gentleness and quietness ; but this meaning is brought out better in the words that express slow motion. How quietly in ‘The Symphony’ the petal from a wild rose “floated down the glassy tide” ! How “soft” the swan in ‘To Richard Wagner’ is “floating toward a magic strand” ! In ‘The Symphony’ there are “fern-wavings” ; in ‘Tampa Robins’ the “green trees wave” ; in ‘Remonstrance’ the “long grasses wave” ; in ‘In Absence’ there are wavings of a “wistful wing” ; and in ‘From the Flats’ “the muscadine swings o’er the slopes.”

Very few of the words that express motion have unpleasant associations : “snatched,” “dragged,” and “harried” are found in ‘Tampa Robins.’

There is scarcely a word denoting motion in Lanier’s poetry that can be interpreted as implying the idea of grandeur. Rushing, tumbling, hurling, and other words that denote rapid motion and convey the idea of terror and awe are seldom found in his vocabulary. On the other hand, beauty is implied in nearly every word that expresses motion, whether quick or slow. If lines were

drawn representing the motion of these objects, nearly all would be curved lines,—Hogarth's lines of "grace and beauty,"—not broken lines having sharp angles. It may, however, be claimed that most of the moving objects referred to in Lanier's poetry would describe broken or angular lines,—often no lines at all,—simply delicate vibrations, as exhibited in such words as flutter and tremble. But note how effectively he uses the words sail, float, and wave; and how often he refers to the bends of rivers, the curved lines of the seashore, the ebb and flow of the tide,—all of which reflect his mood, and give us a measure of his love for the beauty side of nature.

The data given in this study exemplify Lanier's attitude toward the different phases of nature. In his treatment of nature he is closer to it, and is in more intimate companionship with it, than most poets. *Naturbeseelung* is a feature of his poetry that has not been equalled by other American poets. The marsh with him in 'Sunrise' is "Reverend Marsh," the sun is "friend Sun" and "lord Sun," the cloud is "kinsman Cloud" and "fair cousin Cloud"; in 'Individuality' the clover is "dear Clover" and "cousin Clover." He addresses the hills as "dear uplands," the woods as "dear dark woods," the leaves as "friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves." He prays "with the mosses, ferns, and flowers," and expresses a desire that the clover's God may be his God.

Of the objects referred to in the vegetable world, he loves chiefly those that are wild, those that represent nature in its purest and simplest forms. For the objects in the animal world he expresses the same feelings, a loving interest for those that have not been subordinated by man. The mocking-bird, the dove, and the bee are his favorites. Throughout his poetry there is an aversion to the grand objects of nature as seen in connection with the earth, the water, and the sky. The gentle sloping hills are "dear uplands" to him, but there is no place in his poetry for the grandeur of the mountains. He has given us one of the most beautiful river songs in the English language, but it has no rushing rapids or grand waterfalls. There is a beauty in his glittering streams, and in the

brook which "beneath his curving bank doth go"; but he loves better the water that is at rest. The marsh, by him, has been given a place in literature. Waitman Barbe, in his tribute to Lanier (see Manley's 'Southern Literature,' p. 442, Richmond, 1895), says,—

"The marsh burst into bloom for thee,—
And still a-bloom shall ever be!
Its sluggish tide shall henceforth bear away
A charm it did not hold until thy day."

Lanier's sky is filled with beauty-giving colors both by night and by day. There is beauty in the "tissues of moonlight" and in the "silvery sunshine." His "fair cousin Cloud" is not an ominous, threatening cloud, but one of the beauties of the sky. When the panorama of the seasons passes before us, we see beauty in the "warm rose-breaths of southern Spring," 'The Jacquerie'; beauty in the "summer's mortal ecstasy," 'The Waving of the Corn,' l. 8; and beauty in "Nature's secret autumn thought," 'Clover,' l. 46. But the beauty in winter is wanting, and grandeur is found in none of the seasons. Beauty is implied in nearly every word that expresses motion. In all the sense-perceptions the same tendency is manifest; and in his treatment of color the nice distinctions made in tints of colors and in the delicate lights and shades give us better manifestations of his love for the beautiful than any other phase of his treatment of nature except that given in sound. In his treatment of sound the strongest degree-effects of his mood are made manifest. Here we have the highest manifestation of his love for beauty,—the measure of his love for that "beauty of holiness" in nature which gave him inspiration for his poetry.

J. S. Snoddy.



THE BERLIN STAGE DURING THE PAST SEASON.

It is a hundred years since English poetry made her response to the voice of freedom calling to her in the philosophies of Germany and the ideals of France. To-day English dramatic art is

deaf to the call to individual as then to the call of national liberty. She still walks the old way, and gives us the light comedies which have been popular in England since the days when the drama first left the Church and became the property of the people, now being taken in favor at court and representing fashionable society, again falling into disgrace and finding its patrons and subjects alike among the common people. But whether in inn-yard, court, or modern theatre, whether in the days of Elizabeth or Charles II. or in the nineteenth century, the English "comedy of manners" has not developed. It has only changed with the times and customs it depicts.

Still, though English drama does not need the new voice, all other art and thought are thrilled by it. English culture is in sympathy with the most advanced literary expression of the wide world. The tendency of the age will inevitably impress English drama with the spirit of the life she yet desires, and lead it once more to a period of wonderful dramatic power. The herald of this new power is the interest taken by the English-speaking public in foreign drama. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck,—these men are the apostles of the new thought; and under their influence English drama will ere long awake, and shake off the trammels of old habit, as the German stage has shaken off its earlier dependence on the lighter forms of French art.

It is because Germany stands first in this new dramatic movement that Karl Frenzel's article on the Berlin theatre, in a recent number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, is of special interest to readers of *Poet-lore*.

Herr Frenzel begins with the literary importance of German drama, surpassing in its flight, in rich and varied development, both epic and lyric art in Germany, standing on its own feet, free at last from French influence on the one hand, and receiving from Ibsen, as Herr Frenzel claims, only a literary, not a dramatic impetus. Then he passes to a brief account of the recent discussion in the German Diet regarding the moral tendencies of the

new drama. It is the old quarrel, repeated at different times in England and America, between the stage and the Puritan element. Far from doing the cause harm, however, he thinks that, if the prominence given to the drama in these discussions only spurs it on to increased exertions, to a more mature creation, which will victoriously refute the charges of its opponents, then will the much reviled theatrical paragraph of the bill, of which such unfortunate results have been apprehended, render modern art an incalculable service.

Turning to the list of plays given during the past season in the Berlin theatres, Herr Frenzel says that the successful plays are of scarcely more importance in the development of dramatic art and literary merit than the failures. The just and unjust complaints against the modern tendency cannot do away with the fact that it has given a stream of fresh life to the stage. Already the material brought out in the scope of theatrical productions has extended itself, in an extraordinary manner, toward the fantastic as toward the realistic; and the boldness which reaches after the new and the untried, after fairy tales here and direct realities there, digs even in the choked mines of our literary dramas for gold and jewels.

As one of the most important, from a literary point of view, and most dramatically effective works of the year, Herr Frenzel mentions Ernst von Wildenbruch's drama, 'The Daughter of Erasmus.' By his plastic art and the swing of his dialogue, we are taken into the beginning of the Reformation. The national and political, intellectual and spiritual, contrasts of the age form the background of the action. Erasmus, the world-renowned *savant*, and the knight Ulrich von Hutten stand opposite each other as the representatives of the universal humanism and the German religious movement. The daughter of Erasmus, from her youth, when she still lived in the stone cloister, and had a friendship for Katharine of Gloring, stands between them, binding and separating them. Their actions, the variety and unavoidable collisions in their characters, their fate, received from the mood and events of the time form and color.

Erasmus and Ulrich meet for the first time in Augsburg on the day when the Emperor Maximilian crowns the young Hutten as poet. Ulrich and the youthful humanists round him greet with stormy applause the great *savant* and author, the opponent of monks and clergy, whose Latin writings are at once a light and a weapon of reason in the struggle against superstition. Erasmus feels himself the full importance of his position as the leader of humanism and of culture. Upon Brother Martin of the Augustines in Wittenberg, who is brought to justice in Augsburg by a cardinal on account of his thesis on indulgence, Erasmus looks down, as if of superior rank. He will not mix in his quarrel, and shows his inborn aversion to want of deliberation and passionate partisanship.

Years before he had taken his daughter with him, and freed himself entirely from her mother; and by tenderness and loving care, by education and indulgence, he had won Maria's heart for himself, and estranged her from the mother. The unhappy woman pursues them, in longing for her child, in the hope that she may still succeed in persuading Erasmus into a marriage with her. She has heard that Luther declares that vows are nothing, unless the soul makes them; and he is to her a saviour bringing new hope. But Erasmus repulses her coldly; and even Maria turns away from her, in spite of Hutten's hope, and decides to remain with her father.

In the second act the conflict deepens. The scene is in Mainz, in the palace of the Elector Albrecht von Brandenburg, who, as patron of the humanists, has invited Erasmus and Hutten to him. Meanwhile Hutten has read Luther's writings. In the familiar mother tongue they sound with redoubled power and emotion on his heart; and he is beside himself over the coolness and indifference with which Erasmus meets his enthusiasm. When he learns that the Elector, at the command of the Emperor, is having Luther's writings burned on the square before his palace, he tears in pieces the commission to the Council of Electors which is brought to him. He removes Maria by force from the window through which she wants to watch the burning. In ardent speech

he betrays his passionate love for her, and the glow which emanates from him consumes her bitterness and disdain. Between the people, who are tearing down the fire, and the men-at-arms of the Elector, a tumult has risen, and a woman is killed by a stone. She is brought in, dying. It is Katharine. Erasmus refuses to see her; but Maria, accompanied by Hutten, sinks at her feet, and throws herself from the form of the dead woman into his arms. "I shall die if he goes away," she says later to her father, when Hutten turns from her father after a last vain attempt to persuade Erasmus to be reconciled to Luther.

In the grasp of the realistic purport of the events, in his power to give living form through a fulness of characteristic features, in his dramatic mastery of the masses and the penetration of the poetic creation with the national voice, the next scene is a masterpiece, even for Wildenbruch. Outside the Palatinate in Worms a dense crowd is thronging, while within Luther defends his teaching against the accusations of the Romish priestcraft. Outside there is bickering and tumult between the Spanish and German soldiers. The mercenaries have sung Hans Sachs's song of the Wittenberg Nightingale, and propose the health of Brother Martin. The young Duke of Alba tries in vain to stop them; and then going to the leader of the Spaniards, Don Ignacio, he tells him that he is to strike down Luther as he leaves the Palatinate. While Ignacio, in doubt between honor and fanaticism, calls on the Virgin for help, Maria approaches him. He is filled with glowing, fantastic love for her, and listens a moment to her pleading that he use no force against Luther; but, when she mentions the name of Hutten, consuming jealousy seizes him. At this moment Hutten approaches at the head of his mercenaries, and in the sudden clash between them and the Spaniards Ignacio is killed.

Just then Luther appears on the stairway leading to the hall. Huzzas ring out from the crowd. "See there, hear that!" cries Hutten, drawing Maria to him. "There speaks the voice of a new age! Happy we who belong to the new world. It is a joy to live."

The fourth act sets the tragic limit to this stormy, triumphant exaltation. Erasmus sits alone in his house at Basle on a gloomy winter afternoon. His friends and printers, Froben and Amerbach, come to visit him, and tell him how things are going out in the world,—that Hutten is a fugitive from city to city; that Luther is living on a mountain in Thüringen, translating the Bible into the German tongue. He hears at the door a hesitating knock. Pining away with sorrow and exhaustion, with clothes torn and hair in disorder, Maria enters. A short time before she has separated from Hutten, her dire need and the shame which men put upon her driving her to her father.

"Help us," she cries to him, "so that we can enter Basle, and we may be honorably husband and wife!" Erasmus is quite willing to receive his daughter, but will not help the hated man. Proudly she answers, "Do you think that I will creep away from him who is waiting outside for me, who has fought and been hungry for me, and been glad when he saw that I had bread?" As she turns from him, and starts toward the door, a messenger enters, announcing Hutten's death. There is no more hesitation for Maria. "A son was given to you by fate," she cries to Erasmus, who is kneeling before her. "The world bore none so noble. You knew his worth, and drove him to death. You once had a daughter whom you loved. I know it, and thank you. You were once rich, and now are poor. Unhappy man, farewell." As she hurries out, Erasmus sighs, "An old man left alone in the old world."

In these closing words, says Herr Frenzel, the purport of the piece is brought to a single expression. The old and the new time — father and son in spiritual thought — stand as enemies instead of supplementing each other and continuing to develop. Events drive them ever further and further apart. The young man goes under in the whirlpool of his own passion and of the *Zeitsturm*: the old remains behind as the wrack of his own greatness and importance.

In the case of Hutten, Maria, and Erasmus, the tragedy grows out of their own nature and temperament. Following their impulse, Maria and Hutten hurl themselves into the political and ecclesi-

astical excitement of the Reformation, and bring up against custom and filial duty. Erasmus, in the darkness and egoism of the great *savant*, looks upon himself as the middle point of the universe, and refuses everything that threatens to disturb his studies, his self-complacency and comfort. Wisdom is to him the exclusive property of the learned and cultured: he hates in Luther the demagogic monk as much as the betrayer and scorner of true knowledge.

This human tragedy gains deeper meaning and heightened color through the time in which it is acted. Wildenbruch knows how to fit in the intellectual element of his plot with great art, and to unroll to us, while he warms our feeling for his characters, an effective picture of the first storms of the Reformation.

Hauptmann's latest play, 'Schluck und Jan,' was a disappointment to his admirers even more than to the general public. In its mingling of rough and coarsely spun every-day jokes with fantastic romances, it recalls the *Scherz- und Schimpf-Spiel* in 'Hanneles Himmelfahrt' and 'Die versunkene Glocke.' The contradiction and dissonance of these two elements are strengthened by the use of the Silesian dialect. The two groups — the fashionable set, who speak in high-sounding, ornate verses, and the two vagabonds, who utter their clownish jokes in broad dialect — are widely separated by the difference in speech; and the contrast, which is funny for a time, finally loses its force by reiteration, and ends in being tiresome.

The substance of the piece is taken from the Induction to 'The Taming of the Shrew' and a comedy by Plötz, called 'The Longed-for Prince.' In my opinion, says Herr Frenzel, the matter has gained neither in charm nor realism by being drawn out to an unsuitable length, and lifted to the plane of the symbolic.

A Silesian magnate, returning from the hunt, finds in front of his castle two drunken vagabonds. The prince is going to have them thrown into the keep; but Karl, his master of the hunt, factotum, and general entertainer, proposes that they put the senselessly intoxicated Jan in the prince's bed, in order to find amusement in the surprise of the vagrant when he wakes. Through

three acts, then, Jan is treated as prince and master. After the first astonishment he adapts himself to his rôle; and his vulgarity, lewdness, and surliness increase.

To enhance the fun, Schluck, dressed as a woman, is presented to him as his wife and princess. But Jan is suspicious, and drives him away. Finally, this new Caliban grows so dangerous that it becomes necessary to quiet him with a sleeping draught. In the last act he lies once more on the green turf before the castle, with Schluck sitting beside him. When his lordship rides to the hunt, Schluck and Jan stroll to the nearest public house.

In contrast to this miserable and spiritless joke is the dialogue between the romantic and melancholy Jon Rand (the prince) and his lady-love, Sidselill, who is half girl, half sprite, and between them Karl, fond of his hunting and wine and woman.

The greatest fault of the piece is a complete lack of action. Nothing happens. The characters exist in words, not deeds. Caliban Jan himself, however, is not to be expressed in words when he attacks Schluck with a dirk, and his sovereignty is ended.

No one would ask for possibility and probability in the fantastic parts of the play. One is quite willing to accept Jon Rand, who is a cousin of Shakespeare's melancholy Jacques in the Forest of Arden, and Sidselill, who is a fairy princess with twelve white falcons in diamond-decked hoods and silver chains. But any piece intended for the stage must have some sort of conclusion and idea; and here everything runs into lyric expression and poetry, on the one hand, and into scurrilous joking, on the other. In reading, the drama makes a better impression, because the solitary reader is caught more easily by beautiful passages, deep thought, than by the scenic presentation, which lacks at every crisis natural movement and climax.

Björnson's drama, 'Beyond our Power,' although new to the German public, made its first appearance in Stockholm as long ago as January, 1886. It is a noteworthy study, half pathological, half psychological, with the form, but not the essential quality of a drama.

The Pastor Sang, far off in Norway, is celebrated far and wide as a worker of miracles. By the power of prayer he is said to be able to heal the sick and raise the dead. Yet his prayer is powerless to heal his own wife, Clare, who has been lying crippled in bed for years, perhaps because she has not sufficient faith in his power. But his speech, his touch, always soothe her pain. Her sister, who had been married in America, and her two children, a son and daughter, take care of her. All three doubt the alleged powers of the pastor. The children announce openly that they have heard nothing in the world outside of that Christianity their father taught. Sang declares that he will give proof of his power.

"I am going into the church," he says. "I wish to be alone; and I will not leave it until I have received from the hand of God sleep for the mother, and after sleep health, so that she may stand up and walk again among us." While Hannah, the sister, and Elias and Rachel remain by their mother's bed, Sang rings the church bell.

Then a wonderful thing happens. The sick woman not only falls asleep, but is not awakened when a great avalanche of stone goes thundering down past the church. Like fire, the news of the miracle spreads around; and the whole neighborhood gathers, listening and waiting round the church in which Sang sings and prays. A ship which is ready to go to the next city waits at the fjord, because the passengers want to see the miracle. A number of clergyman who are on board, and have been in the city on a missionary convention, disembark, and hold a sort of conference in the hall of Sang's house, to be witnesses of the event.

Even the unbelieving are deeply shaken when the sick woman rises and goes to meet her husband, who suddenly appears in the door, while the whole company sings Hallelujah. But she has not gone far when she falls into his arms and dies.

"But I did not mean," cries Sang, in childish tones, and clutches at his heart,— "or — or" — and he, too, falls dead.

This play Herr Frenzel and its translator, L. Passarge, criti-

cise from a materialistic German standpoint, seeing nothing of the mysticism and deep spiritual meaning underlying it. Not only, he says, does the great miracle-worker, through whom Sang is to work, the Deity, remain outside the presentation, even the tragic sin of the miracle-worker is not evident. Otherwise, one must understand that his prayer, which was to bring about the healing, was the cause of the death. The lack of decision of the poet over the principal question — is a miracle possible? — causes a lack of unity, and strengthens the impression of dulness and hysteria. The fine presentation of the sympathetic excitement that takes possession of the crowd at the avalanche, the suspense with which it watches for the outcome, all this cannot atone for the undramatic quality of the piece. A tragedy of belief in the miraculous must close with the undeniable recognition of the wonder-worker that he has been the fool of his own fanaticisms and superstition.

“Overestimated and over-intensified in treatment as in characters” Herr Frenzel finds Ibsen’s ‘When We Dead Awaken.’ In contrast to his former plays, Ibsen considers in this a purely artistic problem. The relation of the sculptor to his model, the meaning which the model has as regards his work, controls his development, his whole future life.

Arnold Rubeck, a Norwegian sculptor, had long years before found in a young and beautiful maiden, Irene, a fitting model for the realization of his controlling ideal,— to represent the Resurrection in the form of a beautiful woman. While the girl loves him, he holds himself aloof from her, fearing that his work would lose its purity and nobility and chastity if his model were his mistress. Finally, Irene runs away from the sculptor, and rushes into a wild and dissipated life.

Years after they meet again in a Norwegian watering-place. Rubeck has become a wealthy and famous man. His ‘Resurrection’ has acquired world-wide fame, but he has never created another work of similar power. He works on portrait busts, which pay better. He has married a young wife, who wearies of him as he of

her. How a mature man, who had made with the model Irene a notable experiment in respect to the Eternal Feminine, can have deceived himself so badly in the nature of his wife, is not explained. Irene is ill, insane, in the care of a black-robed deaconess, who watches her constantly. "I was dead yesterday," she says to Rubeck, "but now I have begun to rise again from the dead." Strange to say, while the blooming maiden could not enkindle passion in Rubeck, the demented woman with her sad and impure past distracts brain and sense of the mature man. He follows her from the coast to a mountain sanitarium. If it were a question of average human beings, the matter might come to a satisfactory termination without any trouble. For Frau Maia has in the mean time found her mate in the rough, narrow-minded Ulfheim, who talks of his country estates and his bear-hunting. She receives with composure Rubeck's confession that Irene has always held the key to his heart, and is glad when he speaks of a separation. "Captivity is over! I am free as a bird,—free!" But Ibsen will not settle things so easily: there must be a tragic end. In the northern summer night they climb ever higher up the mountain,— "up to the light, and to all the radiant glory on the mountain of promise." There an avalanche buries them in masses of snow and rock, while the deaconess appears suddenly to pronounce a *Pax vobiscum*, and Maia's voice comes up from the valley, "I am free as a bird,— free!"

I admit freely, says Herr Frenzel, that I lack the inclination and the ability to solve the riddle and reveal the secret of this play. The whole thing seems to me the production of a dying imagination, itself moving among shadows and symbols. He who is acquainted with painters and sculptors knows that they see in their models only tools, which are to serve the artist's purpose. Sentimental moods or emotions are shut out of the relation between artist and model. How could any work of art, generally speaking, be accomplished if both acted as Rubeck and Irene? No one will deny that a model may exercise a momentous influence on an artist, fill him with a mad passion dangerous to his work and

his future, shatter his domestic and public relations. But she does, or can do, all this, not as a model, but as a woman. The artist who possesses money and honor may even marry the model who has helped him to win them. What a distance from the naturalism of this reality to the symbolism of Ibsen! "I gave you my young, loving soul," bewails Irene, "and stood before you with empty heart, without a soul. And so I died."

In a story by Edgar Allan Poe a painter paints the picture of his beloved. The more lifelike he makes her features upon the canvas, the paler she becomes. When the picture is completed, in its wonderful force and likeness, she falls down dead. He has torn out her soul, to put it in his picture. This story has a certain mystic meaning. Ibsen's Irene, however, lives after the episode with Rubeck, once more happy, and stands after, as before, as a "living picture" in the variety theatre before a thousand eyes. The pathologist will find the cause for her insanity in the looseness of her life, and not in the theft which Rubeck committed on her soul.

As in all pieces of Ibsen's since 'Ghosts,' there is a picture of the Eternal Feminine once more as passionate and strong of will as the *man-soul*. Not only does Irene make her aged lover fall passionately, hysterically in love with her faded charms, but the "stupid little" Frau Maia enslaves her bear-hunter, who expected that she would fall an easy prey to him.

It is interesting to compare with Ibsen's drama the tragedy of 'Giaconda,' by Gabriel d'Annunzio, who is the prototype in Italy of Nietzsche in Germany in his philosophical ideals.

The piece is dedicated to Eleanora Duse, and was played by her without success in several cities in Italy. In Berlin there was but a single *matinée* performance. The dialogue Herr Frenzel finds too pedantic and elaborated, and the scenes are pictures in words. But the whole has a passionate and natural movement. The sculptor, Lucio Settala, neglects wife and child for the sake of his art, and his model, Giaconda Dianti. Her beauty has undone him. He lives only for her, thinks only of her. A severe illness

brings him to the point of death ; and his wife, Silvia, nurses him with self-sacrificing care. To her he owes his life. He feels it, and is conscious of his debt of gratitude ; but these considerations are not powerful enough to suppress the longing that draws him ever more strongly toward his model.

As his recovery progresses, he feels the power to create awake in him. "Now I begin again to live," he says, "and recognize in myself the same man and the same force of will. Who can judge me if I fulfil my fate ?" He admires the virtues, the greatness of soul of his wife ; "but I do not chisel soul."

He goes to his atelier where Giaconda is waiting for him. His wife reaches there ahead of him. The sight of the statue fired her anger and jealousy : the beauty of the work of art holds her spell-bound. But suddenly the most excited war of words breaks out between her and Giaconda,—the old opposition between passion and marriage, art and conventional ideas of honor. Enraged to the utmost, Giaconda starts to shatter the statue ; and in the attempt to save it from falling Silvia's hands are crushed. The poor woman is crippled for life, the statue stands without arms, and Lucio is consumed in love for Giaconda. "In spite of everything, no one can curse her in his heart when he looks at her," says an old sculptor. "I have never seen in a mortal body so great a mystery." With all its excess of speech, the clearness and naturalness of the treatment, the inner necessity of its movement, are convincing and effective, and a contrast to the exaggerated style and affectation of Ibsen.

One of the most successful of the interesting new plays given in Berlin during the season was 'Der Probecandidat,' by Max Dreyer. The German stage, says Herr Frenzel, owes Dreyer thanks for the sharpness of his observation, the simplicity and scope of his stories, and a happy gift of joyous humor, as well as for the flexibility of his fancy. Herr Frenzel's account of 'Der Probecandidat' will appear in a later number of *Poet-love* as an introduction to a translation of the play.

H. S. O.

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

BRITISH MASTERPIECES: HOW TO STUDY WORDSWORTH'S
'MICHAEL.'

To what class of poetry does this poem belong?

It is a pastoral-narrative poem. Narrative, because it gives an account of a simple story; and pastoral, because the scene is laid in the country, and the actors in it are shepherds.

Pastoral poetry originated in Magna Græcia or Sicily. (The Idyls of Theocritus are good examples of these early pastoral poems.) While much of the pastoral poetry written by English poets is extremely artificial in character, this poem of Wordsworth is thoroughly natural and simple.

In what metre is the poem written? And is there any peculiar fitness in using blank verse?

The metre is Iambic pentameter, a form frequently used for poems of a dignified character. If the lines were broken by rhymes, it would lose the easy flow so suitable to a story of this kind.

Into how many parts may this poem be divided?

It consists of two parts,—the introduction and the story.

In the introduction the poet calls the attention of the reader to a place which he, in his rambles, has often seen. What are the peculiar features of this place, how is it reached, and what is to be seen when you get there?

Why does the poet choose this story for his poem, and how has he become interested in man instead of nature?

Do you think it is the natural way for people to like nature first and to come to loving their fellow-beings through their connection with nature, as this poet says he does? or was he peculiar in this respect?

(The class should be led to express personal views on this subject. Very likely it is different with different people, though, probably, the majority love people before, and always more, than, they do nature.)

What does the second division of the poem tell of ?

The second division of the poem tells the story of an aged shepherd who dwelt upon the forest side in Grasmere Vale, who all his lifelong had toiled, with the aid of his wife, to amass a little fortune in land, which was to descend to their only son and heir, born to them late in life. In the midst of their peaceful, laborious life the distressful tidings come that his brother's son, for whom he had gone security long years before, had failed, and the old shepherd must lose little less than half his substance. He first resolves that he must sell a part of his patrimonial fields, but, upon further consideration and consultation with his wife, decides that the better plan will be for their beloved son to go forth and make his way in the world, and, helped by a kinsman of theirs, he can soon prosper and return to them and repair the loss. Luke goes after laying the first stone of a sheep-fold his father had hoped they would build together, and, notwithstanding the exhortation of his father not to fall into evil ways, he does so; and at length ignominy and shame fall on him, and he is driven to seek a hiding-place beyond the seas. His father, so aged and heart-broken at his son's behavior, still continues his industrious life; but he goes daily to the sheep-fold, and yet, when he dies, he has not finished it.

What traits of Michael's character do you admire ?

His ceaseless industry, his courage in climbing the hills to take care of his sheep, his honest endeavors to keep his property unencumbered by debt, his love for his wife and son. (Quote lines from the poem which show each of these traits.)

Would you call the story simple or complex, and why ?

Does it contain any striking or unusual situations ? (Answer this by quoting for or against its being eventful.)

What occurrence makes the tragedy of the story ? Michael's loss of money, his son's going away, or Luke's evil courses ?

Who or what was really to blame for the sad ending of this story ? Was it the fault of Michael's brother's son for failing and getting Michael into trouble ? or was it Michael's fault for going

security? or was Michael to blame in sending his son away and expecting him to prosper in the world, when he had been brought up amid such simple rustic surroundings? or was the whole fault with Luke for being so weak when he was cast upon his own resources? (Prove your argument by referring to the story, quoting incidents in support of whichever ground you take.)

What makes the pathos of the story? How is it shown, and, in particular, by what incident?

There are touches of pathos all through the story. The scene between the old man and his son at the sheep-fold, when he gets his son to lay the corner-stone, is especially pitiful. The grief of the old man at parting from his son, his determination to take up alone all his old tasks, and the loving advice he gives him. And still more pitiful is the attachment of the old man for this particular spot after his son has become lost to him. It seems as if life had stopped for him the day his son laid the first stone of the sheep-fold, and all the rest is a sorrowing dream.

Are the feelings of the wife or Luke ever dwelt upon in this poem?

Point out all the lines in the poem which are truly imaginative.

“Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone,” etc.

“The winds are now devising work for me.”

“He had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists
That came to him and left him on the heights.”

Are there any others, and why are they more imaginative than the other lines?

(Because these lines contain beautiful metaphors, similes, and personifications.)

Proposition for debate, pro and con:—

The weak point in Michael's character was his love of his estate. Though he loved his son much, he loved that his son should have lands more.

The Editors.

CHOICE BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

A GROUP OF ESSAYS.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the literary times is the coming into increased favor of the thoughtful essay among both writers and readers. There are enchanted realms of intellectual activity — who will deny it? — that cannot reach adequate expression in any form but that of the essay; neither in poetry nor in the novel, and most certainly not in so-called literature of knowledge. The essay is, indeed, pre-eminently the medium for the unfolding of the intricate mazes of creative thought, fitting itself to every whim of the fancy, to every profoundest feeling of the soul, as a silken glove to the delicate traceries or the deep lines of the human hand.

Is it not this intimacy of the form with man's thought that makes the essay so powerful a rival of the poem in the race for immortality? Poetry "shoots into a mould" the universal emotions of the race; but the creative essay does no less a service. It "shoots into a mould" the universal thought of the race, the mould in either case being of a piece with the imagination and tempered only by the ideal. Thus they each in their own sphere have a universality of appeal that the novel and the literature of knowledge, because concerned with the relational aspects of life rather than with the universal, rarely possess. Plato's 'Symposium' and Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus' will no more cease to stimulate the imaginative thought of mankind than the creations of Homer, Shakespeare, and Browning, will cease to stimulate the imaginative emotion of mankind, while Scott and Dickens, even Zola, grow archaic. For these reasons a single volume of essays, like Woodberry's 'Heart of Man,' appears a more enduring contribution to the literature of America than hosts of the popular novels, which, clever as they often are, smack of the mortality of the hour.

The 'Heart of Man' is in many ways a remarkable volume,

full of wisdom and beauty, and showing in the range of subjects and their treatment how various may be the charm of this form of literature. The first essay, 'Taormina,' combines an exquisite description of the natural beauties of that picturesque and historically interesting spot in Sicily with a striking sketch of the vicissitudes of fortune it has undergone for many hundreds of years. And, best of all, the manner of the telling breathes the rich human sympathy of the writer,—a perception of the beauty of earth, almost unearthly in its loveliness, and of the pathos of a great human woe that lies like a canker even in the heart of the beauty, letting itself be known only through the hopeless calm of the poor fisher-folk of Taormina, whom the centuries of life and tumult have at last cast adrift outside the wheel of progress, with no future before them but decay and death.

Not the least charming division of the essay takes one back to the ancient poets, whose songs are redolent of the perfume of this delightful region. Our essayist saw with his own eyes a storm such as he had before wondered at in Virgil, and an idyl the counterpart of which he had loved for long in Theocritus.

Quite different is the second essay, 'A New Defence of Poetry,'—different in subject-matter, different in style. It is a closely reasoned argument to the effect that the very body of literary art must be the ideal, since "the subject-matter of literature is life in the forms of personality and experience, and the particular facts with respect to these are generalized by means of type and plot in concrete form, and so are set forth as phases of an ordered world for the intelligence, to the end that man may know himself in the same way as he knows nature in its living system." Those who deny this, and restrict literature to the actual in life, deny art, "which is the instrument of the creative, to literature; for as soon as art, which is the process of creating a rational world, begins, the necessity for selection arises, and with it the whole question of values, facts being no longer equal among themselves on the score of actuality, nor in fitness for the work in hand. The trivial, the accidental, the unmeaning, are rejected, and there will be no stop-

ping short of the end ; for art, being the hand-maid of truth, can employ no other than the method of all reason, wherefore idealism is to it what abstraction is to logic and induction to natural science, — the breath of its rational being." These conclusions are, on the whole, so sound that the extreme realist, if he denies them, is driven to the necessity, as Mr. Woodberry declares, of saying to the philosopher, "Leave this formulation of general notions, and be content with sensible objects ; or to the scientist, Experiment no more, but observe the course of nature as it may chance to arise, and describe it in its succession. They bid us be all eye, no mind ; all sense, no thought ; all chance, all confusion, no order, no organization, no fabric of the reason."

This theory of literary art, of course, presupposes an order in the soul of man from which the ideal is born ; and Mr. Woodberry meets any scepticism upon this ground by asserting his belief that the moral laws of the soul are as certain as the physical laws of phenomena. If we understand him aright, we should want to enlarge his conception of the laws of the soul somewhat by basing *belief* upon the human impulse to seek for laws of beauty and goodness rather than upon any definite formulation of such laws. This allows for changes in the conception of the laws of ethics and of beauty as humanity gains experience,—changes which the evolution of morals and art plainly shows forth,—and at the same time preserves that firm basis of the soul-life summed up in the idea of an evolving ideal. With the broader view that comes through such a conception of evolving ideals, perhaps Mr. Woodberry would not have fallen into the time-honored but now generally discredited opinion that Euripides represents a degeneration in Greek art. To-day the larger-minded critics regard him as a prophet telling of the new day in drama. Nor would he have expressed so inadequate an opinion of Browning, whom he appears to consider a degeneration like unto Euripides. Webster is the Elizabethan parallel. Parallelisms of this sort are dangerous, for evolution does not move in waves of exactly the same curvature. A climax in any form of art may be followed by a degeneration of that form

or it may be followed by a differentiation either leading to a new development or itself the supreme example of its kind. The function of the critic should be to recognize the new form when it appears; but, unfortunately, too many critics set down as a degeneration anything that differs from their preconceived notions of artistic form, which is especially irritating in this age, when such remarkable efflorescences of genius as Browning, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck come under the ban. If they are degenerates, it is the degeneration of a mighty wave breaking into heaven-kissing spray. Barring the academic bias which thus discounts some of Mr. Woodberry's judgments, the essay is sound in its fundamental principles and inspiring in its outlook. Any one doubting the place of poetry in the world need only read it to be convinced that without poetry—or, in other words, idealism—the world would be a very disappointing place.

Entirely to our mind is the fine essay on Democracy. In this the writer shows himself altogether free from that academic bias which insists that, in order to vote intelligently, one should have great education. We hear so much nowadays of the people's incapacity to govern themselves that it is a pleasure to come across so strong a statement for the people as the following:—

“Common experience furnishes a basis of political fact, well known to the people in their state of life, and also a test of any general policy once put into operation. The capacity of the people to judge the event in the long run must be allowed. But does broad human experience, however close and pressing, contain that forecast of the future, that right choice of the means of betterment, or even knowledge of the remedy itself, which belong in the proper sphere of enlightened intelligence? I am not well assured that it is not so. The masses have been long in existence, and what affects them is seldom novel. They are of the breed that through —

‘Old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.’

The sense of the people, learning from their fathers and their mothers, sums up a vast amount of wisdom in common life, and



more surely than in others the half-conscious tendencies of the times ; for in them these are vital rather than reflective, and go on by the force of universal conditions, hopes, and energies."

Again he says :—

"Education, too, is a word that will bear interpretation. It is not synonymous with intelligence ; for intelligence is native in men, and, though increased by education, not conditioned upon it. Intelligence, in the limited sphere in which the unlearned man applies it, in the thing he knows, may be more powerful, more penetrating, comprehensive, and quick in him than in the technically educated man ; for he is educated by things, and especially in those matters which touch his own interests, widely shared."

Furthermore, the writer has put democracy upon that foundation from which it cannot be shaken,—the spiritual equality of man,—whence grows his inborn right to have equal opportunities with all for development.

The last essay in the volume is in the form of a talk upon spiritual things with a young comrade. They are riding over the Western prairies ; and in this wide nature-environment the writer speaks intimately of the inner experiences of man's soul to his young friend, and shows how everlasting is the basis of Christian Idealism. The talk is somewhat in the nature of an 'In Memoriam' for the friend whose death later is spoken of, and calls to mind the beautiful poem published by Mr. Woodberry several years ago, 'The North Shore Watch.' The present volume is dedicated to this friend, whose death was the inspiration of a poem that deserves to rank with the other great threnodies of literature. The dedication is as follows :—

"To the Memory of Eugene Montgomery, my Friend :

Dear was his praise, and pleasant 'twere to me,
On whose far grave to-night the deep snows drift.
It needs not now : together we shall see
How high Christ's lilies o'er man's laurels lift."

'Religio Pictoris,' by Helen Bigelow Merriman, is another

important contribution to this department of literature. With less charm of style than Mr. Woodberry, she is more original and constructive. Mr. Woodberry brings forth exquisite music from notes already in the gamut of our thought, while Mrs. Merriman has made some new combinations, even if she has not added actually new notes.

The philosophy of life which she has to present for the consideration of this groping generation makes an attempt — and a successful one, we think — to combine the idea of the personality of God with the idea of the immanence of God in all nature. Not that she can be said to prove this a truth; but she raises such a complete structure upon an analogy drawn from painting that the mind rests in it with satisfaction. Mrs. Merriman has one of those rare intellects which are capable of seeing that there is truth on both sides of the shield, and, that that being the case, only a statement including both sides can make any approach to being complete. She, therefore, expresses her idea of the Absolute by the word Whole. This necessarily includes both Absolute and Relative, the Universal and the Particular, the Personal and the Immanent. This she makes clear through her analogy from painting, by showing how the artist when painting a picture must keep the idea of the whole effect to be gained in his mind, even while he is occupied with the details of the picture.

Thus out of the idea of regarding life as a whole grows a law of action. In order to keep the details of the picture in proper relation to the whole, and so preserve its unity and harmony, the artist is obliged constantly to sacrifice his desire to over-embellish the details. Likewise, life should be lived in relation to the whole, just as if man were a detail in the picture of the whole universe.

Individual desires must be sacrificed when they would interfere with the harmony of that whole. Therefrom she deduces this "law of the whole": "It is, first of all, acceptance of limitation, obedience, subordination. These are the very bone and sinew of the whole." Furthermore, this obedience and subordination are not passive, but active, constructive forces, by means of which the

artist gains power, and likewise the person who lives his life in this way. She is particular to emphasize the fact that sacrifice for its own sake has no virtue in it ; but sacrifice for the sake of a larger good, no matter what pain it may cause at the time, is "transformed into the spirit of recognition and love, the spirit of life itself."

Passing to the more especial consideration of the individual, she draws another analogy from color. Just as any given tint in the scale of color is the resultant between the opposing forces of light and dark, so an individual is the resultant of the opposite fundamental elements of the whole,—the universal and the individual. The place in the color-scale of life, so to speak, gives each human being the peculiar, intrinsic quality with which he is born. Upon the individuality is based personality, which is the resultant of a human being's relations with other human beings and the external world.

This definition of personality is not in line with the ordinary usage of the word ; for we have come to think of personality as referring especially to the very essence of the individual, and therefore as the most universally permanent part of him. Probably the poets have helped to develop this notion of personality. Whitman, for example, says, "One's self I sing, a simple, separate person" ; later he exclaims, "Rest not till you rivet and publish yourself of your own Personality" ; and, referring to the certainty of immortality, he declares that, personality once having been attained in birth, it can never again be lost. We find, too, that Professor Corson has a similar notion of personality in speaking of it as the main idea emphasized in Browning's poetry : "A cardinal idea in Browning's poetry is the regeneration of men through a personality who brings fresh stuff for them to mould, . . . new feeling fresh from God." Again : "The quickening, regenerating power of personality is everywhere exhibited in Browning's poetry. . . . 'Let essence, whatsoe'er it be, extend — never contract !' By 'essence' we must understand that which constitutes man's self, is what Is, . . . that which backs the active powers and the con-

scious intellect, 'subsisting whether they assist or no.' This is certainly a very different idea of personality from that of Mrs. Merriman's.

To state the difference succinctly, Professor Corson thinks of personality as the power or essence of the Infinite manifesting itself in the individual, while Mrs. Merriman thinks of it as the individual always in relation with this or that phase of the outer world. For example, she says:—

"Man in his mere individual existence is the highest of these personal expressions of the whole; but he has no personality of his own, except as he develops it by entering into relations with men and things."

Professor Corson and Whitman, too, declare that man should extend the power of his personality,—the divine essence within him; but Mrs. Merriman says man has no personality unless he does this. In fine, as a product of the universal, man is an individual; as an actor in the universal, he is a personality. The idea may be made clear by comparing the individual to a seed, which is the outcome of all the forces of nature, and the personality to the developed plant, which has become what it is by virtue of its entering into relationship with the earth, the air, and the light. This definition of personality emphasizes the absolute need of each individual for every other individual, and is a strong argument against the over-individualism so rampant in the world to-day. As a natural corollary, it follows that, the more relations an individual may have with all phases of humanity, the richer and fuller will become his personality.

From this artistic creed of life, idealism follows. As the artist's aim is to produce beauty by the harmonious adjustment of all relations, man's aim should be to produce harmony and beauty in life. Once assume that every individual has a relation to the whole, and evil as an entity disappears. It becomes simply the elements out of relation to the whole which are destined finally to come into proper relation.

Such are the fundamental propositions of Mrs. Merriman's philosophy ; and out of them she develops data of ethics which amount to the same thing as Herbert Spencer's "perfect balance of egoism and altruism," but, presented through the medium of her artistic analogies, they should appeal to many who would not be convinced by Spencer's less presentative forms of argument.

Another book, showing that thinkers are beginning to see the danger in the over-development of the individualistic spirit, is J. Howard Moore's 'Better-World Philosophy.'

His ideal is, also, that of a perfect balance of egoistic and altruistic tendencies ; but he does not think we are going the right way to work to bring about such a balance. He takes a rather material and coldly scientific view of evolution,—the sort of attitude that emphasizes the brutality of the law of the survival of the fittest, with no appreciation of the hopeful side of the law ; namely, that, as evolution progresses, the "fit to survive" change from the brutally fit to the physically fit, then to the intellectually fit, then to the morally fit, and, also, that the number which is fitted to survive increases with each phase.

This bias, however, helps the author to state strongly the evils which he would like to see eliminated. He contends that this long process of evolution has tended to make men pure egoists. They come into the world with no birthright but of sheer egoism ; and, this being the case, only environment can temper egoism and plant seeds of altruism within. Education should not, therefore, occupy itself, as it has been doing lately, with the unfolding and developing of this inborn egoism, but should bend its energies to the cultivation of altruism.

"There must be radical revolution in procedure. Egoism must be recognized, and recognized as the most formidable fact in human nature. It must be discouraged at all hazards, even, if necessary, at the expense of intelligence. . . . The young should be convinced beyond all chance of deterioration that the only laudable thing in the world is the causing of happiness, and that happiness in others is just as precious and valuable as it is in them-

selves. They should be taught that only 'happiness which comes, like the red flowers of the oleander, out of the bosom of the all,' is true happiness, not that which is gleaned from the pain and discomfiture of others. Every child, and not only every child, but every intelligence, should avoid the sin of struggle. I mean, of struggle against others. . . . All school-room competition should be abolished. . . . Competition is not necessary; and, if it were necessary, it would not be justifiable. If it is not possible to produce great intellects without crimes on character, then let us doze forever in the holy haze of mediocrity. A graceful nature is the most essential psychic possession of a living being. The ability to weigh the stars and dissect the sunbeams is more marvellous, but not more valuable than the disposition to be true, generous, and just."

We can forgive Mr. Moore's over-statement of the brutality of evolutionary methods and his perhaps exaggerated emphasis upon the inborn egoism of the human being — amounting in his estimation, one would think, to total depravity — in view of the high ideal of education he holds up, — an ideal with which we are heartily in sympathy, and which we wish might be adopted at once from one end of the land to the other.

We agree with him that the adoption of such an ideal is the only means of saving our over-individualized civilization from rushing headlong to disintegration and decay. We have faith, however, that Dame Evolution has in the long run always had an eye on her gentle child, Altruism, as well as on her obstreperous child, Egoism, and that Mr. Moore (as well as a few other people we could mention in history) is himself an illustration of that fact, and of the fact that the altruistic forces are even now gathering strength.

The essays of Edward Rowland Sill are the kind that appeal to the "gentle reader" whose lovable qualities have been so cleverly brought home to our affections by Mr. Crothers in a recent number of the *Atlantic*. Sill was primarily the poet, gazing with curious eye upon a world full of wonders, about which he weaves his delicate fancies, in a childlike spirit. Nature, art, thought, and life all attract his observation; and upon them all he has things full of quaint

wisdom to say, but generally imaged forth in some whimsical guise that makes the "gentle reader" smile and at the same time say, "How true!" Though the world does not seem to be an absolute success to him, he views its shortcomings in a spirit of gentle melancholy rather than in that of reforming criticism.

H. A. C.

(Heart of Man, by George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.—Religio Pictoris, by Helen Bigelow Meriman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. \$1.50.—A Better World Philosophy, by J. Howard Moore. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Company. 1899.—The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900. \$1.25.)

THE TROUBADOURS AT HOME.

A master charm in troubadour literature is that the tests of the scientific historian in probing for exact facts cannot divest it of its atmosphere of glamour. But one of its defects in appealing to the modern mind is that this very impregnability from the attacks of the hunter for accuracy has left it in vagueness.

By writing a book on the troubadours that is an unusual and artistic welding of field methods and closet methods,—a book that fuses scholarly library-work with the actualities of travel, eyesight, and camera-sight in the Provence lands and in Italy,—Professor Justin H. Smith has revealed the antique life lurking within the shadows of his subject, and brought its old-time picturesqueness vividly within the range of the modern consciousness.

We know too little of the life of the republics of the Middle Ages that ruggedly budded at Arles, Avignon, Florence, Rome itself, blooming against odds, but to be nipped untimely, yet establishing for us as fact that there was a life potential and peculiar to itself among the burghers and workers, artisans and artists, of the mediæval period in Southern Europe. Luxurious prelates and dilettante princes took to themselves much credit for its masterpieces in architecture and the fine arts. Rulers, whose industry was fighting in the standing crops and freebooting on the high-

ways, embroiled it in the struggles they assumed to protect it from, and kept it laboring under starveling opportunities for its best development or its adequate record. And so, also, by one of the cynicisms of fate, it happens that we know scarcely more of the real life of the minstrel knights, whose first rule of action was to shun the lowly-born and seek more honor than most of them were born to, in honoring a lordly house. That which made their talents illustrious obscured themselves, and the din of drum-and-trumpet history overwhelmed their finer note of love and chivalry and gayety of manners.

Fortunately, now, some such book of imaginative research as this of Professor Smith's makes us heed and hear within the roar of the noisy centuries the little artificial pipings of these troubadours who were the mouth-pieces of the emotional enthusiasm, the wit and courtesy and constancy,—the inner life, in a word,—of the obstreperous mediæval world to whose aristocratic glories they attached themselves. Such a book makes us listen for the tone of reality within the artificialness, and respond with a brotherly thrill to the human touch that stretches out an actual finger-tip to reach us from some quaint oblivious tale of an Arnaut de Marueilh or a Guilhem de Cabestaing.

Tales like these are typical of the obscuration of these minstrel-knights, personifying the fineness of the time, by the feudal barons, embodying its rudeness. They account for the obscurity belonging to the subject; and they illustrate its glamour well, too, when the stories are told as Professor Smith tells them, with much of the insight and constructive fancy of the novelist and the rich color and objective detail of the painter.

Arnaut, for example, as he is set before the eye in these beautiful volumes, has a nature

“good, but more sensuous than devout. . . . His large white hands, dimpled over every joint, betrayed his affectionate and simple disposition. His rather small, close beard and its glossy softness, showing that no razor had cut it, suggested the naturalness of his development. His forehead, low and shapely rather than capacious,

and the backward turn of his full head showed that his strength was in feeling rather than in intellect. His eyes rested upon others in a waiting manner, as if instead of perusing them he expected them to give him an impression of themselves. He was not a bold man, quick to think and act, like Vaqueiras; not a popular dashing fellow, like Count Raimbaut; not a clever lady's man, like Sain Circ. The centre of his life hung between thought and passion, in the dim and languorous region of revery, dreams, and sentiment. No one had thought him beautiful as a boy,—his eyes were too large, and his face too thin,—but suddenly all saw that he was a handsome young man; and he was the last to discover it. Manners came to him in the same way. He never studied grace or dignity, but for him it was easiest to be dignified and graceful. His first few visits at the castle of Maruelh added the needed touch of courtliness; and his bearing became such that aristocrats envied it, wondering not a little because it showed no trace of the artificiality that courts betrayed as yet. Character and education kept pace with sentiment and manners. 'No one can be excellent,' he declared, 'who does not flee baseness, and one cannot flee baseness unless he knows how to distinguish it.' . . . Again he sang: 'One can leave estates behind him and cause a son to inherit them, but worth he will never have unless it is in his heart.' . . . In one way or another he gained a clerkly education, learned how to read stories agreeably, . . . and acquired the arts of singing and making verses."

Having introduced Arnaut thus livingly, Professor Smith makes us hear him talk later at the castle of Béziers, where he pays his duty to the lovely Lady Alazais, the daughter of Shakespeare's Queen Constance. "Whatever you do to me, whether good or ill, I love you and shall love you always," he sang to her, finally; and when, as a widow, his sovereign lady openly received his devotion and his cheer,—for he acted on the opinion that "a sad man is worse than dead,"—his good fortune seemed to be consummate. But Amfos II., king of Arragon, coming that way, chose to assert his mastery over Alazais. He caused her to exile the lowly lover or else lose his royal favor; and robbing her of "two cities and a hundred castles," to prove to her, perhaps, what such favor was worth, he blotted Arnaut out so effectually with

one blur of his feudal thumb that the troubadour's love-songs disappear from history henceforth in utter silence.

The tale of how Guilhem de Cabestaing was crushed by his overlord is darker and more violent; and it is perhaps a still better example of the well-nigh dramatic skill with which Professor Smith has entered into his subject, and brought the distant lives of these manikin minstrels within the sympathy of posterity.

"Now the Lady Margarida, for so she was named, was accounted by all who knew her the most beautiful woman of the time, and the most excellent and the most courtly. But we need not infer that she was tall, stately, and grand,—not at all. Though married, she was hardly more than a girl; a dear, dainty woman, a sweet little golden-face with sapphire eyes, not very prudent or intellectual, but still with ideas of her own in her small head, and more thoughts behind her tongue than upon it.

"Guilhem had adored her from the moment he could adore any one. Now, permitted to approach and even to serve her, he exerted himself more than ever 'to excel in both words and deeds.' Day by day his lady observed him. Fearless, accomplished on the hunt and in the tilt-yard, he became instantly as gentle as a girl when he drew near to her. . . . And what a contrast there was to set him off! For the baron, though courtly in the manner of his time, was at heart a man of wild and tyrannical passions. . . . So it came to pass that Margarida, as the story goes, 'could not refrain from saying one day, "Tell me, Guilhem, if a lady were to show you looks of love, would you dare to love her?"' The words were lightly spoken as if in banter, but they had long been meditated; for the lady saw that her esquire adored her, but saw also that he stood too much in awe to dare speak of love. He was not afraid to reply, however, . . . 'Indeed, yes, lady, if only I were sure that her looks truly showed her heart.'

"'By St. John! you have answered like a man. But now I would also prove you, and find out whether you can distinguish between true looks and false.' . . .

"'My lady, may all be as pleases you.'

"A new life opened then within him. For no man of the world was he, . . . but just a simple-minded, unselfish, brave young fellow. . . . And yet he was more than that. Undeveloped though it was, there dwelt within him a profound love for beauty, . . . a

dormant fitness for a romantic passion. . . . All took pleasure in the new troubadour, but most of all the lady whom he celebrated.

“‘Tell me now, Guilhem, have you discovered yet whether my looks are deceitful or sincere?’

“‘So may God help me, lady, from the hour I began to serve you no thought has entered my heart that you are not the best ever born, and the truest in words and in looks. This I believe, and shall, so long as life lasts.’

“‘Guilhem, I say to you — so keep me God! — you shall never be deceived by me, and your thought of me shall not be in vain.’ . . . Soon . . . Gossip wagged its many tongues, and one of them dropped a word into Raimon’s ear. That was his opportunity to show the depth of his courtliness. His wife had not overstepped the line of decorum, according to the rule of society; and the husband’s part in such a situation . . . was to establish an understanding with his wife, help her keep the affair within bounds, and, after these precautions were taken, look upon the honor paid her as honor added to his own.”

Instead, Lord Raimon waylaid Guilhem, while hunting, to make him confess that he loved. He admitted it. How else could he sing? Then, driven by Raimon to tell the lady’s name, he was forced either to betray her, and be loyal to his lord’s requirements, or deceive him, and be loyal to love. He replied that he loved Lady Agnes, Margarida’s sister. Raimon vowed to help, and took him at once to Agnes’s castle. The quick-witted Agnes saw through them both, and played her part so as to deceive Raimon, and help her sister. But Lord Raimon’s account of it all to his wife roused her jealousy, and so stirred her that neither his own nor her sister’s true version of the affair sufficed to reinstate him in favor until he should make a song to her upon it. But the song enlightened Raimon. He summoned his troubadour to ride with him.

“When the Lord of Rossillon rode back, Guilhem was not with him; and his quaking servant bore something wrapped in a mantle to the castle.

“‘Do you know what you have eaten?’ said Raimon to his wife after dinner.

“‘No, except that it was good and savory.’

“Then he told her she had eaten the heart of Guilhem de Cabestaing. ‘And see,’ he added, calling a servant from the next room,—‘see, this is his head!’

“Margarida, when she heard that, lost for an instant the power to see and to hear, but, recovering herself, replied, ‘You have given me meat so good, my lord, that I will never taste other.’”

Raimon sprang towards her in a rage, at that. But out of all the toils of life she delivered herself by flinging herself from the castle balcony, “her foolish, capricious heart faithful to the death.”

In a very real sense the heart of the troubadour was ever thus devoured by the feudal society that he served and made illustrious in literary history; and this story may be taken as symbol and monument of his usual career and accomplishment. Even when the war-like side of mediæval minstrelsy was indulged in more vigorously by less gentle souls than an Arnaut or a Guilhem de Cabestaing,—when a Sordello, for instance, craved a dominance far beyond the customary limits for a troubadour-squire, in the thick of war and empire-making, he was almost sure to gain this rougher fame under clouds of obscurity and misapprehension as well as of glory, and to have his aspiring heart—if Dante and Browning be accepted as chroniclers of penetration—devoured by a vain-glory and ineffectiveness arising in the nature of things from the conflict of such desires as Sordello's with the feudal environment.

The account Professor Smith gives of Sordello is interesting, the more so as he quite unconsciously lays emphasis on lineaments closely corresponding to those Browning utilizes for a more flattering portrait than Professor Smith's. Browning paints Sordello as a man born poet with an equally inborn will for social predominance and practical achievement. Moreover, he paints him as a man growing and changing under external influences, and passing through phases of merely individualistic consciousness toward a social consciousness and a democratic passion so highly evolved that the poem is blind to most readers of Browning at present,

mainly because they are so far behind the social possibilities of the early Renaissance, as Browning shows them through Sordello, that they themselves in the nineteenth century, with all this babble of Socialism rising in a flood to their ears, are not yet awake in their own souls to the like possibilities of experience here and now. They can follow Sordello's career as poet after a fashion. They lag more and more when the effect of the world upon him and his poetic art is described. They simply lose sight of him altogether when, through Palma's incitement and under her guidance, he learns what life means to the masses of the people in Italy under the fist of the feudal system in empire and in church; when he throws himself into the welter of contrary social forces to help the Italian people indirectly through the magnetic influence of his idealism as a poet; and when, finally, in face of a miraculously happy opportunity to help Italy directly, actually, through the magnetism of his idealism as a leader, indeed,—namely, as a poet-statesman,—he reverts to sheer individual idealism and loses the world's soul, whose salvation rested for one unparalleled historic moment between his hands.

How full of pertinence to Italian history is this plot! How creative a construction from the hints Dante lets fall of this mysterious troubadour's untold story!

Of course, Browning is standing by Dante all through. He imaginatively makes out his hero's poetical career, his parentage, and the political chance of centuries which it offers him—a chance proceeding from his concealed birth and his alliance through his father and his lady with the imperial party—in a way to justify Dante's evidently high idea of Sordello and of Cunizza, and to expand Dante's implication that Sordello had lost some great opportunity for political leadership in Italy, which he was expiating in the ante-Purgatorial regions.

The historians, on the other hand, analyze and split the extant stories of a troubadour whose extraordinary fame is one of the admitted puzzles about him instead of combining and reconciling such clues as these of Dante. As Professor Smith tells us,

"Emeric David makes out three Sordels: 1, the troubadour; 2, him of Dante's 'Inferno'; 3, him of Dante's 'De Vulgari Eloquentia.'" Even among these sober investigators, however, Merkel, Professor Smith says, holds that Dante's idea of Sordello, which is declared by the rest to be so erroneous and "difficult fully to explain," was "justified by the facts"; and Appel thinks it clear from "the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' that Dante had information about him which we do not possess."

It is the more interesting, therefore, since Browning, following Dante, so moulds the troubadour's story — cutting off, moreover, all that part of his life wherein he is reported as invading Italy with Charles — that there remain so many points of contact between Professor Smith's Sordel and Browning's Sordello. Browning conceives of him, first, as a dreamer, satiating his cravings for life and joy with mere beauty; then, as artist, with songs of heroic prowess, through which he shall challenge the world for homage to himself. Then, unsatisfied with the petty triumphs permitted him as lover within courtly bounds and as minstrel of the deeds of his betters, he aims at the "self-display he meant to compass" through verse of larger grasp and untried import; but, finding himself "hampered every way by what he hoped assistance" from, his scorn of the crowd of men upon whose opinion he was yet dependent for the attainment of his aims makes him drift into an utterly conscienceless state alike toward his public, his rival poets, and his own nature both as poet and as man. This is the stage where, as Browning puts it, "the whole visible Sordello goes wrong," and from which the latent, invisible Sordello that the poet descries in him delivers himself only by self-disgust.

This stage of his career tallies with Professor Smith's story of him as a tavern brawler, by the ears with other rhymers who belabor one another with scurrilous verses and cream-cheeses. "One receives an ugly sword-cut in the face. Sordello's part is a wine-flask broken on his crown and a sufficient share in the odium of the fray."

Yet Professor Smith apparently deems this incident discordant

with Browning's story, misled, perhaps, by Professor Alexander's account of Browning's hero, which, despite a superior clear-headedness of statement over most of the accounts given of the much-misunderstood poem by mystified critics, still lacks somewhat in insight, since it misses the social side of Sordello's desires and their relation to the social conditions of the early thirteenth century.

Again, the incident of Sordello's elopement six years later with Richard of Boniface's wife, Cunizza, Ecelin da Romano's sister, cited by Professor Smith, is by no means out of agreement, as Professor Smith seems to suppose, with Browning's so-called "philosophic poem." Browning's Cunizza is named Palma; and she is the daughter of the then retiring leader, Ecelin the monk, and the sister of the terrible Ecelin sons, of the emperor's party. The substantially similar facts are only more sympathetically colored and vivified by Browning. His Palma is represented, too, as Richard's betrothed bride, but as a bride who takes a hair's-breadth advantage of the embroilments delaying and hindering the union of the two parties which this match was to seal, in order to send for Sordello and pour into his ears at once the love she has long cherished for her chosen minstrel and the ambitious dreams of influence over Italy which she, as her troubadour-knight's inspiration and sovereign lady, hopes to accomplish by his hand.

Their elopement, therefore, which partisan Guelph recorders and adherents of Richard's court would naturally construe as most dishonorable to Sordello and the lady, and which partisans on the opposite side would defend on the more or less unlikely ground that it was a Platonic affair or dictated by Ecelin or by quite other than the true inside motives, clears up under Browning's hand by a treatment sympathetic with the two scapegraces. He makes them seen as lovers who were romantic exemplars of the chivalric ideals of the time regarding the high service a noble lady might claim from her elect poet-knight. Browning's Palma, however, is no Beatrice of the 'Paradiso.' She is a most secular, politically-minded guiding-star of ladies. The picture the poet draws of her in page's

dress, watching out the midnight with Sordello by the camp-fire among the soldiery in the beleaguered streets of Ferrara, is inspired rather by dramatic fidelity to the social rudeness of a stirring epoch than by the visionary lyricism of a spiritual allegory.

But not only in these incidents of Sordello's career, in the conception of his personality also the account Professor Smith gives runs parallel with Browning's, despite the very different coloring :—

“He is now approaching thirty years of age, a man of active and athletic rather than massive build, of somewhat less than medium height, and of a presence not at all imposing. Still . . . a handsome and likable fellow. His full and well-cut lips appear to smile easily. . . . The bold though not heavy chin and something in the pose of the head remind us of his recklessness, and we receive in general an impression of daring rather than of courage. . . . A man of that kind seems to change as time goes on. In youth what he desires is the gratification of his impulses. . . . As age ripens and passion sobers, intelligence becomes a substitute for principle, . . . larger ambitions block the gratification of propensities, wealth and social position become more interesting, and the sobriety and thoughtfulness they demand are submitted to. The dishonesty and feebleness of others disturb his plans, and he becomes a preacher of the virtues. The end of life approaches, and the wisdom of laying up treasure in heaven dawns upon his mind. Intelligence and selfishness are enough to make a hero and saint of this description.”

Professor Smith's sketch of another of Browning's troubadour heroes, Rudel, is still more closely in accord with the poet's idea. Such presentations as these of Sordello and Rudel are alone enough to attract the student of Browning's illustrations of chivalric love and minstrelsy.

Readers of less specialistic bent will also delight in a work wherein is collected in a coherent, shapely, and readable fashion an obscure mass of widely scattered romantic episodes, semi-historic annals, and treasured remains of mediæval poems, often fragmentary or almost fading from the general literary consciousness.

There was place for this book. These two volumes compress

the harvest of such wide research on the subject as is nowhere else accessible, we believe, in a single English work. It is added grace and good fortune that an American scholar has accomplished the task, who could so vivify his material. He has rendered in sympathetic English verse the very tones and tricks of metre in an alien minstrelsy. He has so rehabilitated its environment of fortified town and castle, profusely illustrated by happily chosen photograph and descriptive phrase, that the work justifies its title, presenting verily the Troubadours at Home, in a way alluring to the artist-loiterer or the idlest tourist in the sunshine-lands of Southern France. C. P.

(The Troubadours at Home: Their Lives and Personalities, their Songs and their World, by Justin H. Smith. 178 illustrations. 2 vols. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.)

STEDMAN'S AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.

NOTHING proves so conclusively as an Anthology how necessary it is to know all of a poet in order fully to appreciate one poem. When we meet with our old friends, we delight in the few examples given of their work, because we feel their whole personality concentrated for us within these individual examples. There is a background held in our consciousness, of other poems with which we mentally compare them, and from which they gain added meaning, as a tree gains distinction from its setting amidst all the other trees of a landscape. But, when we come upon examples of the poets we do not know, unless the poem be a very extraordinary one, we are somewhat at a loss to decide whether it is at all worth while, just as we might feel about a tree that has been put into a green tub, and placed with others in a red-bricked courtyard. They stand out unrelated, with no glamour of their natural environment to give them tone.

Of course, we all know that, with the exception of comparatively few names, all our American poets are minor poets; but, when we have admitted this, we are sometimes led to wonder why they are so little differentiated among themselves. In many cases,

if the names of the authors were lost, a future archæologist would certainly find difficulty in determining from internal evidence whether the literary remains were not all by the same hand. Judging alone from this collection, the American poetic genius is lacking in imaginative faculty and emotional force, while gifted with powers of reflection, an appreciation of nature, and a nice sense of form. Indeed, many of them might be classed as *Bryantides*, or followers in the footsteps of Bryant.

However, it is simply not fair to judge of a nation's poetical genius by an Anthology: in the first place, for the reason we have already stated,—namely, that one or a few poems taken out of relation to a poet's work furnish no adequate test of his power; and, in the second place, the editor may have some standard of excellence which puts out of court the more original though perhaps less perfect specimens of a poet's work.

When the difficulties attending upon the compilation of such a volume are taken into consideration, it becomes evident that Mr. Stedman has done his part with the tact and good judgment which have always distinguished him as a critic. If we feel any disappointment with the book as a representation of the American poetic genius, it is not in any way his fault, but is due to the limitations of an Anthology, and to the fact that since the great group of elder poets, there have been few whose work strikes a new or piercing note, though there have been myriads whose workmanship has the flawlessness belonging to culture and good taste.

One of the peculiarities of the American poetic genius is that so many young poets give promise that is never fulfilled. There can be no doubt that in many cases it is owing to the fact that the cares of life intervene between the poet and his art. No one can make a profession of poetry nowadays unless he be either rich or willing to starve. And, even if riches be his portion, there are so many social demands that few have the strength of mind to wrestle with the Muse in that abandonment of spirit which alone will bring forth the highest work. To be a great artist requires not only the amassing of much learning both from books

and life, but such a thorough digestion of it that it becomes nothing more than the soil from which the spirit blossoms in emotional, imaginative expression. Mr. Stedman himself is one of our most gifted poets ; and, though we could ill spare his editorial and critical work,—the last being one of the glories of American letters,—we have always regretted that his rich endowment as a poet has not found more complete expression.

Of our latest group of poets, Richard Hovey gave promise of consummate power. But whether he would have attained the highest, even if death had not cut him off, may be a matter of doubt ; for there is something in the life of the present that seems to preclude true and entire consecration to art.

Among the youngest of the poets, Josephine Preston Peabody shows unmistakable signs of this faculty, not of the intellect direct, but of the intellect transformed into imagination and emotion ; and it is to be hoped the more or less frivolous conditions of American society and the market may not keep her from true consecration.

In spite of all, however, there are many encouraging signs of poetic growth for America in the last years of the century. Mrs. Moulton, Lloyd Mifflin, and Leonard Moore have produced sonnets of exquisite workmanship and true emotional content. Harriet Monroe has shown a vigor of conception and dramatic talent (though this of course does not come out in the Anthology) which augur well for future dramatic development. Edwin Markham has put into a living form of art the awakening social conscience of our land, and has struck a note which ought to be a fruitful source of inspiration. In fine, there are everywhere signs and prognostics that the differentiating, individualizing process has begun ; and we shall more and more have poets who are *not* "as like unto" other poets as "a hand is to another hand." When we compare the work done now with that done before the blossoming of American poetry in Longfellow, Emerson, Whitman, Poe, etc., its superiority is so extraordinary as to give us hope that the next blossoming will be such as the world has never seen.

In make-up the 'Anthology' is everything that could be desired. Mr. Stedman ushers us into the presence of his gentle colleagues with one of his appreciative and kindly introductions, in the course of which he explains that he has attempted no classification, as in the 'Victorian Anthology,' for the very good reason that the American poets cannot yet be classified. At the end a brief biographical sketch is given of all the poets represented. While it may be said, we think, that the collection does not represent as fully as it might the dawning though at times crude originality in American verse, it is most valuable as a record of the high level of workmanship that has been attained in American poetry from the days of Bryant on to the present. H. A. C.

(An American Anthology, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1900. \$3.00.)



SELECT NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

THE fall book season of 1900 has again been productive, like the last, of a vast wealth of new editions, biographical, critical, comparative, dressed out afresh and bowing greetings while the most able and ingratiating of editors and critics perform the introductions. It is a well-nigh irresistible temptation to take these new-old friends again unto our hearths and hearts, and renew the acquaintance under such auspices, though they may have already reigned there long, in shabbier garb and uninterpreted to the limit of their wisdom.

Important among these new offerings is the Trent edition of Balzac's 'Comédie Humaine.' Its particular reasons for being are found in several special features, among which the publishers call attention to the accuracy and unabridged form of the translations ; the introductions done by Professor William P. Trent of Columbia ; a biographical index in condensed and abbreviated form ; and some notes to the reader, enabling him to approach this mass of literature in a way calculated to its best interpretation and enjoyment.

Interest in Balzac is steadily on the increase, and this new edition will be welcomed by those who wish to familiarize themselves with his works through the best American edition that has yet appeared. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 32 vols. \$20.00.)

A book to throw many side-lights upon the 'Comédie Humaine,' besides revealing much of Balzac himself, his life and inspiration, is the recently announced 'Letters to Madame Hanska' ('Lettres à l'Étrangère'), translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

In the twelve fine volumes just published, with all possible enhancements of binding and make-up, is contained practically the whole of Count Tolstoi's life-work. In addition to the novels, beginning with 'War and Peace' and ending with 'Resurrection' in its authorized version, there are included all the marvellous short stories of life in Russia, the Caucasus, and the Crimea, all the treatises and essays upon religion and socialism, and all of Tolstoi's art criticism. The best of translators have given us unabridged and unbiased translations direct from the original. Hence this edition may safely be accepted as the English edition *par excellence* of Count Tolstoi's collected works. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$12.00.)

An announcement of special interest in connection with the edition of Tolstoi just noticed is that of his new book, 'Slavery in our Times.' Tolstoi has been engaged upon the work for some months; and its purport is an inquiry into the results of modern industrialism, with a protest against its resultant coercion of the worker. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.)

There are no less than three new editions of Elizabeth Barrett Browning this season,—an auspicious sign that she is justly coming to her own in the new century; and all of these editions are attractive in their different ways. One of them is practically a re-issue in five volumes of the English edition. It is comely in typographical form, but without editorial equipment. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$5.00.) The second is the last issue in the favorably known series of Cambridge editions. It appears in a

single handsome volume of crown octavo size, with a biographical introduction and brief notes by Harriet Waters Preston as its editor. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.) The third is called the Coxhoe edition, and appears in six small dainty volumes. It is completer than either of the others as to text, giving material not before reprinted; and it has a liberal, well-planned editorial equipment, including, besides a biographical introduction, critical introductions to the work in each volume, full notes at the end of each volume, a completer bibliography than any hitherto printed, and an appendix of selected comment on 'Aurora Leigh,'—that given in the first volume being chosen from contemporary periodicals; that in the second, from later book criticism. It is interesting to notice that the later criticism is far more favorable. Mrs. Browning's wide range over the field of literature and its outlying meadows of mythology and history, and beyond, has made her work almost as rich in allusion as that of her husband, and as fully responsive to a careful annotation. In the notes and introductions in the Coxhoe edition the work has been done on a like sympathetic yet critical plan with the Camberwell edition of Browning, and by the same editors, Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Particularly illuminated by the notes they supply are the poems whose setting glimpses Italian history. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$4.50.)

The ubiquitous Omar is to the fore again this fall, in yet another edition, resplendent as to its covers with a blue and gold mingling of the Persian Bird, the flagon, and the grape. Inside are three texts: Fitzgerald's fourth and best known rendering, the prose version of that ardent Omarian, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and yet another metrical translation, from the pen of Mr. E. H. Whinfield, hitherto published only in England, and comparatively unknown in this country. Of Mr. Whinfield's rendering, Miss Jessie Rittenhouse says in her carefully prepared introduction: "Omar here appears to much better advantage on the spiritual side of things than he does in the stanzas of Fitzgerald. . . . Fitzgerald has done the old Persian good service in blotting out many of his

offences: he has done him an ill service in preserving silence upon some of his virtues." Mr. Whinfield's translation being in the original grouping of the stanzas, and a closer rendition into the bargain, may, as well as Mr. McCarthy's prose version, be expected to remedy these sins of omission on the part of the Persian poet's first translator. However, on a casual comparison of the three texts, one is loath to exchange certain cherished stanzas transmuted by the Fitzgerald touch for another rendering, however accurate and just it be. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.)

Daudet has suffered a shorter probation than most novelists before that expected revival of interest in the works of a dead author. Among other evidences of this is the announcement of a new edition of his collected works with specially prepared translations and introductions by Brander Matthews, Professor W. P. Trent, and others. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

If any one fears that the standard English novelists are being forgotten in the rush to keep up with the production of historical romances, he has only to read the announcement of Charles Scribner's Sons to find his mistake. New editions of the Brontës, Dickens, Fielding, Scott, Smollett, and Addison's 'Spectator' would show that there is an ever-present demand for the "standard writers."

Mr. Mabie, in his new biography of 'Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man,' has evidently had one consistent and original plan in mind, which may be stated somewhat after this fashion: granted that the field for research into Shakespeare's private life has been very thoroughly worked over, and that small satisfaction is to be gained by another resifting process, it remains to place him in the environment suggested not only by such facts as have already been obtained, but also by the wealth of pictorial allusion to his time which is afforded by the whole range of English literature, and then to evolve the resultant personality. If this be the plan, and we read aright, Mr. Mabie has succeeded well, and has overcome to a great degree the unavoidable limitations of his subject. And

this was undoubtedly to be expected; for he has not only the necessary familiar intimacy with his field, but also the art of employing style to reproduce atmosphere. (New York: Macmillan Company.)

Among the announced translations of modern European novelists are two sure to rouse pleasurable anticipations in an already well-established public for the work of the authors in question. The first is the English of Dr. Maurus Jokai's new book, 'The Day of Wrath'; the second is the first volume of Gabriel d'Annunzio's projected third Trilogy. It bears the title 'The Flame of Life'; and the complete work to be, of which it is a part, is entitled 'Romances of the Pomegranate.' In passing, the translator of 'The Flame' is Kassandra Vivara, herself an Italian and author of 'Via Lucis.' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.)

Books for the holiday season are decorative editions of Shakespeare's 'As You Like It' and Browning's 'Pippa Passes.' The 'As You Like It' is so admirably put in print by the University Press that in typography alone it may be called illustrated; but to the alluring bold black type is added decorative marginal border-work in red, designed by Will H. Low, and also many full-page illustrations by him, in which the graceful humor and idyllic persons of the play appear in their fit scenic backgrounds with the breadth and tone value of paintings. The new edition of 'Pippa Passes' is embellished and set forth with decorative margins by Miss Margaret Armstrong. The volume has thirty-nine original marginal designs, beautifully composed upon tinted backgrounds with flower or figure themes intertwined with scroll-work, the result as a rule, being most daintily in accord with the text. One may not perhaps feel readily sympathetic with the Jules and Phene of Miss Armstrong's frontispiece, but it is seldom indeed that any two people would body forth the same conception of a poet's dream. The book-covers of green with gilt stippling and flower-stems terminating in half-conventionalized pink blooms are, while not so original in effect as the page designs, nevertheless fresh and attractive. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 and \$1.50.)

How will those most fastidious critics, the children, take a retelling of their old familiar tales in the new setting prepared for their delectation by William Canton and Charles Robinson? Will it please their worships to smile upon this condensing as it were, the whole various world of sweets into a single confection, or will they consider it an encroachment upon old favorites, and frown accordingly? It may be that the decorations of the volume will turn the scale in favor of the trembling editors; for the tales are quite bewitchingly set forth with pen-and-ink page drawings and head and tail pieces, and the blue and gold of the cover have an ingratiating look of lore within. ('The True Annals of Fairy Land.' New York: Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

The Italian peasant legends versified by Miss Francesca Alexander have the appealing, artless simplicity of childhood, and are artistic thereby. Still more of this appealing quality has Miss Alexander's own description of the writing of the poems, given in the introduction to the volume. She says: "I was always in request with children for the legends, and thought it a pity they should be lost, so I always meant to write them down. But I never had time as long as my eyes permitted me to work at my drawing, and afterward I found myself unable to write at all. Finally, I thought of turning them into rhyme and learning them all by heart, and later of writing them down little by little. If, as you kindly hope, they may be good for older people as well, then it must be that when the Lord took from me one faculty he gave me another. I think of the beautiful Italian proverb, 'When God shuts a door, he opens a window.'" ('The Hidden Servants.' Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.)

The dramatized novel is at this period of our literary history almost, but not quite, occupying the field of dramatic production. One of the exceptions to the rule is found in the dramas of Stephen Phillips, whose latest work, 'Herod,' is just about to appear. The publisher's forecast of the play is most tempting, and lovers of the drama as a literary form may justly promise themselves a feast; but Mr. Phillips, desirous of more than closet

fame, has also arranged for its production, and it is now being given in London, with all arrangements completed with Richard Mansfield for its appearance in New York. The theme of the drama, described by the author as "the clash of two natures equally intense and of barbaric emotion" placed in a world-setting of the Roman struggle which involved Judea and its tetrarch, should lend itself to an artistic and powerful result in both fields of the dramatic art, the closet and the stage. (New York: John Lane.)

'The Man with the Hoe,' which is established now as a lofty household word of American poetry, appears with the 'Semiramis' and other of Mr. Edwin Markham's most striking poems in a beautiful holiday edition, broad margined, and enhanced by the kindred vigor and delicacy of illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle. (New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. \$1.50.)

Those who have followed with delight Mr. Gates's studies in literature, as they appeared in a former volume and in essays in the leading magazines, will be glad to learn that these later essays have been collected into a volume under the title 'Studies and Appreciations.' A rare charm, keen critical perception, an artistic appreciation of the vital interest in the author and his work,—all these qualities combine to make Mr. Gates's essays on Romanticism and the theory of literary criticism of unusual value. (New York: Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

In his 'Literary History of America,' Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, not only considers what was written during the early years of the American colony, but goes farther back to the sources of inspiration in the literature of the mother country. Successive intellectual and social conditions, with the resulting expression in literature, are traced through different schools from the Revolution to the present day. The work is valuable for its broad grasp of the subject and the clear philosophical style of the author. (New York: Scribner's Sons.)

George Brandes, in his usual masterly way, treats in 'Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature' the subject in its

broadest and deepest aspects. From the political and religious reaction from the ideals of the French Revolution the reader turns to the Romantic School in Germany, thence to the reaction in France, and so on to the development of Naturalism in England in the poetry of Shelley and Byron and Scott. This is the critical point of the study,—the point in which the different influences unite, to diverge again in richer fulness in the Modern Romantic Schools of France and Germany.

In 'The Women of the Renaissance' the author, R. de Maulde La Clarière, gives a fascinating and brilliant study of the subject, showing with delicious humor the social life of the day with its conventionalities, its Platonic love escapades, and in more serious vein the important influence of the women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries on politics, literature, and art. Among the famous women delineated are Louise of Savoy, Margaret of France, Diana of Poitiers, Vittoria Colonna, and many others who played so important a part in the history of France and Italy. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) *H. S. O. & H. T. P.*



LIFE AND LETTERS.

— In this hurrying world, which it is our wont to think of as constantly progressing somewhither, it is startling to find that there are spots where the wheel of fortune has stood absolutely still for two thousand years and more. This fact is brought vividly before one by Mr. Woodberry in his essay on 'Taormina.' To show how things were in the days of Theocritus, he quotes from the Twenty-first Idyl, as follows:—

"Two fishers, on a time, two old men, together lay and slept; they had strewn the dry sea-moss for a bed in their wattled cabin, and there lay against the leafy wall. Beside them were strewn the instruments of their toilsome hands, the fishing-creels, the rods of reed, the hooks, the sails bedraggled with sea-spoil, the lines, the

reels, the lobster-pots woven of rushes, the seines, two oars, and an old coble upon props. Beneath their heads was a scanty matting, their clothes, their sailors' caps. Here was all their toil, here all their wealth. The threshold had never a door nor a watch-dog. All things, all, to them seemed superfluity, for Poverty was their sentinel; they had no neighbor by them, but ever against their narrow cabin gently floated up the sea."



—"THIS is what the eye beholds to-day," he goes on to say, "and I dare not say that the idyl is touched more with the melancholy of human fate for us than for the poet. Poverty such as this, so absolute, I see everywhere at every hour. It is a terrible sight. It is the physical hunger of the soul in wan limbs and hand, and the fixed gaze of the unhoping eyes,—despair made flesh. How long has it suffered here? and was it so when Theocritus saw his fishers, and gave them a place in the country of his idyls? He spreads before us the hills and fountains, and fills the scene with shepherds, and maidens, and laughing loves; and among the rest are these two poor old men. The shadow of the world's poverty falls on this paradise now as then. With the rock and sea it, too, endures."



—THOUGH the stagnation has not been of such long duration, we may see similar things on our own New England coast. We have in mind two fishers, two brothers, who live alone in a cottage washed by an arm of the sea. Perhaps their poverty is not quite so absolute, but their sense of order and beauty seem quite as unawakened; for where their garden might be is a dismal litter of nets and broken oars and fish-scales, and here and there the ghastly head of some bygone fish, whose glassy eyes seem petitioning the passer-by for burial, that its soul may no longer wander upon the shores of this northern Styx. There is, however, one spark of hope for these two fishermen; for one of the brothers

plays the violin, and any evening, when their work for the day is done, he may be heard behind his fish-scale battlements, sending forth strains that might vie with the dolphins themselves.



—ANOTHER fisher we have in mind, still more poor and lonely ; for his only companion is a wretched dog, whom no one has ever seen on land. In the gray of dawning, the sparkle of mid-day, or the glory of sunset, he and his dismal dog may be seen silhouetted against the sky, patiently tending lobster-pots. The myth goes that he obtained this dog on condition that he would keep him in subjection, or “subjunction,” as he is reported to have expressed it. It would be difficult to determine which is most in “subjunction,” the fisher to his lobster-pots or the dog to his master. Once we remember to have seen the dog make a wild leap for freedom, and plunge headlong into the ocean ; but, to our regret, his master caught him, and a possible jog forwards to the next cog in the wheel of fortune was forestalled.



—IF this hopeless state of things persists long enough, another Theocritus may fill our souls with beauty by putting our Maine coast fishermen into idyls full of melancholy pathos. Can it be that Fortune is so careless of the development of some of her children, merely that others may have the luxury of artistic weeping ? Or does it work the other way ? Does she, in remorse, bring the artist upon the scene, so that he may unfold a little good out of the great evil she has wrought ?



—MR. WOODBERRY's feeling that one of the special delights of travel is the increased appreciation it brings of the poets whose lands you visit is well reflected in this poem on ‘Browning at Asolo,’ by Robert Underwood Johnson, which we take from Mr. Stedman's new ‘American Anthology’ :—

- "This is the loggia Browning loved,
High on the flank of the friendly town;
These are the hills that his keen eye roved,
The green like a cataract leaping down
To the plain that his pen gave new renown.
- "There to the West what a range of blue! —
The very background Titian drew
To his peerless Loves! O tranquil scene!
Who than thy poet fondlier knew
The peaks and the shore and the lore between?
- "See! yonder's his Venice,—the valiant Spire,
Highest one of the perfect three,
Guarding the others; the Palace choir,
The Temple flashing with opal fire,—
Bubble and foam of the sunlit sea.
- "Yesterday he was part of it all,—
Sat here, discerning cloud from snow
In the flush of the Alpine afterglow,
Or mused on the vineyard whose wine-stirred row
Meets in a leafy bacchanal.
- "Listen a moment — how oft did he! —
To the bells from Fontalto's distant tower,
Leading the evening in . . . ah, me!
Here breathes the whole soul of Italy,
As one rose breathes with the breath of the bower.
- "Sighs were meant for an hour like this
When joy is keen as a thrust of pain.
Do you wonder the poet's heart should miss
This touch of rapture in Nature's kiss,
And dream of Asolo over again?
- "Part of it yesterday! we moan?
Nay, he is part of it now, no fear.
What most we love, we are that alone.
His body lies under the minster stone,
But the love of the warm heart lingers here."

—THE following anecdote might be taken as a commentary upon the ruinously cheap prices that a man's whole life-work is sometimes sold for,—prices that would not pay for the binding alone, not to speak of type and press work. It might be well if everybody would remember that a very cheap book — unless it is a second-hand one — means that somebody has suffered.

“Recently Burrows Brothers advertised in the local papers for a porter and man-of-all-work for their bookstore on Euclid Avenue. There were plenty of applicants, among them a big, muscular Irishman, who walked into the store and glanced about rather uncertainly. Finally, his eyes rested on a big sign suspended high above the floor over a table filled with books. ‘Dickens’ Works all this week for \$4,’ it announced. The Irishman read it, scratched his head thoughtfully, and then edged toward the big front doors. The floor-walker stopped him, and asked pleasantly if there was something he wanted; and the applicant remarked with a backward glance toward the sign: ‘Oi come in t’ git th’ job, but Oi’ll not care f’r it. Dickens kin worruk all th’ week f’r foor dollars if he wants to. Oi’ll not. Ye’d betther kape him.’ And the visitor strode vigorously out.”—*Plaindealer*.



—THE other day we came across a half-forgotten letter by Richard Hovey to us. It goes to correct, upon his own authority, the perhaps somewhat too exclusive credit given to him, since his death, as the first to introduce Maeterlinck to American readers. Mr. Hovey's initial volume of plays by Maeterlinck, containing ‘Maleine,’ ‘The Intruder,’ ‘The Blind,’ and ‘Seven Princesses,’ was not published until late in 1894; and ‘The Blind,’ or ‘The Sightless,’ together with a short critical article upon Maeterlinck's dramatic method, appeared in the old monthly series of *Poet-lore* for March, 1893, the translation continuing in the April, May, and August numbers, and ‘The Seven Princesses’ appearing in January, February, and March, 1894. Both these plays were translated by the editors in *Poet-lore*, as explained at the time, because *not* included in the volume by Gerard Harry, published by Heine-

mann, in London, late in 1892. In the August–September, 1894, issue, ‘Pelléas and Mélisande’ appeared complete; and in the June–July issue, 1895, ‘Alladine and Palomides.’

Mr. Hovey’s letter to us is dated Nov. 2, 1895, from Giverney, France. It opens by referring to an earlier request for a copy of *Poet-lore* containing ‘Pelléas’ which he had missed seeing, and by regretting that it could not reach him before sending his translations for his second volume to his publishers, as he was then posting the MS. He continues :—

“You have printed, I believe, translations of ‘The Blind,’ ‘The Seven Princesses,’ ‘Pelléas and Mélisande,’ and ‘Alladine and Palomides.’ Of these I have not seen ‘The Blind’ nor ‘Pelléas.’ I found ‘The Seven Princesses’ admirably done, and changed two phrases in my own translation after reading it. . . . I thought your translation of Ablamore’s song [in ‘Alladine’] admirable; and I have used it in my version, giving you credit in a note prefixed to the play. I saw no way of making the reference to you in the essay without inartistically dragging it in by the ears. Had it been part of my plan to sketch the adventures of the plays *historically*, you may be assured that I would not have forgotten your part in introducing them to American readers. The song in ‘Pelléas’ which you reprinted in your review of ‘Maeterlinck and Sharp’ I found charming. But in this case I made another version, which, though perhaps not entirely so good as yours, has the important quality to me of being nearer the metre of the original.”



—PERHAPS it may be well to quote here further from the same letter, since it fixes the date of completion for the first two movements of ‘Taliesin’ :—

“I am glad you like ‘Taliesin,’ the third part of which I will send in plenty of time for its appearance. Probably you will get it by the middle of December. I have not hurried with it, since you wrote that you would not begin it till January.”

We did not get the third part, however, so soon as the poet hoped. Its perfection of workmanship shows, indeed, that he took

his own good time about it. The first and second movements were printed in the January and February *Poet-lore*, 1896 (*not* in 1899, as recorded — doubtless through a misprint — in Mr. Stedman's recent 'American Anthology'). But the third movement, not reaching us in time for even the March *Poet-lore*, — as explained in an editorial note in that number (p. 165), which also briefly summarized the leading ideas of the work as a whole, — was not printed until the June-July issue.



—A PLAY like David Belasco's '*Zaza*,' in which Mrs. Leslie Carter has won her way into popular favor, indicates a curious tendency in dramatic art; that is, the invasion of vaudeville elements into the very warp and woof of the action. Audiences are much the same as they were in the days of Shakespeare: they cannot do without the clown in some shape or form. Shakespeare with his genius managed to incorporate the clown in the action of the drama, and develop him so that he has some reason for being as an individual. The modern playwright has not yet succeeded in giving his vaudeville elements any greater reason for being than a desire to lighten the play and at the same time make scenes that are decidedly off color go down with a highly respectable audience. By the over-acting of such scenes as that in *Zaza*'s dressing-room and the breakfast-table scene, the moral conscience is lulled to sleep, and the audience loses itself in laughter at the burlesque. The transition from the burlesque to the tragic is so rapid that the latter seems hardly more real than the former, and the result is that one comes away from the play with neither a moral nor an artistic uplift. It is not true realism, for that makes one think, as life makes one think; nor is it idealism, for that inspires one with a vision of the eternally beautiful, — but a mongrel mixture of the two, sinking on the one hand into burlesque and on the other into melodrama. This is the sort of thing that Tolstoi would be justified in calling a "counterfeit work of art." By means of it no genuine emotions arise in the beholders. They

laugh, because they feel it would be prudish to be shocked ; they weep, because it is pitiful to see love so travestied ; and they come away feeling that life, art, themselves, and all the world are incapable of anything but puppet emotions.



—THE translator of the odd little story-sketch, in the last *Poet-love*, by the Russian writer, Garshin, has returned to Russia since sending her translation to us, married, and changed her name, which should therefore have been signed to her contribution thus : Frances Romberg Smolianoff.



—HUXLEY'S epitaph, which he himself chose from a poem written by his wife, has the sound ring of the dauntless love of the eternal truth. Such dauntless truth-loving is fostered by that kind of modern agnosticism which is not at all uncertain about the good of it all, and which is therefore religious in essence, if not as joyous as it might be.

“ Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep ;
For still He giveth his beloved sleep,
And, if an endless sleep he wills, so best.”



—AMONG the amenities of a highly evolved civilization in which China is a long way ahead of the crude manners of our callow Western race is the Oriental mode of rejecting manuscripts. The Chinese editor, it is said, softens and poetizes the stern word “unavailable” after this fashion :—

Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon ! Look upon thy Slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live.

We have read thy Manuscript with delight. By the bones of our Ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a Masterpiece. Should we print it, His Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion, and never again to print any-

thing which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before Ten Thousand Years, all trembling, we return thy Manuscript, and beg of thee Ten Thousand Pardons. See! my hand is at my feet, and I am thy Slave.



—IN her book on Greek Sculpture, Mrs. Albinia Wherry brings out the fact, scarcely less interesting in its application to corresponding stages of taste in literary than in fictile art, that before the fourth century B.C. the expression of emotion in Greek statuary was confined to representations of the lower creatures,—satyrs, giants, and centaurs. The dawn of that “sentiment” which is the distinguishing feature of the fourth-century statues first appears in the athletes of the Polycleitan school. Then for the first time did Greek sculpture introduce the expression of emotion into the faces of gods and men. This new idea culminated with the sculptures at Pergamum in the second century B.C., before it “degenerated into the vulgar realism of Græco-Roman times.”



—THE French Shakespearian scholar, Professor Jusserand, whose ‘*Le Roman dans le Temps de Shakspeare*,’ and other works on English literary subjects, are justly renowned, says of Robert Browning in his recent ‘*Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*’ (p. 262), “Browning was beyond comparison the loftiest and strongest soul that English poetry has contained since Shakespeare.”



—“O PIONEERS, O pioneers,” in literature as in the arts of every-day life, how often ye have been women! The poesy of renaissance Italy dawns with Nina of Sicily. The drama of Continental Europe opens at mediæval Gandersheim with the plays of the Abbess Hrosvitha. “Modern Dutch literature,” says E. W. Gosse, “practically begins with the nun Anna Bijns, born in 1500. Against the crowd of rhetoricians and psalm-makers she stands out as the one poet of real genius. With her the Dutch language took shape and comeliness which none of the male pedants could give it.”

